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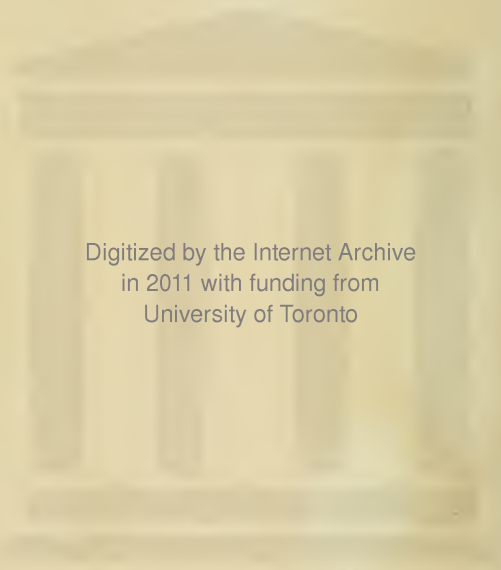
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THE
DUKE OF MILAN.

VOL. II.

B

THE DUKE OF MILAN.] Of this tragedy there are two editions in quarto; the first, which is very correct, and now very rare, bears date 1623; the other, of little value, 1638. It does not appear in the Office-book of the licenser; from which, we may be pretty certain that it was among the author's earliest performances.

Massinger has strangely perverted the few historical facts on which he touches, and brought together events considerably distant in time. When the French king invaded Italy in 1525, Sforza was on the side of the emperor—in fact, the French began by an incursion into the Milanese, and the siege of the capital, which they continued, at intervals, till their rout before Pavia. In the following year, indeed, the duke of Milan entered into a league with Francis, who had now regained his liberty, against the emperor, and was driven out of his duchy, which he did not recover till 1530, when he presented himself before Charles, at Bologna, but not in the way described by Massinger, for he abjectly surrendered all his rights to the emperor, who reinstated him in them, on his agreeing to certain stipulations. The duke is named Ludovico in the list of dramatis personæ; and it is observable that Massinger has entered with great accuracy into the vigorous and active character of that prince: he, however, had long been dead, and Francis Sforza, the real agent in this play, was little capable of the spirited part allotted to him. The Italian writers term him a weak and irresolute prince, the sport of fortune, and the victim of indecision.

In justice to Massinger, it should be observed, that he appears aware of the distinction here noticed, and probably also of the fabulous nature of his materials, for, in the list of dramatis personæ, Ludovico Sforza is called a *supposed* duke of Milan.

The character of Sforza himself is strongly conceived. His passionate fondness for Marcelia—his sudden rage at her apparent coolness—his resolute renunciation of her—his speedy repentance, and fretful impatience of her absence—his vehement defence of her innocence—his quick and destructive vengeance against her, upon a false assertion of her dishonour, and his

protestations, and mad embraces of her dead body, show the force of dotage and hate in their extremes. His actions are wild and ungoverned, and his whole life (as he says) is made up of frenzy.

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In the over-weening passion of Sforza for his wife, Massinger has described, in the Duke of Milan, an incident which he afterwards repeated in the Picture.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,
AND MUCH ESTEEMED FOR HER HIGH BIRTH, BUT
MORE ADMIRER FOR HER VIRTUE,
THE LADY KATHERINE STANHOPE,
WIFE TO PHILIP, LORD STANHOPE,
BARON OF SHELFORD.

MADAM,

IF I were not most assured that works of this nature have found both patronage and protection amongst the greatest princesses of Italy, and are at this day cherished by persons most eminent in our kingdom, I should not presume to offer these my weak and imperfect labours at the altar of your favour. Let the example of others, more knowing, and more experienced in this kindness (if my boldness offend), plead my pardon; and the rather, since there is no other means left me (my misfortunes having cast me on this course) to publish to the world (if it hold the least good opinion of me) that I am ever your ladyship's creature. Vouchsafe, therefore, with the never-failing clemency of your noble disposition, not to condemn the tender of his duty, who, while he is, will ever be

An humble servant to your

Ladyship, and yours,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

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THE
DUKE OF MILAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Milan. An outer Room in the Castle*¹.

*Enter GRACCHO, JULIO, and GIOVANNI, with
Flagons.*

Grac. TAKE every man his flagon: give the
oath

To all you meet; I am this day the state-drunkard,
I am sure against my will; and if you find
A man at ten that's sober, he's a traitor,
And, in my name, arrest him.

Jul. Very good, sir:

But, say he be a sexton?

Grac. If the bells
Ring out of tune², as if the street were burning,
And he cry, 'Tis rare music! bid him sleep:

¹ *Milan. An outer Room in the Castle.*] The old copies have no distinction of scenery. I have ventured to supply it, in conformity to the modern mode of printing Shakspeare, and to consult the ease of the general reader.—GIFFORD.

² *Out of tune, &c.*] i. e. backward: the usual signal of alarm, on the breaking out of fires.—GIFFORD.

'Tis a sign he has ta'en his liquor; and if you meet
An officer preaching of sobriety,
Unless he read it in Geneva print¹,
Lay him by the heels.

Jul. But think you 'tis a fault
To be found sober?

Grac. It is capital treason;
Or, if you mitigate it, let such pay
Forty crowns to the poor: but give a pension
To all the magistrates you find singing catches,
Or their wives dancing; for the courtiers reeling,
And the duke himself, I dare not say distemper'd²,
But kind, and in his tottering chair carousing,
'They do the country service. If you meet
One that eats bread, a child of ignorance,
And bred up in the darkness of no drinking,
Against his will you may initiate him
In the true posture; though he die in the taking
His drench, it skills not³: what's a private man,
For the public honour! We've nought else to
think on,
And so, dear friends, copartners in my travails,
Drink hard; and let the health run through the city,
Until it reel again, and with me cry,
Long live the duchess!

Enter TIBERIO and STEPHANO.

Jul. Here are two lords;—what think you?
Shall we give the oath to them?

Grac. Fie! no: I know them,

¹ *Unless he read it in Geneva print.*] Alluding to the spirituous liquor so called.—M. MASON.

² *Distemper'd,*] i. e. *intoxicated*.

³ *It skills not.*] *It matters not.*

You need not swear them; your lord, by his
patent,

Stands bound to take his rouse¹. Long live the
duchess! [*Exeunt* GRAC. JUL. and GIO.]

Steph. The cause of this? but yesterday the
court

Wore the sad livery of distrust and fear;
No smile, not in a buffoon to be seen,
Or common jester: the Great Duke himself
Had sorrow in his face! which, waited on
By his mother, sister, and his fairest duchess,
Dispersed a silent mourning through all Milan;
As if some great blow had been given the state,
Or were at least expected.

Tib. Stephano,
I know as you are noble, you are honest,
And capable of secrets of more weight
Than now I shall deliver. If that Sforza,
The present duke, (though his whole life hath been
But one continued pilgrimage through dangers,
Affrights, and horrors, which his fortune, guided
By his strong judgment, still hath overcome)
Appears now shaken, it deserves no wonder:
All that his youth hath labour'd for, the harvest
Sown by his industry ready to be reap'd too,

¹ *Rouse*,] i. e. a drinking bout. Mr. Gifford conceives, that *rouse* and *carouse*, like *vye* and *revye*, are but the reciprocation of the same action, and must, therefore, be derived from the same source. A *rouse* was a large glass, in which a health was given, the drinking of which by the rest of the party formed a *carouse*. But Dr. Nares objects that there is a want of analogy to justify forming *carouse* thus from *rouse*; besides, *carouse* is clearly from the French, and *rouse* immediately from the German *rusch*.

Being now at stake ; and all his hopes confirm'd,
Or lost for ever.

Steph. I know no such hazard :
His guards are strong and sure, his coffers full ;
The people well affected ; and so wisely
His provident care hath wrought, that though war
rages

In most parts of our western world, there is
No enemy near us.

Tib. Dangers, that we see
To threaten ruin, are with ease prevented ;
But those strike deadly that come unexpected :
The lightning is far off, yet, soon as seen,
We may behold the terrible effects
That it produceth. But I'll help your knowledge,
And make his cause of fear familiar to you.
The wars so long continued between
The emperor Charles, and Francis, the French king,
Have interest'd, in either's cause, the most
Of the Italian princes ; among which, Sforza,
As one of greatest power, was sought by both ;
But with assurance, having one his friend,
The other lived his enemy.

Steph. 'Tis true:
And 'twas a doubtful choice.

Tib. But he, well knowing,
And hating too, it seems, the Spanish pride,
Lent his assistance to the king of France :
Which hath so far incensed the emperor,
That all his hopes and honours are embark'd
With his great patron's fortune.

Steph. Which stands fair,
For aught I yet can hear.

Tib. But should it change,

The duke's undone. They have drawn to the field
Two royal armies, full of fiery youth;
Of equal spirit to dare, and power to do:
So near intrench'd¹, that 'tis beyond all hope
Of human counsel they can e'er be sever'd,
Until it be determined by the sword,
Who hath the better cause: for the success
Concludes the victor innocent, and the vanquish'd
Most miserably guilty. How uncertain
The fortune of the war is, children know;
And, it being in suspense, on whose fair tent
Wing'd Victory will make her glorious stand,
You cannot blame the duke, though he appear
Perplex'd and troubled.

Steph. But why, then,
In such a time, when every knee should bend
For the success and safety of his person,
Are these loud triumphs²? in my weak opinion,
They are unseasonable.

Tib. I judge so too;
But only in the cause to be excused.
It is the duchess' birthday, once a year
Solemnized with all pomp and ceremony;
In which the duke is not his own, but hers:
Nay, every day, indeed, he is her creature,
For never man so doted;—but to tell
The tenth part of his fondness to a stranger,
Would argue me of fiction.

¹ *So near intrench'd, &c.*] The French army was at this time engaged in the siege of Pavia, under the walls of which the decisive battle was fought, on the 24th of February, 1525.—
GIFFORD.

² *Triumphs,*] i. e. a pageant.

Steph. She's, indeed,
A lady of most exquisite form.

Tib. She knows it,
And how to prize it.

Steph. I ne'er heard her tainted
In any point of honour.

Tib. On my life,
She's constant to his bed, and well deserves
His largest favours. But, when beauty is
Stamp'd on great women, great in birth and fortune,
And blown by flatterers greater than it is,
'Tis seldom unaccompanied with pride;
Nor is she that way free: presuming on
The duke's affection, and her own desert,
She bears herself with such a majesty,
Looking with scorn on all as things beneath her,
That Sforza's mother, that would lose no part
Of what was once her own, nor his fair sister,
A lady too acquainted with her worth,
Will brook it well; and howsoe'er their hate
Is smother'd for a time, 'tis more than fear'd
It will at length break out.

Steph. He in whose power it is,
Turn all to the best!

Tib. Come, let us to the court;
We there shall see all bravery and cost,
That art can boast of.

Steph. I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter FRANCISCO, ISABELLA, and MARIANA.

Mari. I will not go ; I scorn to be a spot¹
In her proud train.

Isab. Shall I, that am his mother,
Be so indulgent, as to wait on her
That owes me duty ?

Fran. 'Tis done to the duke,
And not to her : and, my sweet wife, remember,
And, madam, if you please, receive my counsel,
As Sforza is your son, you may command him ;
And, as a sister, you may challenge from him
A brother's love and favour : but, this granted,
Consider he's the prince, and you his subjects,
And not to question or contend with her
Whom he is pleased to honour. Private men
Prefer their wives ; and shall he, being a prince,
And blest with one that is the paradise
Of sweetness, and of beauty, to whose charge
The stock of women's goodness is given up,
Not use her like herself ?

Isab. You are ever forward
To sing her praises.

Mari. Others are as fair ;
I am sure, as noble.

Fran. I detract from none,
In giving her what's due. Were she deform'd,
Yet being the duchess, I stand bound to serve her ;

¹ *I scorn to be a spot, &c.] Mariana alludes to the spots (eyes) in the peacock's tail.—GIFFORD.*

But, as she is, to admire her. Never wife
Met with a purer heat her husband's fervour ;
A happy pair, one in the other blest !
She confident in herself he's wholly hers,
And cannot seek for change ; and he secure,
That 'tis not in the power of man to tempt her.
And therefore to contest with her, that is
The stronger and the better part of him,
Is more than folly : you know him of a nature
Not to be play'd with ; and, should you forget
To obey him as your prince, he'll not remember
The duty that he owes you.

Isab. 'Tis but truth :

Come, clear our brows, and let us to the banquet ;
But not to serve his idol.

Mari. I shall do

What may become the sister of a prince ;
But will not stoop beneath it.

Fran. Yet, be wise ;

Soar not too high, to fall ; but stoop to rise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A State Room in the same.

Enter three Gentlemen, setting forth a banquet.

1 *Gent.* Quick, quick, for love's sake ! let the
court put on
Her choicest outside : cost and bravery
Be only thought of.

2 *Gent.* All that may be had
To please the eye, the ear, taste, touch, or smell,
Are carefully provided.

3 *Gent.* There's a masque :
Have you heard what's the invention ?

1 *Gent.* No matter :
It is intended for the duchess' honour ;
And if it give her glorious attributes,
As the most fair, most virtuous, and the rest,
'Twill please the duke. [*Loud music.*] They come.

3 *Gent.* All is in order.

Flourish. Enter TIBERIO, STEPHANO, FRANCISCO,
SFORZA, MARCELIA, ISABELLA, MARIANA, and
Attendants.

Sfor. You are the mistress of the feast—sit here,
O my soul's comfort ! and when Sforza bows
Thus low to do you honour, let none think
The meanest service they can pay my love,
But as a fair addition to those titles
They stand possest of. Let me glory in
My happiness, and mighty kings look pale
With envy, while I triumph in mine own.
O mother, look on her ! sister, admire her !
And, since this present age yields not a woman
Worthy to be her second, borrow of
'Times past, and let imagination help,
Of those canonized ladies Sparta boasts of,
And, in her greatness, Rome was proud to owe¹,
To fashion one ; yet still you must confess,
The phoenix of perfection ne'er was seen,
But in my fair Marcelia.

Fran. She's, indeed,
The wonder of all times.

Tib. Your excellence,

¹ *Owe,*] i. e. own, possess.

Though I confess you give her but her own,
Forces her modesty to the defence
Of a sweet blush.

Sfor. It need not, my Marcelia ;
When most I strive to praise thee, I appear
A poor detractor : for thou art, indeed,
So absolute in body and in mind,
That, but to speak the least part to the height,
Would ask an angel's tongue, and yet then end
In silent admiration !

Isab. You still court her,
As if she were a mistress, not your wife.

Sfor. A mistress, mother ! she is more to me,
And every day deserves more to be sued to.

Marc. My worthiest lord !
The only object I behold with pleasure,—
My pride, my glory, in a word, my all !
Bear witness, heaven, that I esteem myself
In nothing worthy of the meanest praise
You can bestow, unless it be in this,
That in my heart I love and honour you.
And, but that it would smell of arrogance,
To speak my strong desire and zeal to serve you,
I then could say, these eyes yet never saw
The rising sun, but that my vows and prayers
Were sent to heaven for the prosperity
And safety of my lord : nor have I ever
Had other study, but how to appear
Worthy your favour ; and that my affection
Might yield a fruitful harvest of content
For all your noble travail, in the purchase
Of her that's still your servant : By these lips,
Which, pardon me, that I presume to kiss——

Sfor. O swear, for ever swear !

Marc. I ne'er will seek
Delight but in your pleasure: and desire,
When you are sated with all earthly glories,
And age and honours make you fit for heaven,
That one grave may receive us.

Sfor. 'Tis believed,
Believed, my blest one.

Mari. How she winds herself
Into his soul!

Sfor. Sit all.—Let others feed
On those gross cates, while Sforza banquets with
Immortal viands ta'en in at his eyes.
I could live ever thus.—Command the eunuch
To sing the ditty that I last composed,

Enter a Courier.

In praise of my Marcelia.—From whence?

Cour. From Pavia, my dread lord.

Sfor. Speak, is all lost?

Cour. [*Delivers a letter.*] The letter will inform
you. [*Exit.*]

Fran. How his hand shakes,
As he receives it!

Mari. This is some allay
To his hot passion.

Sfor. Though it bring death, I'll read it:

*May it please your excellence to understand, that
the very hour I wrote this, I heard a bold defiance
delivered by a herald from the emperor, which was
cheerfully received by the king of France. The
battailes being ready to join, and the vanguard
committed to my charge, enforces me to end abruptly.*

Your highness's humble servant,

GASPERO.

Ready to join!—By this, then, I am nothing,
Or my estate secure. [Aside.

Marc. My lord.

Sfor. To doubt,
Is worse than to have lost; and to despair,
Is but to antedate those miseries
That must fall on us; all my hopes depending
Upon this battle's fortune. In my soul,
Methinks, there should be that imperious power,
By supernatural, not usual means,
T' inform me what I am. The cause consider'd,
Why should I fear? The French are bold and strong,
Their numbers full, and in their councils wise;
But then, the haughty Spaniard is all fire,
Hot in his executions; fortunate
In his attempts; married to victory:—
Ay, there it is that shakes me. [Aside.

Fran. Excellent lady,
This day was dedicated to your honour;
One gale of your sweet breath will easily
Disperse these clouds; and, but yourself, there's none
That dare speak to him.

Marc. I will run the hazard.—
My lord!

Sfor. Ha!—pardon me, Marcelia, I am troubled;
And stand uncertain, whether I am master
Of aught that's worth the owning.

Marc. I am yours, sir;
And I have heard you swear, I being safe,
There was no loss could move you. This day, sir,
Is by your gift made mine. Can you revoke
A grant made to Marcelia? your Marcelia?—
For whose love, nay, whose honour, gentle sir,
All deep designs, and state-affairs deferr'd,
Be, as you purposed, merry.

Sfor. Out of my sight! [*Throws away the letter.*
And all thoughts that may strangle mirth forsake
me.

Fall what can fall, I dare the worst of fate:
Though the foundation of the earth should shrink,
The glorious eye of heaven lose his splendour,
Supported thus, I'll stand upon the ruins,
And seek for new life here. Why are you sad?
No other sports! by heaven, he's not my friend
That wears one furrow in his face. I was told
There was a masque.

Fran. They wait your highness' pleasure,
And when you please to have it.

Sfor. Bid them enter:
Come, make me happy once again. I am rapt—
'Tis not to-day, to-morrow, or the next,
But all my days, and years, shall be employ'd
To do thee honour.

Marc. And my life to serve you.

[*A horn without.*

Sfor. Another post! Go hang him, hang him,
I say;

I will not interrupt my present pleasures,
Although his message should import my head:
Hang him, I say.

Marc. Nay, good sir, I am pleased
To grant a little intermission to you:
Who knows but he brings news we wish to hear,
To heighten our delights.

Sfor. As wise as fair!

Enter another Courier.

From Gaspero?

Cour. That was, my lord.

Sfor. How! dead?

Cour. [*Delivers a letter.*] With the delivery of
this, and prayers,

To guard your excellency from certain dangers,
He ceased to be a man.

[*Exit.*]

Sfor. All that my fears

Could fashion to me, or my enemies wish,

Is fallen upon me.—Silence that harsh music;

'Tis now unseasonable: a tolling bell,

As a sad harbinger to tell me, that

This pamper'd lump of flesh must feast the worms,
Is fitter for me:—I am sick.

Marc. My lord!

Sfor. Sick to the death, Marcelia. Remove

These signs of mirth; they were ominous, and but
usher'd

Sorrow and ruin.

Marc. Bless us, heaven!

Isab. My son.

Marc. What sudden change is this?

Sfor. All leave the room;

I'll bear alone the burden of my grief,

And must admit no partner. I am yet

Your prince, where's your obedience?—Stay,
Marcelia;

I cannot be so greedy of a sorrow,

In which you must not share.

[*Exeunt* TIBERIO, STEPHANO, FRANCISCO, ISA-
BELLA, MARIANA, and Attendants.

Marc. And cheerfully

I will sustain my part. Why look you pale?

Where is that wonted constancy and courage,

That dared the worst of fortune? where is Sforza,
To whom all dangers that fright common men
Appear'd but panic terrors? why do you eye me
With such fix'd looks? Love, counsel, duty, service,
May flow from me, not danger.

Sfor. O, Marcelia!

It is for thee I fear; for thee, thy Sforza
Shakes like a coward: for myself, unmoved,
I could have heard my troops were cut in pieces,
My general slain, and he, on whom my hopes
Of rule, of state, of life, had their dependence,
The king of France, my greatest friend, made
prisoner

To so proud enemies.

Marc. Then you have just cause
To show you are a man.

Sfor. All this were nothing,
Though I add to it, that I am assured,
For giving aid to this unfortunate king,
The emperor, incensed, lays his command
On his victorious army, flesh'd with spoil,
And bold of conquest, to march up against me,
And seize on my estates: suppose that done too,
The city ta'en, the kennels running blood,
The ransack'd temples falling on their saints;
My mother, in my sight, toss'd on their pikes,
And sister ravish'd; and myself bound fast
In chains, to grace their triumph; or what else
An enemy's insolence could load me with,
I would be Sforza still. But, when I think
That my Marcelia, to whom all these
Are but as atoms to the greatest hill,
Must suffer in my cause, and for me suffer!

All earthly torments, nay, even those the damn'd
Howl for in hell, are gentle strokes, compared
To what I feel, Marcelia¹.

Marc. Good sir, have patience :
I can as well partake your adverse fortune,
As I thus long have had an ample share
In your prosperity. 'Tis not in the power
Of fate to alter me ; for while I am,
In spite of it, I'm yours.

Sfor. But should that will
To be so be forced, Marcelia ; and I live
To see those eyes I prize above my own,
Dart favours, though compell'd, upon another ;
Or those sweet lips, yielding immortal nectar,
Be gently touch'd by any but myself ;
Think, think, Marcelia, what a cursed thing
I were, beyond expression !

Marc. Do not feed
Those jealous thoughts ; the only blessing that

¹ There is a striking similarity (as Mr. Gilchrist observes) between this passage, and the parting speech of Hector to Andromache :

Αλλ' ου μοι Τρωων τοσσον μελει αλγος οπισσω,
Ουτ' αυτης Έκαβης, ουτε Πριαμοιο ανακτος,
Ουτε κασιγνητων, οι κεν πολεις τε και εσθλοι
Εν κονιγσι πεσοιεν υπ' ανδρασι δυσμενεσσιν,
Οσσον σεις, κ. τ. α.

Il. vi. 450.

But no grief
For Ilium ; for her people ; for the king,
My warlike sire ; nor even for the queen ;
Nor for the numerous and the valiant band
My brothers, destined, all, to bite the ground,
So moves me, as my grief for thee alone.

COWPER'S Translation.

Heaven hath bestow'd on us, more than on beasts,
Is, that 'tis in our pleasure when to die.
Besides, were I now in another's power,
There are so many ways to let out life,
I would not live, for one short minute, his :
I was born only yours, and I will die so.

Sfor. Angels reward the goodness of this woman !

Enter FRANCISCO.

All I can pay is nothing.—Why, uncall'd for ?

Fran. It is of weight, sir, that makes me thus
press

Upon your privacies. Your constant friend,
The marquis of Pescara, tired with haste,
Hath business that concerns your life and fortunes,
And with speed, to impart.

Sfor. Wait on him hither. [*Exit FRANCISCO.*
And, dearest, to thy closet. Let thy prayers
Assist my councils.

Marc. To spare imprecations
Against myself, without you I am nothing. [*Exit.*

Sfor. The marquis of Pescara ! a great soldier¹ ;
And, though he served upon the adverse party,
Ever my constant friend.

Re-enter FRANCISCO with PESCARA.

Fran. Yonder he walks,
Full of sad thoughts.

¹ *Sfor.* *The marquis of Pescara ! a great soldier.*] The duke does not exaggerate the merits of Pescara : he was, indeed, a *great soldier*, a fortunate commander, an able negotiator, in a word, one of the chief ornaments of a period which abounded in extraordinary characters.—GIFFORD.

Pesc. Blame him not, good Francisco,
He hath much cause to grieve; would I might
end so,

And not add this,—to fear!

Sfor. My dear Pescara;
A miracle in these times! a friend, and happy,
Cleaves to a falling fortune!

Pesc. If it were
As well in my weak power, in act, to raise it,
As 'tis to bear a part of sorrow with you,
You then should have just cause to say, Pescara
Look'd not upon your state, but on your virtues,
When he made suit to be writ in the list
Of those you favour'd.—But my haste forbids
All compliment; thus, then, sir, to the purpose:
The cause that, unattended, brought me hither,
Was not to tell you of your loss, or danger;
For fame hath many wings to bring ill tidings,
And I presume you've heard it; but to give you
Such friendly counsel, as, perhaps, may make
Your sad disaster less.

Sfor. You are all goodness;
And I give up myself to be disposed of,
As in your wisdom you think fit.

Pesc. Thus, then, sir:
To hope you can hold out against the emperor,
Were flattery in yourself, to your undoing:
Therefore, the safest course that you can take,
Is, to give up yourself to his discretion,
Before you be compell'd; for, rest assured,
A voluntary yielding may find grace,
And will admit defence, at least, excuse:
But, should you linger doubtful, till his powers

Have seized your person and estates perforce,
You must expect extremes.

Sfor. I understand you ;
And I will put your counsel into act,
And speedily. I only will take order
For some domestical affairs, that do
Concern me nearly, and with the next sun
Ride with you: in the mean time, my best
friend,

Pray take your rest.

Pesc. Indeed, I have travell'd hard ;
And will embrace your counsel. [*Exit.*

Sfor. With all care,
Attend my noble friend. Stay you, Francisco.
You see how things stand with me ?

Fran. To my grief :
And if the loss of my poor life could be
A sacrifice to restore them as they were,
I willingly would lay it down.

Sfor. I think so :
For I have ever found you true and thankful,
Which makes me love the building I have raised
In your advancement ; and repent no grace
I have conferr'd upon you. And, believe me,
Though now I should repeat my favours to you,
The titles I have given you, and the means
Suitable to your honours ; that I thought you
Worthy my sister and my family,
And in my dukedom made you next myself ;
It is not to upbraid you ; but to tell you
I find you are worthy of them, in your love
And service to me.

Fran. Sir, I am your creature ;

And any shape, that you would have me wear,
I gladly will put on.

Sfor. Thus, then, Francisco :

I now am to deliver to your trust
A weighty secret ; of so strange a nature,
And 'twill, I know, appear so monstrous to you,
That you will tremble in the execution,
As much as I am tortured to command it :
For 'tis a deed so horrid, that, but to hear it,
Would strike into a ruffian flesh'd in murders,
Or an obdurate hangman, soft compassion ;
And yet, Francisco, of all men the dearest,
And from me most deserving, such my state
And strange condition is, that thou alone
Must know the fatal service, and perform it.

Fran. These preparations, sir, to work a stranger,
Or to one unacquainted with your bounties,
Might appear useful ; but to me they are
Needless impertinencies : for I dare do
Whate'er you dare command.

Sfor. But you must swear it ;
And put into the oath all joys or torments
That fright the wicked, or confirm the good ;
Not to conceal it only, that is nothing,
But, whensoever my will shall speak, Strike now !
To fall upon 't like thunder.

Fran. Minister
The oath in any way or form you please,
I stand resolved to take it.

Sfor. Thou must do, then,
What no malevolent star will dare to look on,
It is so wicked : for which men will curse thee
For being the instrument ; and the blest angels

Forsake me at my need, for being the author :
For 'tis a deed of night, of night, Francisco !
In which the memory of all good actions
We can pretend to shall be buried quick :
Or, if we be remember'd, it shall be
To fright posterity by our example,
That have outgone all precedents of villains
That were before us ; and such as succeed,
Though taught in hell's black school, shall ne'er
come near us.—

Art thou not shaken yet ?

Fran. I grant you move me :
But to a man confirm'd——

Sfor. I'll try your temper :
What think you of my wife ?

Fran. As a thing sacred ;
To whose fair name and memory I pay gladly
These signs of duty.

Sfor. Is she not the abstract
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in woman ?

Fran. It were a kind of blasphemy to dispute it ;
But to the purpose, sir.

Sfor. Add too, her goodness,
Her tenderness of me, her care to please me,
Her unsuspected chastity, ne'er equall'd ;
Her innocence, her honour :—O, I am lost
In the ocean of her virtues and her graces,
When I think of them !

Fran. Now I find the end
Of all your conjurations ; there's some service
To be done for this sweet lady. If she have
enemies,
That she would have removed ——

Sfor. Alas! Francisco,
Her greatest enemy is her greatest lover;
Yet, in that hatred, her idolater.
One smile of hers would make a savage tame;
One accent of that tongue would calm the seas,
Though all the winds at once strove there for
 empire.

Yet I, for whom she thinks all this too little,
Should I miscarry in this present journey,
From whence it is all number to a cipher,
I ne'er return with honour, by thy hand
Must have her murder'd.

Fran. Murder'd!—She that loves so,
And so deserves to be beloved again!
And I, who sometimes you were pleased to favour,
Pick'd out the instrument!

Sfor. Do not fly off:
What is decreed can never be recall'd;
'Tis more than love to her, that marks her out
A wish'd companion to me in both fortunes:
And strong assurance of thy zealous faith,
That gives up to thy trust a secret, that
Racks should not have forced from me. O, Francisco!
There is no heaven without her; nor a hell,
Where she resides. I ask from her but justice,
And what I would have paid to her, had sickness,
Or any other accident, divorced
Her purer soul from her unspotted body.
The slavish Indian princes, when they die,
Are cheerfully attended to the fire
By the wife and slave that, living, they loved best,
To do them service in another world:
Nor will I be less honour'd, that love more.

And therefore trifle not, but, in thy looks,
Express a ready purpose to perform
What I command ; or, by Marcelia's soul,
This is thy latest minute.

Fran. 'Tis not fear
Of death, but love to you, makes me embrace it ;
But for mine own security, when 'tis done,
What warrant have I ? If you please to sign one,
I shall, though with unwillingness and horror,
Perform your dreadful charge.

Sfor. I will, Francisco :
But still remember, that a prince's secrets
Are balm conceal'd ; but poison, if discover'd.
I may come back ; then this is but a trial
To purchase thee, if it were possible,
A nearer place in my affection :—but
I know thee honest.

Fran. 'Tis a character
I will not part with.

Sfor. I may live to reward it¹. [*Exeunt.*

¹ If we compare this scene with the celebrated scene between King John and Hubert, in Shakspeare's tragedy of King John, we shall perceive this remarkable difference, that Sforza, while he proposes to his brother-in-law and favourite the eventual murder of his wife, whom he idolizes, is consistent and determined ; his mind is filled with horror of the deed, but borne to the execution of it by the impulse of an extravagant and fantastic delicacy : John, who is actuated solely by the desire of removing his rival in the crown, not only fears to communicate his purpose to Hubert, though he perceives him to be

“ A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,”

but, after having sounded him, and found him ready to

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. An open Space before the Castle.

Enter TIBERIO and STEPHANO.

Steph. How ! left the court ?

Tib. Without guard or retinue
Fitting a prince.

Steph. No enemy near, to force him
To leave his own strengths, yet deliver up
Himself, as 'twere, in bonds, to the discretion
Of him that hates him ! 'tis beyond example.
You never heard the motives that induced him
To this strange course ?

Tib. No, those are cabinet councils,
And not to be communicated, but

execute whatever he can propose, he only hints at the deed. Sforza enlarges on the cruelty and atrocity of his design : John is afraid to utter *his* in the view of the sun ; nay, the sanguinary Richard hesitates in proposing the murder of his nephews to Buckingham. In this instance, then, as well as that of Charelois, our poet may seem to deviate from nature, for ambition is a stronger passion than love ; yet Sforza decides with more promptness and confidence than either of Shakspeare's characters. We must consider, however, that timidity and irresolution are characteristics of John, and that Richard's hesitation appears to be assumed, only in order to transfer the guilt and odium of the action to Buckingham.—
FERRIAR.

This scene seems to have engrossed the critics' attention to the neglect of the rest ; let me suggest, in justice to Massinger, that it is equalled, if not surpassed, by some of the succeeding ones, and, among the rest, by that which concludes the second act.—GIFFORD.

To such as are his own, and sure. Alas!
We fill up empty places, and in public
Are taught to give our suffrages to that
Which was before determin'd; and are safe so.
Signior Francisco (upon whom alone
His absolute power is, with all strength, conferr'd,
During his absence) can with ease resolve you:
To me they are riddles.

Steph. Well, he shall not be
My Œdipus; I'll rather dwell in darkness.
But, my good lord Tiberio, this Francisco
Is, on the sudden, strangely raised.

Tib. O sir,
He took the thriving course: he had a sister¹,
A fair one too, with whom, as it is rumour'd,
The duke was too familiar; but she, cast off,
(What promises soever pass'd between them)
Upon the sight of this² forsook the court,
And since was never seen. To smother this,
As honours never fail to purchase silence,
Francisco first was graced, and, step by step,
Is raised up to this height.

Steph. But how is
His absence borne?

Tib. Sadly, it seems, by the duchess;

¹ *He had a sister, &c.]* There is great art in this introduction of the sister. In the management of these preparatory hints, Massinger surpasses all his contemporaries. In Beaumont and Fletcher, "the end sometimes forgets the beginning;" and even Shakspeare is not entirely free from inattentions of a similar nature. I will not here praise the general felicity of our author's plots: but whatever they were, he seems to have minutely arranged all the component parts before a line of the dialogue was written.—GIFFORD.

² *Of this, &c.] i. e. the present duchess.*—M. MASON.

For since he left the court,
For the most part she hath kept her private
chamber,

No visitants admitted. In the church,
She hath been seen to pay her pure devotions,
Season'd with tears; and sure her sorrow's true,
Or deeply counterfeited; pomp, and state,
And bravery cast off: and she, that lately
Rivall'd Poppæa in her varied shapes,
Or the Egyptian queen, now, widow-like,
In sable colours, as her husband's dangers
Strangled in her the use of any pleasure,
Mourns for his absence.

Steph. It becomes her virtue,
And does confirm what was reported of her.

Tib. You take it right: but, on the other side,
The darling of his mother, Mariana,
As there were an antipathy between
Her and the duchess' passions; and as
She'd no dependence on her brother's fortune,
She ne'er appear'd so full of mirth.

Steph. 'Tis strange.

Enter GRACCHO with Fiddlers.

But see! her favourite, and accompanied,
To your report.

Grac. You shall scrape, and I will sing
A scurvy ditty to a scurvy tune,
Repine who dares.

I Fid. But if we should offend,
The duchess having silenced us;—and these lords
Stand by to hear us.—

Grac. They in name are lords,
But I am one in power: and, for the duchess,

But yesterday we were merry for her pleasure,
We now 'll be for my lady's.

Tib. Signior Graccho.

Grac. A poor man, sir, a servant to the princess ;
But you, great lords and counsellors of state,
Whom I stand bound to reverence.

Tib. Come ; we know
You are a man in grace.

Grac. Fie ! no : I grant,
I bear my fortunes patiently ; serve the princess,
And have access at all times to her closet,
Such is my impudence ! when your grave lordships
Are masters of the modesty to attend
Three hours, nay, sometimes four ; and then bid
wait

Upon her the next morning.

Steph. He derides us.

Tib. Pray you, what news is stirring ? you
know all.

Grac. Who, I ? alas ! I've no intelligence
At home nor abroad ; I only sometimes guess
The change of the times : I should ask of your
lordships,
Who are to keep their honours, who to lose them ;
Who the duchess smiled on last, or on whom
frown'd,

You only can resolve me ; we poor waiters
Deal, as you see, in mirth, and foolish fiddles :
It is our element ; and—could you tell me
What point of state 'tis that I am commanded
To muster up this music, on mine honesty,
You should much befriend me.

Steph. Sirrah, you grow saucy.

Tib. And would be laid by the heels.

Grac. Not by your lordships,
Without a special warrant ; look to your own
stakes ;

Were I committed, here come those would bail me :
Perhaps, we might change places too.

*Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA ; GRACCHO
whispers the latter.*

Tib. The princess !
We must be patient.

Steph. There is no contending.

Tib. See, the informing rogue !

Steph. That we should stoop
To such a mushroom !

Mari. Thou dost mistake ; they durst not
Use the least word of scorn, although provoked,
To any thing of mine.—Go, get you home,
And to your servants, friends, and flatterers, number
How many descents you're noble :—look to your
wives too ;

The smooth-chinn'd courtiers are abroad.

Tib. No way to be a freeman !

[*Exeunt TIBERIO and STEPHANO.*]

Grac. Your Excellence hath the best gift to
despatch

These arras pictures of nobility
I ever read of.

Mari. I can speak sometimes.

Grac. And cover so your bitter pills with
sweetness

Of princely language to forbid reply,
They are greedily swallow'd.

Isab. But the purpose, daughter,
That brings us hither ? Is it to bestow

A visit on this woman, that, because
She only would be thought truly to grieve
The absence and the dangers of my son,
Proclaims a general sadness?

Mari. If to vex her
May be interpreted to do her honour,
She shall have many of them. I'll make use
Of my short reign: my lord now governs all;
And she shall know that her idolater,
My brother, being not by now to protect her,
I am her equal.

Grac. Of a little thing,
It is so full of gall! A devil of this size,
Should they run for a wager to be spiteful,
Gets not a horse-head of her. [*Aside.*

Mari. On her birthday,
We were forced to be merry, and now she's musty,
We must be sad, on pain of her displeasure:
We will, we will! this is her private chamber,
Where, like an hypocrite, not a true turtle,
She seems to mourn her absent mate; her servants
Attending her like mutes: but I'll speak to her,
And in a high key too.—Play any thing
That's light and loud enough but to torment her,
And we will have rare sport. [*Music and a song*¹.

MARCELIA appears at a window above, in black.

Isab. She frowns as if
Her looks could fright us.

Mari. May it please your greatness,
We, madam, that are born your highness' vassals,

¹ *A song.*] This, like many others, does not appear; it was probably supplied at pleasure by the actors.—GIFFORD.

And are to play the fool to do you service,
Present you with a fit of mirth. What think you
Of a new antic?

Isab. 'Twould show rare in ladies.

Mari. Being intended for so sweet a creature,
Were she but pleased to grace it.

Isab. Fie! she will,
Be it ne'er so mean; she's made of courtesy.

Mari. The mistress of all hearts. One smile, I
pray you,
On your poor servants, or a fiddler's fee;
Coming from those fair hands, though but a ducat,
We will enshrine it as a holy relic.

Isab. 'Tis wormwood, and it works.

Marc. If I lay by
My fears and griefs, in which you should be sharers,
If doting age could let you but remember,
You have a son; or frontless impudence,
You are a sister; and, in making answer
To what was most unfit for you to speak,
Or me to hear, borrow of my just anger —

Isab. A set speech, on my life.

Mari. Penn'd by her chaplain.

Marc. Yes, it can speak, without instruction
speak,
And tell your want of manners, that you are rude,
And saucily rude, too.

Grac. Now the game begins.

Marc. You durst not, else, on any hire or hope,
Remembering what I am, and whose I am,
Put on the desperate boldness, to disturb
The least of my retirements.

Mari. Note her, now.

Marc. For both shall understand, though the
one presume
Upon the privilege due to a mother,
The duke stands now on his own legs, and needs
No nurse to lead him.

Isab. How, a nurse!

Marc. A dry one,
And useless too:—but I am merciful,
And dotage signs your pardon.

Isab. I defy thee;
Thee, and thy pardons, proud one!

Marc. For you, puppet——

Mari. What of me, pine-tree¹?

Marc. Little you are, I grant,
And have as little worth, but much less wit;
You durst not else, the duke being wholly mine,
His power and honour mine, and the allegiance,
You owe him, as a subject, due to me——

¹ *Marc.* For you, puppet——

Mari. What of me, pine-tree?

“Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures.”

Puppet and *may-pole*, and many other terms of equal elegance, are bandied about in the quarrel between *Hermia* and *Helena*, in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, which is here too closely imitated. I forbear to quote the passages, which are familiar to every reader of *Shakspeare*. These traits, however disgusting, are not without their value; they strongly mark the prevailing features of the times, which were universally coarse and indelicate: they exhibit also a circumstance worthy of particular notice, namely, that those vigorous powers of genius, which carry men far beyond the literary state of their age, do not enable them to outgo that of its manners. This must serve as an apology for our author; indeed, it is the only one which can be offered for many who stand higher in the ranks of fame than *Massinger*, and who have still more need of it.—*GIFFORD.*

Mari. To you ?

Marc. To me : and therefore, as a vassal,
From this hour learn to serve me, or you 'll feel
I must make use of my authority,
And, as a princess, punish it.

Isab. A princess !

Mari. I had rather be a slave unto a Moor,
Than know thee for my equal.

Isab. Scornful thing !
Proud of a white face.

Mari. Oh, that I could reach you !
The little one you scorn so, with her nails
Would tear your painted face, and scratch those
eyes out.

Do but come down.

Marc. Were there no other way,
But leaping on thy neck, to break mine own,
Rather than be outbraved thus. [*She retires.*]

Grac. Forty ducats
Upon the little hen ; she 's of the kind,
And will not leave the pit. [*Aside.*]

Mari. That it were lawful
To meet her with a poniard and a pistol !
But these weak hands shall show my spleen—

Re-enter MARCELIA below.

Marc. Where are you,
You modicum, you dwarf !

Mari. Here, giantess, here.

*Enter FRANCISCO, TIBERIO, STEPHANO, and
Guards.*

Fran. A tumult in the court !

Mari. Let her come on.

Fran. What wind hath raised this tempest?
Sever them, I command you. What's the cause?
Speak, Mariana.

Mari. I am out of breath;
But we shall meet, we shall.—And do you hear, sir!
Or right me on this monster, (she's three feet
Too high for a woman,) or ne'er look to have
A quiet hour with me.

Isab. If my son were here,
And would endure this, may a mother's curse
Pursue and overtake him!

Fran. O forbear:
In me he's present, both in power and will;
And, madam, I much grieve that, in his absence,
There should arise the least distaste to move you;
It being his principal, nay, only charge,
To have you, in his absence, served and honour'd,
As when himself perform'd the willing office.

Mari. This is fine, i' faith.

Grac. I would I were well off!

Fran. And therefore, I beseech you, madam,
frown not,
Till most unwittingly he hath deserved it,
On your poor servant; to your excellence
I ever was and will be such; and lay
The duke's authority, trusted to me,
With willingness at your feet.

Mari. O base!

Isab. We are like
To have an equal judge!

Fran. But, should I find
That you are touch'd in any point of honour,
Or that the least neglect is fall'n upon you,
I then stand up a prince.

I *Fid.* Without reward,
Pray you dismiss us.

Grac. Would I were five leagues hence !

Fran. I will be partial
To none, not to myself ;
Be you but pleased to show me my offence,
Or if you hold me in your good opinion,
Name those that have offended you.

Isab. I am one,
And I will justify it.

Mari. Thou art a base fellow,
To take her part.

Fran. Remember, she's the duchess.

Marc. But used with more contempt, than if I
were
A peasant's daughter ; with loud noises forced
Forth from my prayers ; and my private chamber,
Which with all willingness I would make my
prison

During the absence of my lord, denied me :
But if he e'er return—

Fran. Were you an actor
In this vile comedy ?

Mari. Ay, marry was I ;
And will be one again.

Isab. I'll join with her,
Though you repine at it.

Fran. Think not, then, I speak,
For I stand bound to honour, and to serve you ;
But that the duke, that lives in this great lady,
For the contempt of him in her, commands you
To be close prisoners.

Isab. Mari. Prisoners !

Fran. Bear them hence ;

This is your charge, my lord Tiberio,
And, Stephano, this is yours.

Marc. I am not cruel,
But pleased they may have liberty.

Isab. Pleased, with a mischief!

Mari. I'll rather live in any loathsome dungeon,
Than in a paradise at her entreaty:
And, for you, upstart——

Steph. There is no contending.

Tib. What shall become of these?

Fran. See them well whipp'd,
As you will answer it.

Tib. Now, signor Graccho,
What think you of your greatness?

Grac. I preach patience,
And must endure my fortune.

Fid. I was never yet
At such a hunt's up¹, nor was so rewarded.

[*Exeunt all but FRANCISCO and MARCELIA.*

¹ *A hunt's up.*] The *hunt's up* was a lesson on the horn, played under the windows of sportsmen, to call them up in the morning. It was, probably, sufficiently obstreperous, for it is frequently applied by our old writers, as in this place, to any noise or clamour of an awakening or alarming nature. The tune, or rather, perhaps, the words to it, was composed by one Gray, in the time of Henry VIII. who, as Puttenham tells us, in his *Art of English Poesy*, was much pleased with it. Of its popularity there can be no doubt, for it was one of the songs travestied by the Scotch Reformers into “ane gude and godly ballate,” for the edification of the elect. The tune, I suppose, is lost; but we have a *hunt's up* of our own, which is still played under the windows of the sluggish sportsman, and consists of a chorus of men, dogs, and horns, not a little alarming.
—GIFFORD.

Fran. Let them first know themselves, and how
you are
To be served and honour'd; which, when they
confess,
You may again receive them to your favour:
And then it will show nobly.

Marc. With my thanks
The duke shall pay you his, if he return
To bless us with his presence.

Fran. There is nothing
That can be added to your fair acceptance;
That is the prize, indeed; all else are blanks,
And of no value. As, in virtuous actions,
The undertaker finds a full reward,
Although conferr'd upon unthankful men;
So, any service done to so much sweetness,
However dangerous, and subject to
An ill construction, in your favour finds
A wish'd and glorious end.

Marc. From you, I take this
As loyal duty; but, in any other,
It would appear gross flattery.

Fran. Flattery, madam!
You are so rare and excellent in all things,
And raised so high upon a rock of goodness,
As that vice cannot reach you¹; who but looks on
This temple, built by nature to perfection,
But must bow to it; and out of that zeal,
Not only learn to adore it, but to love it?

Marc. Whither will this fellow?

[*Aside.*

Fran. Pardon, therefore, madam,
If an excess in me of humble duty,

¹ *That vice,*] i. e. *flattery.*

Teach me to hope, and though it be not in
The power of man to merit such a blessing,
My piety, for it is more than love,
May find reward.

Marc. You have it in my thanks ;
And, on my hand, I am pleased that you shall take
A full possession of it : but, take heed
That you fix here, and feed no hope beyond it ;
If you do, it will prove fatal.

Fran. Be it death,
And death with torments tyrants ne'er found out,
Yet I must say, I love you.

Marc. As a subject ;
And 'twill become you.

Fran. Farewell, circumstance !
And since you are not pleased to understand me,
But by a plain and usual form of speech ;
All superstitious reverence laid by,
I love you, lady. Why do you start, and fly me ?
I am no monster, and you but a woman,
A woman made to yield, and by example
Told it is lawful : favours of this nature
Are, in our age, no miracles in the greatest ;
And, therefore, lady——

Marc. Keep off !—O you Powers !——
Libidinous beast ! and, add to that, unthankful !
A crime, which creatures wanting reason fly from.
Are all the princely bounties, favours, honours,
Which, with some prejudice to his own wisdom,
Thy lord and raiser hath conferr'd upon thee,
In three days' absence buried ? Hath he made thee,
A thing obscure, almost without a name,
The envy of great fortunes ? Have I graced thee,
Beyond thy rank, and entertain'd thee, as

A friend, and not a servant? and is this,
This impudent attempt to taint mine honour,
The fair return of both our ventured favours!

Fran. Hear my excuse.

Marc. The devil may plead mercy,
And with as much assurance, as thou yield one.
Is passion so mad in thee? or is thy pride
Grown up to such a height, that, but a princess,
No woman can content thee; and, add to it,
His wife and princess, to whom thou art tied
In all the bonds of duty?—Read my life;
And find one act of mine so loosely carried,
That could invite a most self-loving fool,
Set off with all that fortune could throw on him,
To the least hope to find way to my favour.

Fran. 'Tis acknowledged, madam,
That your whole course of life hath been a pattern
For chaste and virtuous women. In your beauty,
Which I first saw, and loved, as a fair crystal,
I read your heavenly mind, clear and untainted!
And while the duke did prize you to your value,
Could it have been in man to pay that duty,
I well might envy him, but durst not hope
To stop you in your full career of goodness:
But now I find that he's fall'n from his fortune,
And, howsoever he would appear doting,
Grown cold in his affection; I presume,
From his most barbarous neglect of you,
To offer my true service. Nor stand I bound,
To look back on the courtesies of him,
That, of all living men, is most unthankful.

Marc. Unheard-of impudence!

Fran. You'll say I am modest,
When I have told the story. Can he tax me,

That have received some worldly trifles from him,
For being ungrateful ; when he, that first tasted,
And hath so long enjoy'd, your sweet affection,
In which all blessings that our frail condition
Is capable of, are wholly comprehended,
As cloy'd with happiness, contemns the giver
Of his felicity ; and, as he reach'd not
The masterpiece of mischief which he aims at,
Unless he pay those favours he stands bound to,
With fell and deadly hate !—You think he loves you
With unexampled fervour ; nay, dotes on you,
As there were something in you more than woman :
When, on my knowledge, he long since hath wish'd
You were among the dead ;—and I, you scorn so,
Perhaps, am your preserver.

Marc. Bless me, good angels,
Or I am blasted ! Lies so false and wicked,
And fashion'd to so damnable a purpose,
Cannot be spoken by a human tongue.
My husband hate me ! give thyself the lie,
False and accurs'd ! Thy soul, if thou hast any,
Can witness, never lady stood so bound
To the unfeign'd affection of her lord,
As I do to my Sforza. If thou wouldst work
Upon my weak credulity, tell me, rather,
That the earth moves ; the sun and stars stand still ;
The ocean keeps nor floods nor ebbs ; or that
There's peace between the lion and the lamb ;
Or that the ravenous eagle and the dove
Keep in one aerie¹, and bring up their young ;
Or any thing that is averse to nature :
And I will sooner credit it, than that

¹ *Aerie*,] i. e. *nest*.

My lord can think of me, but as a jewel,
He loves more than himself, and all the world.

Fran. O innocence abused! simplicity cozen'd!
It were a sin, for which we have no name,
To keep you longer in this wilful error.
Read his affection here;—[*Gives her a paper.*]—
and then observe

How dear he holds you! 'Tis his character,
Which cunning yet could never counterfeit.

Marc. 'Tis his hand, I'm resolved¹ of it. I'll try
What the inscription is.

Fran. Pray you, do so.

Marc. [*reads.*] *You know my pleasure, and the
hour of Marcelia's death, which fail not to execute,
as you will answer the contrary, not with your head
alone, but with the ruin of your whole family. And
this, written with mine own hand, and signed with
my privy signet, shall be your sufficient warrant.*

LODOVICO SFORZA.

I do obey it! every word's a poniard,
And reaches to my heart. [*Swoons.*]

Fran. What have I done?

Madam! for Heaven's sake, madam!—O my fate!
I'll bend her body² forward. Dearest lady!—
She stirs. For the duke's sake, for Sforza's sake—

Marc. Sforza's! stand off! though dead, I will
be his,

¹ *Resolved,*] i. e. *convinced.*

² *I'll bend her body,*]—to try if there be any life in it.
Thus, in *The Maid's Tragedy*:

“I've heard, if there be any life, but *bow*
The body thus, and it will show itself.”

And even my ashes shall abhor the touch
Of any other.—O unkind and cruel !
Learn, women, learn to trust in one another ;
There is no faith in man : Sforza is false,
False to Marcelia !

Fran. But I am true,
And live to make you happy. All the pomp,
State, and observance you had, being his,
Compared to what you shall enjoy, when mine,
Shall be no more remember'd. Lose his memory,
And look with cheerful beams on your new crea-
ture ;

And know, what he hath plotted for your good,
Fate cannot alter. If the emperor
Take not his life, at his return he dies,
And by my hand ; my wife, that is his heir,
Shall quickly follow :—then we reign alone !
For with this arm I'll swim through seas of blood,
Or make a bridge, arch'd with the bones of men,
But I will grasp my aims in you, my dearest,
Dearest, and best of women !

Marc. Thou art a villain !
All attributes of arch-villains made into one
Cannot express thee. I prefer the hate
Of Sforza, though it mark me for the grave,
Before thy base affection. I am yet
Pure and unspotted in my true love to him ;
Nor shall it be corrupted, though he's tainted :
Nor will I part with innocence, because
He is found guilty. For thyself, thou art
A thing, that, equal with the devil himself,
I do detest and scorn.

Fran. Thou, then, art nothing :

Thy life is in my power, disdainful woman !
Think on 't, and tremble.

Marc. No, though thou wert now
To play thy hangman's part.—Thou well may'st be
My executioner, and art only fit
For such employment ; but ne'er hope to have
The least grace from me. I will never see thee,
But as the shame of men : so, with my curses
Of horror to thy conscience in this life,
And pains in hell hereafter, I spit at thee ;
And, making haste to make my peace with Heaven,
Expect thee as my hangman. [Exit.

Fran. I am lost
In the discovery of this fatal secret.
Cursed hope, that flatter'd me that wrongs could
make her
A stranger to her goodness ! all my plots
Turn back upon myself ; but I am in,
And must go on : and, since I have put off
From the shore of innocence, guilt be now my pilot !
Revenge first wrought me¹ ; murder's his twin-
brother .
One deadly sin, then, help to cure another ! [Exit.

¹ *Revenge first wrought me, &c.*] The reader should not suffer these hints, of which he will find several in the succeeding pages, to escape him : they are not thrown out at random by Massinger, but intended to prepare the mind for the dreadful retaliation which follows —GIFFORD.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Imperial Camp, before Pavia.

Enter MEDINA, HERNANDO, and ALPHONSO.

Med. The spoil, the spoil! 'tis that the soldier
fights for.

Our victory, as yet, affords us nothing
But wounds and empty honour. We have pass'd
The hazard of a dreadful day, and forced
A passage with our swords through all the dangers
That, page-like, wait on the success of war,
And now expect reward.

Hern. Hell put it in
The enemy's mind to be desperate, and hold out!
Yieldings and compositions will undo us;
And what is that way given, for the most part,
Comes to the emperor's coffers, to defray
The charge of the great action, as 'tis rumour'd:
When, usually, some thing in grace, that ne'er heard
The cannon's roaring tongue, but at a triumph,
Puts in, and for his intercession shares
All that we fought for; the poor soldier left
To starve, or fill up hospitals.

Alph. But, when
We enter towns by force, and carve ourselves
Pleasure with pillage, and the richest wines
Open our shrunk-up veins, and pour into them
New blood and fervour——

Med. I long to be at it;

To see these chuffs¹, that every day may spend
A soldier's entertainment for a year,
Yet make a third meal of a bunch of raisins²:
These sponges, that suck up a kingdom's fat,
Battening like scarabs³ in the dung of peace,
To be squeezed out by the rough hand of war ;
And all that their whole lives have heap'd together,
By cozenage, perjury, or sordid thrift,
With one gripe to be ravish'd.

Hern. My main hope is,
To begin the sport at Milan : there's enough,
And of all kinds of pleasure we can wish for,
To satisfy the most covetous.

Alph. Every day
We look for a remove.

Med. For Lodowick Sforza,
The Duke of Milan, I, on mine own knowledge,
Can say thus much : he is too much a soldier,
Too confident of his own worth, too rich too,
And understands too well the emperor hates him,
To hope for composition.

Alph. On my life,
We need not fear his coming in⁴.

Hern. On mine,

¹ *These chuffs.*] This word is always used in a bad sense, and means a coarse unmannered clown, at once sordid and wealthy.

² *A third meal of a bunch of raisins,*]—i. e. *three* meals of one bunch of raisins.—This simple passage was the occasion of much discussion between Mr. Gifford and the Edinburgh Reviewers.

³ *Scarabs,*]—i. e. *beetles.*

⁴ *His coming in,*]—i. e. *his surrender of himself.*

I do not wish it: I had rather that,
To show his valour, he 'd put us to the trouble
To fetch him in by the ears.

Med. The emperor!

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, PESCARA, and Attendants.

Charl. You make me wonder:—nay, it is no
counsel¹,
You may partake it, gentlemen: who'd have
thought,
That he, that scorn'd our proffer'd amity
When he was sued to, should, ere he be summon'd,
(Whether persuaded to it by base fear,
Or flatter'd by false hope, which, 'tis uncertain,)
First kneel for mercy?

Med. When your majesty
Shall please to instruct us who it is, we may
Admire it with you.

Charl. Who, but the Duke of Milan,
The right hand of the French! of all that stand
In our displeasure, whom necessity
Compels to seek our favour, I would have sworn
Sforza had been the last.

Hern. And should be writ so,
In the list of those you pardon. Would his city
Had rather held us out a siege, like Troy,
Than, by a feign'd submission, he should cheat you
Of a just revenge, or us of those fair glories
We have sweat blood to purchase!

Med. With your honour
You cannot hear him.

¹ *No counsel,*]—i. e. no secret.

Alph. The sack alone of Milan
Will pay the army.

Charl. I am not so weak,
To be wrought on, as you fear ; nor ignorant
That money is the sinew of the war :
And on what terms soever he seek peace,
'Tis in our power to grant it, or deny it :
Yet, for our glory, and to show him that
We've brought him on his knees, it is resolved
To hear him as a suppliant. Bring him in ;
But let him see the effects of our just anger,
In the guard that you make for him.

[*Exit* PESCARA.]

Hern. I am now
Familiar with the issue ; all plagues on it !
He will appear in some dejected habit,
His countenance suitable, and for his order,
A rope about his neck : then kneel, and tell
Old stories, what a worthy thing it is
To have power, and not to use it ; then add to that
A tale of King Tigranes, and great Pompey,
Who said, forsooth, and wisely ! 'twas more honour
To make a king, than kill one : which, applied
To the emperor and himself, a pardon's granted
To him an enemy ; and we, his servants,
Condemn'd to beggary.

[*Aside to* MED.]

Med. Yonder he comes ;
But not as you expected.

Re-enter PESCARA *with* SFORZA, *strongly guarded.*

Alph. He looks as if
He would outface his dangers.

Hern. I am cozen'd :
A suitor, in the devil's name !

Med. Hear him speak.

Sfor. I come not, emperor, to invade thy mercy,
By fawning on thy fortune; nor bring with me
Excuses or denials. I profess,
And with a good man's confidence, even this instant
That I am in thy power, I was thine enemy;
Thy deadly and vow'd enemy: one that wish'd
Confusion to thy person and estates;
And with my utmost powers, and deepest counsels,
Had they been truly follow'd, further'd it.
Nor will I now, although my neck were under
The hangman's axe, with one poor syllable
Confess, but that I honour'd the French king
More than thyself and all men.

Med. By saint Jaques,
This is no flattery.

Hern. There is fire and spirit in 't;
But not long-lived, I hope.

Sfor. Now give me leave,
My hate against thyself, and love to him
Freely acknowledged, to give up the reasons
That made me so affected: In my wants
I ever found him faithful; had supplies
Of men and monies from him; and my hopes,
Quite sunk, were, by his grace, buoy'd up again:
He was, indeed, to me, as my good angel
To guard me from all dangers. I dare speak,
Nay, must and will, his praise now, in as high
And loud a key, as when he was thy equal.—
The benefits he sow'd in me met not
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own
With fair increase, and I still glory in it.
And, though my fortunes, poor, compared to his,
And Milan, weigh'd with France, appear as nothing,
Are in thy fury burnt, let it be mention'd,

They served but as small tapers to attend
The solemn flame at this great funeral:
And with them I will gladly waste myself,
Rather than undergo the imputation
Of being base, or unthankful.

Alph. Nobly spoken!

Hern. I do begin, I know not why, to hate him
Less than I did.

Sfor. If that, then, to be grateful
For courtesies received, or not to leave
A friend in his necessities, be a crime
Amongst you Spaniards, which other nations
That, like you, aim'd at empire, loved, and cherish'd,
Where'er they found it, Sforza brings his head
To pay the forfeit. Nor come I as a slave,
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squalid weed,
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling,
For a forestall'd remission: that were poor,
And would but shame thy victory; for conquest
Over base foes, is a captivity,
And not a triumph. I ne'er fear'd to die,
More than I wish'd to live. When I had reach'd
My ends in being a duke, I wore these robes,
This crown upon my head, and to my side
This sword was girt; and witness truth, that, now
'Tis in another's power, when I shall part
With them and life together, I'm the same:
My veins then did not swell with pride; nor now
Shrink they for fear. Know, sir, that Sforza stands
Prepared for either fortune.

Hern. As I live,
I do begin strangely to love this fellow;
And could part with three quarters of my share in
The promised spoil, to save him.

Sfor. But, if example

Of my fidelity to the French, whose honours,
Titles, and glories, are now mix'd with yours,
As brooks, devour'd by rivers, lose their names,
Has power to invite you to make him a friend,
That hath given evident proof, he knows to love,
And to be thankful: this my crown, now yours,
You may restore me, and in me instruct
These brave commanders, should your fortune
change,

Which now I wish not, what they may expect
From noble enemies, for being faithful.
The charges of the war I will defray,
And, what you may, not without hazard, force,
Bring freely to you: I'll prevent the cries
Of murder'd infants, and of ravish'd maids,
Which, in a city sack'd, call on heaven's justice,
And stop the course of glorious victories:
And, when I know the captains and the soldiers,
That have in the late battle done best service,
And are to be rewarded, I myself,
According to their quality and merits,
Will see them largely recompensed.—I have said,
And now expect my sentence.

Alph. By this light,
'Tis a brave gentleman.

Med. How like a block
The emperor sits!

Hern. He hath deliver'd reasons,
Especially in his purpose to enrich
Such as fought bravely, (I myself am one,
I care not who knows it,) as I wonder that
He can be so stupid. Now he begins to stir:
Mercy, an't be thy will!

Charl. Thou hast so far

Outgone my expectation, noble Sforza,
For such I hold thee ;—and true constancy,
Raised on a brave foundation, bears such palm
And privilege with it, that where we behold it,
Though in an enemy, it does command us
To love and honour it. By my future hopes,
I am glad, for thy sake, that, in seeking favour,
Thou didst not borrow of vice her indirect,
Crooked, and abject means ; and for mine own,
That, since my purposes must now be changed,
Touching thy life and fortunes, the world cannot
Tax me of levity in my settled counsels ;
I being neither wrought by tempting bribes,
Nor servile flattery ; but forced into it
By a fair war of virtue.

Hern. This sounds well.

Charl. All former passages of hate be buried :
For thus with open arms I meet thy love,
And as a friend embrace it ; and so far
I am from robbing thee of the least honour,
That with my hands, to make it sit the faster,
I set thy crown once more upon thy head ;
And do not only style thee Duke of Milan,
But vow to keep thee so. Yet, not to take
From others to give only to myself,
I will not hinder your magnificence
To my commanders, neither will I urge it ;
But in that, as in all things else, I leave you
To be your own disposer.

[*Flourish.* *Exit with Attendants.*

Sfor. May I live
To seal my loyalty, though with loss of life,
In some brave service worthy Cæsar's favour,
And I shall die most happy ! Gentlemen,

Receive me to your loves ; and if henceforth
There can arise a difference between us,
It shall be in a noble emulation
Who hath the fairest sword, or dare go farthest,
To fight for Charles the emperor.

Hern. We embrace you,
As one well read in all the points of honour :
And there we are your scholars.

Sfor. True ; but such
As far outstrip the master. We'll contend
In love hereafter ; in the mean time, pray you,
Let me discharge my debt, and, as an earnest
Of what's to come, divide this cabinet :
In the small body of it there are jewels
Will yield a hundred thousand pistolets,
Which honour me to receive.

Med. You bind us to you.

Sfor. And when great Charles commands me to
his presence,
If you will please to excuse my abrupt departure,
Designs that most concern me, next this mercy,
Calling me home, I shall hereafter meet you,
And gratify the favour.

Hern. In this, and all things,
We are your servants.

Sfor. A name I ever owe you.

[*Exeunt MEDINA, HERNANDO, and ALPHONSO.*]

Pesc. So, sir ; this tempest is well overblown,
And all things fall out to our wishes : but,
In my opinion, this quick return,
Before you've made a party in the court
Among the great ones, (for these needy captains
Have little power in peace,) may beget danger,
At least suspicion.

Sfor. Where true honour lives,
Doubt hath no being: I desire no pawn
Beyond an emperor's word, for my assurance.
Besides, Pescara, to thyself, of all men,
I will confess my weakness:—though my state
And crown's restored me, though I am in grace,
And that a little stay might be a step
To greater honours, I must hence. Alas!
I live not here; my wife, my wife, Pescara,
Being absent, I am dead. Prithee, excuse,
And do not chide, for friendship's sake, my fondness,
But ride along with me; I'll give you reasons,
And strong ones, to plead for me.

Pesc. Use your own pleasure;
I'll bear you company.

Sfor. Farewell, grief! I am stored with
Two blessings most desired in human life,
A constant friend, an unsuspected wife. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Milan. A Room in the Castle.

Enter an Officer with GRACCHO.

Offic. What I did, I had warrant for; you have
tasted
My office gently, and for those soft strokes,
Flea-bitings to the jerks I could have lent you,
There does belong a feeling.

Grac. Must I pay
For being tormented, and dishonour'd?

Offic. Fie! no,
Your honour's not impair'd in't. What's the
letting out

Of a little corrupt blood, and the next way too?
There is no surgeon like me.

Grac. Very good, sir:
But am I the first man of quality
That e'er came under your fingers?

Offic. Not by a thousand;
And they have said I have a lucky hand too:
Both men and women of all sorts have bow'd
Under this sceptre. I have had a fellow
That could indite, forsooth, and make fine metres
To tinkle in the ears of ignorant madams,
That, for defaming of great men, was sent me
Threadbare and lousy, and in three days after,
Discharged by another that set him on, I have
seen him
Cap à pié gallant, and his stripes wash'd off
With oil of angels¹.

Grac. 'Twas a sovereign cure.

Offic. There was a sectary too, that would
not be
Conformable to the orders of the church,
Nor yield to any argument of reason,
But still rail at authority, brought to me,
When I had worm'd his tongue, and truss'd his
haunches,
Grew a fine pulpitman, and was beneficed:
Had he not cause to thank me?

Grac. There was physic
Was to the purpose.

Offic. And, for women, sir,
For your more consolation, I could tell you

¹ *With oil of angels.*] It may be just necessary to observe, that this is a pleasant allusion to the gold coin of that name.—
GIFFORD.

Twenty fine stories of them.—Speak but truth, then,
Is not my office lucky?

Grac. Go, there's for thee;
But what will be my fortune?

Offic. If you thrive not
After that soft correction, come again.

Grac. I thank you, knave.

Offic. And then, knave, I will fit you. [*Exit.*]

Grac. Whipt like a rogue! no lighter punishment
serve

To balance with a little mirth! 'Tis well;
My credit sunk for ever, I am now
Fit company only for pages and for footboys,
That have perused the porter's lodge¹.

Enter JULIO and GIOVANNI.

Giov. See, Julio,
Yonder the proud slave is. How he looks now,
After his castigation!

Jul. Let's be merry with him.

Grac. How they stare at me! am I turn'd to
an owl?—

The wonder, gentlemen?

Jul. I read, this morning,
Strange stories of the passive fortitude
Of men in former ages, which I thought
Impossible, and not to be believed:
But now I look on you, my wonder ceases.

Grac. The reason, sir?

¹ *That have perused the porter's lodge.] i. e. that have been whipt there.* The porter's lodge, in our author's days, when the great claimed, and, indeed, frequently exercised, the right of chastising their servants, was the usual place of punishment.—
GIFFORD.

Jul. Why, sir, you have been whipt,
Whipt, signior Graccho ; and the whip, I take it,
Is to a gentleman the greatest trial
That may be of his patience.

Grac. Sir, I'll call you
To a strict account for this.

Giov. I'll not deal with you,
Unless I have a beadle for my second :
And then I'll answer you.

Jul. Farewell, poor Graccho.

[*Exeunt JULIO and GIOVANNI.*

Grac. Better and better still. If ever wrongs
Could teach a wretch to find the way to vengeance,

Enter FRANCISCO and a Servant.

Hell now inspire me ! How, the lord protector !
My judge ; I thank him ! Whither thus in private ?
I will not see him. [*Stands aside.*

Fran. If I am sought for,
Say I am indisposed, and will not hear
Or suits, or suitors.

Serv. But, sir, if the princess
Inquire, what shall I answer ?

Fran. Say, I am rid
Abroad to take the air ; but by no means
Let her know I'm in court.

Serv. So I shall tell her. [*Exit.*

Fran. Within there, ladies !

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gentlew. My good lord, your pleasure ?

Fran. Prithee, let me beg thy favour for access
To the duchess.

Gentlew. In good sooth, my lord, I dare not ;
She's very private.

Fran. Come, there's gold to buy thee
A new gown, and a rich one.—Where's thy lady?

Gentlew. She's walking in the gallery.

Fran. Bring me to her.

Gentlew. I fear you'll have cold entertainment,
when

You are at your journey's end.

[*Exeunt FRAN. and Gentlew.*]

Grac. A brave discovery beyond my hope,
A plot even offer'd to my hand to work on!
If I am dull now, may I live and die
The scorn of worms and slaves!—Let me consider;
My lady and her mother first committed,
In the favour of the duchess; and I whipt!
That, with an iron pen, is writ in brass
On my tough heart, now grown a harder metal.—
And all his bribed approaches to the duchess
To be conceal'd! good, good. This to my lady
Deliver'd, as I'll order it, runs her mad.—
But this may prove but courtship¹! let it be,
I care not, so it feed her jealousy. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter MARCELIA and FRANCISCO.

Marc. Believe thy tears or oaths! can it be
hoped,
After a practice so abhorr'd and horrid,
Repentance e'er can find thee?

¹ *This may prove but courtship! &c.]* This is, merely
paying his court to her as duchess.—M. MASON.

Fran. Dearest lady,
Great in your fortune, greater in your goodness,
Make a superlative of excellence,
In being greatest in your saving mercy.
I do confess, humbly confess my fault,
To be beyond all pity ; my attempt,
So barbarously rude, that it would turn
A saint-like patience into savage fury.
But you, that are all innocence and virtue,
No spleen or anger in you of a woman,
But when a holy zeal to piety fires you,
May, if you please, impute the fault to love ;
A sin, a monstrous sin ! yet with it many
'That did prove good men after, have been tempted ;
And, though I 'm crooked now, 'tis in your power
To make me straight again.

Marc. Is't possible
This can be cunning ! [*Aside.*

Fran. But, if no submission,
Nor prayers can appease you, that you may know
'Tis not the fear of death that makes me sue thus,
But a loath'd detestation of my madness,
Which makes me wish to live to have your pardon ;
I will not wait the sentence of the duke,
Since his return is doubtful, but I myself
Will do a fearful justice on myself,
No witness by but you, there being no more,
When I offended. Yet, before I do it,
For I perceive in you no signs of mercy,
I will disclose a secret, which, dying with me,
May prove your ruin.

Marc. Speak it ; it will take from
The burden of thy conscience.

Fran. Thus, then, madam :

The warrant by my lord sign'd for your death,
Was but conditional ; but you must swear
By your unspotted truth not to reveal it,
Or I end here abruptly.

Marc. By my hopes
Of joys hereafter. On.

Fran. Nor was it hate
That forced him to it, but excess of love.
*And, if I ne'er return*¹, (so said great Sforza,)
No living man deserving to possess
My best Marcelia, with the first news
That I am dead, fail not to kill her——
But till certain proof
Assure thee I am lost, (these were his words,)
Observe and honour her, as if the soul
Of woman's goodness only dwelt in hers.
This trust I have abused, and basely wrong'd ;
And, if the excelling pity of your mind
Cannot forgive it, as I dare not hope it,
Rather than look on my offended lord,
I stand resolved to punish it. [*Draws his sword.*]

Marc. Hold ! 'tis forgiven,
And by me freely pardon'd. In thy fair life

¹ *And if I ne'er return, &c.*] I have regulated this speech, which was exceedingly harsh and confused in all the printed copies, according to Massinger's manuscript corrections. The repetitions must be attributed to the embarrassed state of Francisco's mind.

In the seventh line, the poet has altered "*scal* of woman's goodness," (the reading of all the copies,) to *soul*. No sagacity in another could have furnished this most happy emendation, which now appears so necessary, and so obvious. I have been tempted to smile in the course of this revision at the surprising gravity with which we sometimes labour to explain the unintelligible blunders of a careless compositor.—GIFFORD.

Hereafter, study to deserve this bounty,
Which thy true penitence, such I believe it,
Against my resolution hath forced from me.—
But that my lord, my Sforza, should esteem
My life fit only as a page, to wait on
The course of his uncertain fortunes, grieves me ;
Nor does his envy less deserve mine anger,
Which though, such is my love, I would not
nourish,
Will slack the ardour that I had to see him
Return in safety.

Fran. But if your entertainment
Should give the least ground to his jealousy,
To raise up an opinion I am false,
You then destroy your mercy. Therefore, madam,
(Though I shall ever look on you as on
My life's preserver, and the miracle
Of human pity,) would you but vouchsafe,
In company, to do me those fair graces,
And favours, which your innocence and honour
May safely warrant, it would to the duke,
I being to your best self alone known guilty,
Make me appear most innocent.

Marc. Have your wishes ;
And something I may do to try his temper,
At least to make him know a constant wife
Is not so slaved to her husband's doting humours,
But that she may deserve to live a widow,
Her fate appointing it.

Fran. It is enough ;
Nay, all I could desire ; and will make way
To my revenge, which shall disperse itself
On him, on her, and all.

[*Aside and exit.*—*Shout and flourish.*

Marc. What shout is that ?

Enter TIBERIO and STEPHANO.

Tib. All happiness to the duchess, that may
flow
From the duke's new and wish'd return !

Marc. He's welcome.

Steph. How coldly she receives it !

Tib. Observe the encounter.

*Flourish. Enter SFORZA, PESCARA, ISABELLA,
MARIANA, GRACCHO, and Attendants.*

Mari. What you have told me, Graccho, is
believed,

And I'll find time to stir in't.

Grac. As you see cause ;
I will not do ill offices.

Sfor. I have stood
Silent thus long, Marcelia, expecting
When, with more than a greedy haste, thou
wouldst

Have flown into my arms, and on my lips
Have printed a deep welcome. My desires
To glass myself in these fair eyes have borne me
With more than human speed ; nor durst I stay
In any temple, or to any saint
To pay my vows and thanks for my return,
Till I had seen thee.

Marc. Sir, I am most happy
To look upon you safe, and would express
My love and duty in a modest fashion,
Such as might suit with the behaviour
Of one that is a wife ; nor can it wrong me
To love discreetly.

Sfor. How ! why, can there be
A mean in your affections ? Do not move me ;
My passions to you are in extremes,
And know no bounds :—come ; kiss me.

Marc. I obey you.

Sfor. By all the joys of love, she does salute me
As if I were her grandfather ! What witch,
With cursed spells, hath quench'd the fervent
love

That lived upon these lips ? Tell me, Marcelia,
And truly tell me, is't a fault of mine
That hath begot this coldness ? or neglect
Of others, in my absence ?

Marc. Neither, sir :

I stand indebted to your substitute,
Noble and good Francisco, for his care
And fair observance of me : there was nothing
That I dare say I wanted.

But, sir, in troth, you are too great a doter.
Let us love temperately ; things violent last not ;
And too much dotage rather argues folly
Than true affection.

Grac. Observe but this,
And how she praised my lord's care and observance ;
And then judge, madam, if my intelligence
Have any ground of truth.

Mari. No more ; I mark it.

Steph. How the duke stands !

Tib. As he were rooted there,
And had no motion.

Pesc. My lord, from whence
Grows this amazement ?

Sfor. It is more, dear my friend ;
For I am doubtful whether I've a being,

But certain that my life's a burden to me.
Take me back, good Pescara; show me to Cæsar
In all his rage and fury; I disclaim
His mercy: to live now, which is his gift,
Is worse than death, and with all studied torments.
Marcelia is unkind; nay, worse, grown cold
In her affection; my excess of fervour,
Which yet was never equall'd, grown distasteful.—
But have thy wishes, woman; thou shalt know
That I can be myself, and thus shake off
The fetters of fond dotage. From my sight,
Without reply; for I am apt to do
Something I may repent.—[*Exit MARC.*]
—Oh!
who would place

His happiness in most accursed woman,
In whom obsequiousness engenders pride,
And harshness deadly hatred? From this hour
I'll labour to forget there are such creatures;
True friends be now my mistresses. Clear your
brows,

And, though my heart-strings crack for't, I will be
To all a free example of delight.

We will have sports of all kinds, and propound
Rewards to such as can produce us new;
Unsatisfied, though we surfeit in their store:
And never think of cursed Marcelia more.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Castle.

Enter FRANCISCO and GRACCHO.

Fran. And is it possible thou shouldst forget
A wrong of such a nature, and then study
My safety and content?

Grac. Sir, but allow me
Only to have read the elements of courtship¹,
Not the abstruse and hidden arts to thrive there,
And you may please to grant me so much know-
ledge,

That injuries from one in grace, like you,
Are noble favours. Is it not grown common²,
In every sect, for those that want, to suffer
From such as have to give? Your captain cast,
If poor, though not thought daring, but approved
so,

To raise a coward into name, that's rich,
Suffers disgraces publicly, but receives
Rewards for them in private.

Fran. Well observed.

Put on³; we'll be familiar, and discourse
A little of this argument. That day

¹ *Of courtship,*] i. e. *of court-policy*.—M. MASON.

² ——— *Is it not grown common, &c.*] Graccho is an apt scholar: these notable observations are derived from the lessons of the officer in the last act.—GIFFORD.

³ *Put on,*] *Be covered*; a frequent expression in these plays.—GIFFORD.

In which it was first rumour'd, then confirm'd,
Great Sforza thought me worthy of his favour,
I found myself to be another thing,
Not what I was before. I passed then
For a pretty fellow, and of pretty parts too,
And was perhaps received so; but, once raised,
The liberal courtier made me master of
Those virtues which I ne'er knew in myself:
If I pretended to a jest, 'twas made one
By their interpretation; if I offer'd
To reason of philosophy, though absurdly,
They had helps to save me, and without a blush
Would swear that I, by nature, had more know-
ledge

Than others could acquire by any labour:
Nay, all I did, indeed, which in another
Was not remarkable, in me show'd rarely.

Grac. But then they tasted of your bounty.

Fran. True:

They gave me those good parts I was not born to;
And, by my intercession, they got that
Which, had I cross'd them, they durst not have
hoped for.

Grac. All this is oracle: and shall I, then,
For a foolish whipping, leave to honour him
That holds the wheel of fortune? no; that savours
Too much of the ancient freedom. Since great
men

Receive disgraces and give thanks, poor knaves
Must have nor spleen nor anger. Though I love
My limbs as well as any man, if you had now
A humour to kick me lame into an office,
Where I might sit in state and undo others,

Stood I not bound to kiss the foot that did it?
Though it seem strange, there have been such
things seen
In the memory of man.

Fran. But to the purpose;
And then, that service done, make thine own
fortunes.

My wife, thou say'st, is jealous I am too
Familiar with the duchess.

Grac. And incensed
For her commitment in her brother's absence;
And by her mother's anger is spurr'd on
To make discovery of it. This her purpose
Was trusted to my charge, which I declined
As much as in me lay; but, finding her
Determinately bent to undertake it,
Though breaking my faith to her may destroy
My credit with your lordship, I yet thought,
Though at my peril, I stood bound to reveal it.

Fran. I thank thy care, and will deserve this
secret,
In making thee acquainted with a greater,
And of more moment. Come into my bosom,
And take it from me: Canst thou think, dull
Graccho,

My power and honours were conferr'd upon me,
And add to them this form, to have my pleasures
Confined and limited? I delight in change
And sweet variety; that's my heaven on earth,
For which I love life only. Therefore, Graccho,
So far I am from stopping Mariana
In making her complaint, that I desire thee
To urge her to it.

Grac. That may prove your ruin ;
The duke already being, as 'tis reported,
Doubtful she hath play'd false.

Fran. There thou art cozen'd ;
His dotage, like an ague, keeps his course,
And now 'tis strongly on him. But I lose time ;
And therefore know, whether thou wilt or no,
Thou art to be my instrument ; and, in spite
Of the old saw, that says, It is not safe
On any terms to trust a man that's wrong'd,
I dare thee to be false.

Grac. This is a language,
My lord, I understand not.

Fran. You thought, sirrah,
To put a trick on me for the relation
Of what I knew before ; and having won
Some weighty secret from me, in revenge
To play the traitor. Know, thou wretched thing,
By my command thou wert whipt ; and every day
I'll have thee freshly tortured, if thou miss
In the least charge that I impose upon thee.
Though what thou speak'st, for the most part, is true :
Nay, grant thou hadst a thousand witnesses
To be deposed they heard it, 'tis in me,
With one word, such is Sforza's confidence
Of my fidelity not to be shaken,
To make all void, and ruin my accusers.
Therefore look to't ; bring my wife hotly on
To accuse me to the duke — I have an end in't ;
Or think what 'tis makes man most miserable,
And that shall fall upon thee. Thou wert a fool
To hope, by being acquainted with my courses,
To curb and awe me ; or that I should live

Thy slave, as thou didst saucily divine :
For prying in my counsels, still live mine. [*Exit.*

Grac. I am caught on both sides. This 'tis for
a puisne¹

In Policy's Protean school, to try conclusions
With one that hath commenced, and gone out
doctor².

If I discover what but now he bragg'd of,
I shall not be believed : if I fall off
From him, his threats and actions go together,
And there's no hope of safety. Till I get
A plummet that may sound his deepest counsels,
I must obey and serve him. Want of skill
Now makes me play the rogue against my will.
[*Exit.*

¹ *Puisne,*] i. e. *puny*. Freshmen at Oxford, where Massinger was educated, were sometimes called *punies* for the first year of their entering the University.

² ————— *To try conclusions*

With one that hath commenced, and gone out doctor.] *To try conclusions*, a very common expression, is, *to try experiments*. *Commenced*, and *gone out*, which occur in the next line, are University terms, and to be met with in most of our old dramas. Graccho styles himself a *puisne* or freshman in the school of Policy, and Francisco one who had taken the highest degree of *doctor*.

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

*Enter MARCELIA, TIBERIO, STEPHANO, and
Gentlewoman.*

Marc. Command me from his sight, and with
such scorn
As he would rate his slave !

Tib. 'Twas in his fury.

Steph. And he repents it, madam.

Marc. Was I born
To observe his humours ? or, because he dotes,
Must I run mad ?

Tib. If that your excellence
Would please but to receive a feeling knowledge
Of what he suffers, and how deep the least
Unkindness wounds from you, you would excuse
His hasty language.

Steph. He hath paid the forfeit
Of his offence, I'm sure, with such a sorrow
As, if it had been greater, would deserve
A full remission.

Marc. Why, perhaps he hath it ;
And I stand more afflicted for his absence,
Than he can be for mine :—so, pray you, tell him.
But, till I have digested some sad thoughts,
And reconciled passions that are at war
Within myself, I purpose to be private ;
And have you care, unless it be Francisco,
That no man be admitted. [*Exit Gentlewoman.*]

Tib. How! Francisco?

Steph. These things concern not us; yet if I were
The duke, (I freely must confess my weakness,)

Enter FRANCISCO.

I should wear yellow breeches¹. Here he comes.

Tib. Nay, spare your labour, lady; we know
our exit,
And quit the room.

Steph. Is this her privacy!
Though with the hazard of a check, perhaps,
This may go to the duke.

[*Exeunt TIBERIO and STEPHANO.*]

Marc. Your face is full
Of fears and doubts: the reason?

Fran. O, best madam,
They are not counterfeit. I, your poor convert,
That only wish to live in sad repentance;
That have no ends nor aims, but that your good-
ness

Might be a witness of my penitence,
Which seen, would teach you how to love your
mercy,

Am robb'd of that last hope. The duke, the duke,
I more than fear, hath found that I am guilty.

Marc. By my unspotted honour, not from me;
Nor have I with him changed one syllable,
Since his return, but what you heard.

Fran. Yet malice
Is eagle-eyed, and would see that which is not;
And jealousy's too apt to build upon
Unsure foundations.

¹ *Wear yellow breeches,*] i. e. *be jealous*; yellow, with our
old poets, being the livery of jealousy.—GIFFORD.

Marc. Jealousy !

Fran. [*Aside.*] It takes.

Marc. Who dares but only think I can be tainted ?

But for him, though almost on certain proof,
To give it hearing, not belief, deserves
My hate for ever.

Fran. Whether grounded on
Your noble yet chaste favours shown unto me,
Or her imprisonment, for her contempt
To you, by my command, my frantic wife
Hath put it in his head.

Marc. Have I then lived
So long, now to be doubted ? Are my favours
The themes of her discourse ? or what I do,
That never trod in a suspected path,
Subject to base construction ? Be undaunted ;
For now, as of a creature that is mine,
I rise up your protectress : all the grace
I hitherto have done you was bestow'd
With a shut hand ; it shall be now more free,
Open, and liberal. But let it not,
Though counterfeited to the life, teach you
To nourish saucy hopes.

Fran. May I be blasted,
When I prove such a monster !

Marc. I will stand then
Between you and all danger. He shall know,
Suspicion overturns what confidence builds ;
And he that dares but doubt when there's no
ground
Is neither to himself nor others sound. [*Exit.*

Fran. So, let it work ! Her goodness, that denied
My service, branded with the name of love,

Shall now destroy itself ; and she shall find,
When he's a suitor, that brings cunning arm'd
With power to be his advocates, the denial
Is a disease as killing as the plague,
And chastity a clue that leads to death.
Hold but thy nature, duke, and be but rash
And violent enough, and then at leisure
Repent ; I care not.
And let my plots produce this long'd-for birth,
In my revenge I have my heaven on earth. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter SFORZA, PESCARA, and three Gentlemen.

Pesc. You promised to be merry.

1 *Gent.* There are pleasures,
And of all kinds, to entertain the time.

2 *Gent.* Your excellence vouchsafing to make
choice
Of that which best affects you.

Sfor. Hold your prating.
Learn manners too ; you are rude.

3 *Gent.* I have my answer
Before I ask the question. [*Aside.*

Pesc. I must borrow
The privilege of a friend, and will ; or else
I am like these, a servant ; or, what's worse,
A parasite to the sorrow Sforza worships
In spite of reason.

Sfor. Pray you, use your freedom ;
And so far, if you please, allow me mine,

To hear you only, not to be compell'd
To take your moral potions. I am a man ;
And though philosophy, your mistress, rage for 't,
Now I have cause to grieve, I must be sad ;
And I dare show it.

Pesc. Would it were bestow'd
Upon a worthier subject !

Sfor. Take heed, friend.
You rub a sore whose pain will make me mad ;
And I shall then forget myself and you.
Lance it no further.

Pesc. Have you stood the shock
Of thousand enemies, and outfaced the anger
Of a great emperor, that vow'd your ruin,
Though by a desperate, a glorious way,
That had no precedent? are you return'd with
honour,
Loved by your subjects? does your fortune court
you,

Or rather say, your courage does command it ?
Have you given proof, to this hour of your life,
Prosperity, that searches the best temper,
Could never puff you up, nor adverse fate
Deject your valour? Shall, I say, these virtues,
So many and so various trials of
Your constant mind, be buried in the frown
(To please you, I will say so) of a fair woman ?
—Yet I have seen her equals.

Sfor. Good Pescara,
This language in another were profane ;
In you it is unmannerly.—Her equal !
I tell you as a friend, and tell you plainly,
(To all men else my sword should make reply,)
Her goodness does disdain comparison,

And, but herself, admits no parallel¹.
 But you will say she's cross; 'tis fit she should be,
 When I am foolish; for she's wise, Pescara,
 And knows how far she may dispose her bounties,
 Her honour safe; or, if she were averse,
 'Twas a prevention of a greater sin
 Ready to fall upon me; for she's not ignorant,
 But truly understands how much I love her,
 And that her rare parts do deserve all honour.
 Her excellence increasing with her years too,
 I might have fallen into idolatry,
 And, from the admiration of her worth,
 Been taught to think there is no Power above her;

¹ *Her goodness does disdain comparison,*

And, but herself, admits no parallel.] The reader who has any acquaintance with the literary squabbles of the last century cannot but recollect how Theobald was annoyed by the jests levelled at him for this line in *The Double Falsehood*,
 "None but himself can be his parallel."

He justified it, indeed, at some length; but "it is not for gravity," as Sir Toby well observes, "to play at cherry-pit with Satan." His waggish antagonists drove him out of his patience, and he, who had every thing but wit on his side, is at this moment labouring under the consequences of his imagined defeat. With respect to the phrase in question, it is sufficiently common; and I could produce, if it were necessary, twenty instances of it from Massinger's contemporaries alone: nor is it peculiar to this country, but exists in every language with which I am acquainted. Even while I am writing this note, the following pretty example lies before me, in the address of a grateful Hindoo to Sir William Jones:

"To you there are many like me; yet to me *there is none like you but yourself*: there are numerous groves of night-flowers; yet the night-flower sees nothing *like the moon but the moon*. A hundred chiefs rule the world; but thou art an ocean, and they are mere wells: many luminaries are awake in the sky; but which of them can be compared to the sun?"—See *Memoirs of his Life*, by Lord Teignmouth.—GIFFORD.

And yet I do believe, had angels sexes,
The most would be such women, and assume
No other shape, when they were to appear
In their full glory.

Pesc. Well, sir, I'll not cross you,
Nor labour to diminish your esteem,
Hereafter, of her. Since your happiness,
As you will have it, has alone dependence
Upon her favour, from my soul I wish you
A fair atonement¹.

Sfor. Time, and my submission,

Enter TIBERIO and STEPHANO.

May work her to it.—O! you are well return'd:
Say, am I blest? hath she vouchsafed to hear you?
Is there hope left that she may be appeased?
Let her propound, and gladly I'll subscribe
To her conditions.

Tib. She, sir, yet is froward,
And desires respite and some privacy.

Steph. She was harsh at first; but, ere we parted,
seem'd not
Implacable.

Sfor. There's comfort yet. I'll ply her
Each hour with new ambassadors of more honours,
Titles, and eminence: my second self,
Francisco, shall solicit her.

Steph. That a wise man,
And what is more, a prince that may command,
Should sue thus poorly, and treat with his wife
As she were a victorious enemy
At whose proud feet himself, his state, and country,
Basely begg'd mercy!

¹ *Atonement*,] i. e. reconciliation.

Sfor. What is that you mutter?
I'll have thy thoughts.

Steph. You shall. You are too fond,
And feed a pride that's swollen too big already,
And surfeits with observance.

Sfor. O my patience!
My vassal speak thus?

Steph. Let my head answer it,
If I offend. She, that you think a saint,
I fear may play the devil.

Pesc. Well said, old fellow. [*Aside.*

Steph. And he that hath so long engross'd your
favours,
Though to be named with reverence, lord Francisco,
Who, as you purpose, shall solicit for you,
I think's too near her.

[*SFORZA lays his hand on his sword.*

Pesc. Hold, sir! this is madness.

Sfor. Let me go,
I scorn to touch him; he deserves my pity,
And not my anger. Dotard! and to be one
Is thy protection, else thou durst not think
That love to my Marcelia hath left room
In my full heart for any jealous thought:—
That idle passion dwell with thick-skin'd trades-
men!

Lock up thy own wife, fool. I smile to think
What wretched things they are that dare be jealous.
Were I match'd to another Messaline¹,
While I found merit in myself to please her,

¹ *Messaline.*] The wife of the Emperor Claudius. She was disgraced by the most abominable excesses of licentiousness and cruelty, which have rendered her name infamous with posterity.

I should believe her chaste, and would not seek
To find out my own torment ; but, alas !
Enjoying one that, but to me, 's a Dian,
I am too secure.

Tib. This is a confidence
Beyond example.

Enter GRACCHO, ISABELLA, and MARIANA.

Grac. There he is—now speak,
Or be for ever silent.

Sfor. If you come
To bring me comfort, say that you have made
My peace with my Marcellia.

Isab. I had rather
Wait on you to your funeral.

Sfor. You are my mother ;
Or, by her life, you were dead else.

Mari. Would you were,
To your dishonour ! and, since dotage makes you
Wilfully blind, borrow of me my eyes,
Or some part of my spirit. Are you all flesh ?
A lump of patience only ? no fire in you ?
But do your pleasure :—here your mother was
Committed by your servant, (for I scorn
To call him husband,) and myself, your sister,
If that you dare remember such a name,
Mew'd up, to make the way open and free
For the adulteress, I am unwilling
To say a part of Sforza.

Sfor. Take her head off !
She hath blasphemed, and by our law must die.

Isab. Blasphemed !

Sfor. What do I suffer !

Mari. Is it treason

For me, that am a subject, to endeavour
To save the honour of the duke, and that
He should not be disgraced on record?
For by posterity 'twill be believed,
As certainly as now it can be proved,
Francisco, the great minion, that sways all,
To meet the chaste embraces of the duchess——

Sfor. Some proof, vile creature! or thou hast
spoke thy last.

Mari. Their hourly private meetings; and e'en
now,

When, under a pretence of grief or anger,
You're made a stranger to her, at all times
The door stands open to him. To a Dutchman,
This were enough; but to a right Italian,
A hundred thousand witnesses.

Sfor. O the malice

And envy of base women, that, with horror,
Knowing their own defects and inward guilt,
Dare lie, and swear, and damn, for what's most
false,

To cast aspersions upon one untainted!
Ye are in your natures devils, and your ends,
Knowing your reputation sunk for ever,
And not to be recover'd, to have all
Wear your black livery. Wretches! you have
raised

A monumental trophy to her pureness,
In this your studied purpose to deprave her:
And all the shot made by your foul detraction,
Falling upon her sure-arm'd innocence,
Returns upon yourselves; and, if my love
Could suffer an addition, I'm so far

From giving credit to you, this would teach me
More to admire and serve her. You are not
worthy

To fall as sacrifices to appease her ;
And therefore live till your own envy burst you.

Isab. All is in vain ; he is not to be moved.

Mari. She has bewitch'd him.

Pesc. 'Tis so past belief,
To me it shows a fable.

Enter FRANCISCO, speaking to a Servant within.

Fran. On thy life,
Provide my horses, and without the port
With care attend me.

Serv. [*within.*] I shall, my lord.

Grac. He's come.

What gimcrack have we next ?

Fran. Great sir.

Sfor. Francisco.

Fran. I would impart,
Please you to lend your ear, a weighty secret
I am in labour to deliver to you.

Sfor. All leave the room. [*Exeunt ISAB. MARI.
and GRACCHO.*—Excuse me, good Pescara ;

Ere long I will wait on you.

Pesc. You speak, sir,
The language I should use. [*Exit.*

Sfor. Be within call ;

Perhaps we may have use of you.

Tib. We shall, sir. [*Exeunt TIB. and STEPH.*

Sfor. Say on, my comfort.

Fran. Comfort ! no, your torment ;
For so my fate appoints me. I could curse
The hour that gave me being.

Sfor. What new monsters
Of misery stand ready to devour me?
Let them at once despatch me.

Fran. Draw your sword, then,
And, as you wish your own peace, quickly kill me :
Consider not, but do it.

Sfor. Art thou mad?

Fran. Or, if to take my life be too much mercy,
As death, indeed, concludes all human sorrows,
Cut off my nose and ears ; pull out an eye,
The other only left to lend me light
To see my own deformities. Why was I born
Without some mulct imposed on me by nature ?
Would from my youth a loathsome leprosy
Had run upon this face, or that my breath
Had been infectious, and so made me shunn'd
Of all societies ! Cursed be he that taught me
Discourse or manners, or lent any grace
That makes the owner pleasing in the eye
Of wanton women ! since those parts which others
Value as blessings are to me afflictions,
Such my condition is.

Sfor. I am on the rack :
Dissolve this doubtful riddle¹.

Fran. That I alone,
Of all mankind, that stand most bound to love you,
And study your content, should be appointed,
Not by my will, but forced by cruel fate,
To be your greatest enemy !—Not to hold you
In this amazement longer, in a word,
Your duchess loves me.

¹ *Dissolve*,] i. e. *solve*. Our old writers used the words indiscriminately.

Sfor. Loves thee !

Fran. Is mad for me,
Pursues me hourly.

Sfor. Oh !

Fran. And from hence grew
Her late neglect of you.

Sfor. O women ! women !

Fran. I labour'd to divert her by persuasion ;
Then urged your much love to her, and the danger ;
Denied her, and with scorn.

Sfor. 'Twas like thyself.

Fran. But when I saw her smile, then heard
her say

Your love and extreme dotage, as a cloak,
Should cover our embraces, and your power
Fright others from suspicion, (though I know
That the relation kills in you all hope
Of peace hereafter,) I could not but in duty
Freely discover it.

Sfor. Eternal plagues
Pursue and overtake her ! for her sake,
To all posterity may he prove like me,
A thing so abject and so miserable
As words may not express him, that gives trust.
To all-deceiving women !
No wise man ever, taught by my example,
Hereafter use his wife with more respect
Than he would do his horse that does him service ;
Base woman being in her creation made
A slave to man.—But, like a village nurse,
Stand I now cursing and considering, when
The tamest fool would do !—Within there ! Ste-
phano,
Tiberio, and the rest !——I will be sudden ;

And she shall know and feel, love in extremes
Abused knows no degree in hate.

Enter TIBERIO and STEPHANO.

Tib. My lord.

Sfor. Go to the chamber of that wicked woman—

Steph. What wicked woman, sir?

Sfor. The devil, my wife.

Force a rude entry, and if she refuse
To follow you, drag her hither by the hair,
And know no pity; any gentle usage
To her will call on cruelty from me
To such as show it.—Stand you staring! Go,
And put my will in act.

Steph. There's no disputing.

Tib. But 'tis a tempest, on the sudden raised,
Who durst have dream'd of?

[Exeunt TIBERIO and STEPHANO.]

Sfor. Nay, since she dares damnation,
I'll be a fury to her.

Fran. Yet, great sir,
Exceed not in your fury; she's yet guilty
Only in her intent.

Sfor. Intent, Francisco!
It does include all fact; and I might sooner
Be won to pardon treason to my crown,
Or one that kill'd my father.

Fran. You are wise,
And know what's best to do:—yet, if you please,
To prove her temper to the height, say only
That I am dead, and then observe how far
She'll be transported. I'll remove a little,
But be within your call.—Now to the upshot!
Howe'er, I'll shift for one. *[Aside and exit.]*

Re-enter TIBERIO, STEPHANO, and *Guard with*
MARCELIA.

Marc. Where is this dreamer,
This walking tree of jealousy? Oh! are you here,
sir?

Is it by your commandment or allowance
I am thus basely used? Which of my virtues,
My labours, services, and cares to please you—
For, to a man suspicious and unthankful,
Without a blush I may be mine own trumpet—
Invites this barbarous course? Dare you look on me
Without a seal of shame?

Sfor. Impudence,
How ugly thou appear'st now! Thy intent
To be unfaithful leaves not blood enough
To make an honest blush: what had the act done?

Marc. Return'd thee the dishonour thou de-
serv'st.

Sfor. Your chosen favourite, your woo'd Fran-
cisco,
Has dearly paid for't; for, wretch! know he's
dead,
And by my hand.

Marc. The bloodier villain thou!
But 'tis not to be wonder'd at, thy love
Does know no other object:—thou hast kill'd, then,
A man I do profess I loved; a man
For whom a thousand queens might well be rivals.
But he, I speak it to thy teeth, that dares be
A jealous fool, dares be a murderer,
And knows no end in mischief.

Sfor. I begin now
In this my justice.

[*Stabs her.*]

Marc. Oh! I have fool'd myself
Into my grave, and only grieve for that
Which, when you know you've slain an innocent,
You needs must suffer.

Sfor. An innocent! Let one
Call in Francisco;—for he lives, vile creature,
[*Exit STEPHANO.*
To justify thy falsehood, and how often,
With wanton flatteries, thou hast tempted him.

Re-enter STEPHANO.

Steph. Signior Francisco, sir, but even now
Took horse without the ports.

Marc. We are both abused,
And both by him undone. Stay, Death, a little,
Till I have clear'd me to my lord, and then
I willingly obey thee.—O my Sforza!
Francisco was not tempted, but the tempter;
And, as he thought to win me, show'd the warrant
That you sign'd for my death.

Sfor. Then I believe thee;
Believe thee innocent too.

Marc. But, being condemn'd,
Upon his knees with tears he did beseech me
Not to reveal it; I, soft-hearted fool,
Judging his penitence true, was won unto it:
Indeed, the unkindness to be sentenced by you,
Before that I was guilty in a thought,
Made me put on a seeming anger towards you,
And now—behold the issue! As I do,
May Heaven forgive you! [Dies.

Tib. Her sweet soul has left
Her beauteous prison.

Steph. Look to the duke; he stands
As if he wanted motion.

Tib. Grief hath stopp'd
The organ of his speech.

Steph. Take up this body,
And call for his physicians.

Sfor. O my heart-strings!

[*Exeunt*¹.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Milanese. A Room in EUGENIA's House.

Enter FRANCISCO, and EUGENIA in male attire.

Fran. Why, couldst thou think, Eugenia, that
rewards,
Graces, or favours, though strew'd thick upon me,
Could ever bribe me to forget mine honour?
Or that I tamely would sit down, before
I had dried these eyes, still wet with showers of
tears,

By the fire of my revenge? Look up, my dearest!
For that proud fair, that, thief-like, stepp'd between
Thy promised hopes, and robb'd thee of a fortune
Almost in thy possession, hath found,
With horrid proof, his love, she thought her glory,
And an assurance of all happiness,
But hasten'd her sad ruin.

Eug. Do not flatter
A grief that is beneath it; for, however
The credulous duke to me proved false and cruel,

¹ Ford has imitated this fine scene, to which a parallel will not easily be found, in *The Lady's Trial*; but with as little success as judgment.—GIFFORD.

It is impossible he could be wrought
To look on her, but with the eyes of dotage,
And so to serve her.

Fran. Such, indeed, I grant,
The stream of his affection was, and ran
A constant course, till I, with cunning malice—
And yet I wrong my act, for it was justice—
Made it turn backward, and hate, in extremes,
(Love banish'd from his heart,) to fill the room:
In a word, know the fair Marcelia's dead.

Eug. Dead!

Fran. And by Sforza's hand. Does it not move
you?

How coldly you receive it! I expected
The mere relation of so great a blessing,
Borne proudly on the wings of sweet revenge,
Would have call'd on a sacrifice of thanks,
And joy not to be bounded or conceal'd.
You entertain it with a look, as if
You wish'd it were undone.

Eug. Indeed I do:

For, if my sorrows could receive addition,
Her sad fate would increase, not lessen them.
She never injured me, but entertain'd
A fortune humbly offer'd to her hand,
Which a wise lady gladly would have kneel'd for.
Unless you would impute it as a crime,
She was more fair than I, and had discretion
Not to deliver up her virgin fame,
Though strait besieged with flatteries, vows, and
tears,

Until the church had made it safe and lawful.
And had I been the mistress of her judgment
And constant temper, skilful in the knowledge

Of man's malicious falsehood, I had never,
Upon his hell-deep oaths to marry me,
Given up my fair name and my maiden honour
To his foul passion ; nor lived now, being branded,
The scorn of all good women.

Fran. Have you then no gall,
Anger, or spleen, familiar to your sex?
Or is it possible that you could see
Another to possess what was your due,
And not grow pale with envy?

Eug. Yes, of him
That did deceive me. There's no passion, that
A maid so injured ever could partake of,
But I have dearly suffer'd. I'll hazard all
Fate can inflict on me, but I will reach
Thy heart, false Sforza!—You have trifled with me,
And not proceeded with that fiery zeal
I look'd for from a brother of your spirit.
Sorrow forsake me, and all signs of grief
Farewell for ever! Vengeance, arm'd with fury,
Possess me wholly now!

Fran. The reason, sister,
Of this strange metamorphosis?

Eug. Ask thy fears,
Thy base, unmanly fears, thy poor delays,
Thy dull forgetfulness equal with death;
My wrong, else, and the scandal which can never
Be wash'd off from our house but in his blood,
Would have stirr'd up a coward to a deed
In which, though he had fallen, the brave intent
Had crown'd itself with a fair monument
Of noble resolution. In this shape
I hope to get access; and then with shame,
Hearing my sudden execution, judge

What honour thou hast lost in being transcended
By a weak woman.

Fran. Still mine own, and dearer !
And yet in this you but pour oil on fire,
And offer your assistance where it needs not ;
And, that you may perceive I lay not fallow,
But had your wrongs stamp'd deeply on my heart,
I did begin his tragedy in her death,
To which it served as prologue, and will make
A memorable story of your fortunes
In my assured revenge : only, best sister,
Let us not lose ourselves in the performance
By your rash undertaking ; we will be
As sudden as you could wish.

Eug. Upon those terms
I yield myself and cause to be disposed of
As you think fit.

Enter a Servant.

Fran. Thy purpose ?

Serv. There's one Graccho,
That follow'd you, it seems, upon the track,
Since you left Milan, that's importunate
To have access, and will not be denied :
His haste, he says, concerns you.

Fran. Bring him to me. [*Exit Servant.*]
Though he hath laid an ambush for my life
Or apprehension, yet I will prevent him,
And work mine own ends out.

Enter GRACCHO.

Grac. Now for my whipping !
And if I now outstrip him not and catch him,

And by a new and strange way too, hereafter
I'll swear there are worms in my brains. [*Aside.*

Fran. Now, my good Graccho !
We meet as 'twere by miracle.

Grac. Love, and duty,
And vigilance in me for my lord's safety,
First taught me to imagine you were here,
And then to follow you. All's come forth, my
lord,
That you could wish conceal'd. The duchess'
wound,
In the duke's rage put home, yet gave her leave
To acquaint him with your practices, which your
flight
Did easily confirm.

Fran. This I expected :
But sure you come provided of good counsel,
To help in my extremes.

Grac. I would not hurt you.

Fran. How ! hurt me ? such another word's thy
death.

Why, dar'st thou think it can fall in thy will
To outlive what I determine ?

Grac. How he awes me ! [*Aside.*

Fran. Be brief ; what brought thee hither ?

Grac. Care to inform you
You are a condemn'd man, pursued and sought for,
And your head rated at ten thousand ducats
To him that brings it.

Fran. Very good.

Grac. All passages
Are intercepted, and choice troops of horse
Scour o'er the neighbour plains ; your picture sent
To every state confederate with Milan :

That, though I grieve to speak it, in my judgment,
So thick your dangers meet, and run upon you,
It is impossible you should escape
Their curious search.

Eug. Why, let us then turn Romans,
And, falling by our own hands, mock their threats
And dreadful preparations.

Fran. 'Twould show nobly ;
But that the honour of our full revenge
Were lost in the rash action. No, Eugenia,
Graccho is wise, my friend too, not my servant,
And I dare trust him with my latest secret.
We would, and thou must help us to perform it,
First kill the duke—then, fall what can upon us !
For injuries are writ in brass, kind Graccho,
And not to be forgotten.

Grac. He instructs me
What I should do.

[*Aside.*

Fran. What's that ?

Grac. I labour with
A strong desire to assist you with my service ;
And now I am deliver'd of't.

Fran. I told you.—
Speak, my oraculous Graccho.

Grac. I have heard, sir,
Of men in debt that, lay'd for by their creditors
In all such places where it could be thought
They would take shelter, chose, for sanctuary,
Their lodgings underneath their creditors' noses,
Or near that prison to which they were design'd
If apprehended, confident that there
They never should be sought for.

Eug. 'Tis a strange one !

Fran. But what infer you from it ?

Grac. This, my lord :
That, since all ways of your escape are stopp'd
In Milan only, or, what's more, in the court,
Whither it is presumed you dare not come,
Conceal'd in some disguise you may live safe.

Fran. And not to be discover'd ?

Grac. But by myself.

Fran. By thee ! Alas ! I know thee honest,
Graccho,
And I will put thy counsel into act,
And suddenly. Yet, not to be ungrateful
For all thy loving travail to preserve me,
What bloody end soe'er my stars appoint,
Thou shalt be safe, good Graccho.—Who's within
there ?

Grac. In the devil's name, what means he !

Enter Servants.

Fran. Take my friend
Into your custody, and bind him fast :
I would not part with him.

Grac. My good lord.

Fran. Despatch :
'Tis for your good, to keep you honest, Graccho :
I would not have ten thousand ducats tempt you,
Being of a soft and waxlike disposition,
To play the traitor ; nor a foolish itch
To be revenged for your late excellent whipping
Give you the opportunity to offer
My head for satisfaction. Why, thou fool !
I can look through and through thee : thy intents
Appear to me as written in thy forehead
In plain and easy characters : and but that
I scorn a slave's base blood should rust that sword

That from a prince expects a scarlet dye,
Thou now wert dead ; but live, only to pray
For good success to crown my undertakings ;
And then, at my return, perhaps I'll free thee,
To make me further sport. Away with him !
I will not hear a syllable.

[*Exeunt Servants with GRACCHO.*

We must trust

Ourselves, Eugenia ; and though we make use of
The counsel of our servants, that oil spent,
Like snuffs that do offend, we tread them out.—
But now to our last scene, which we'll so carry,
That few shall understand how 'twas begun,
Till all, with half an eye, may see 'tis done.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Milan. A Room in the Castle.

Enter PESCARA, TIBERIO, and STEPHANO.

Pesc. The like was never read of.

Steph. In my judgment,
To all that shall but hear it, 'twill appear
A most impossible fable.

Tib. For Francisco,
My wonder is the less, because there are
Too many precedents of unthankful men
Raised up to greatness, which have after studied
The ruin of their makers.

Steph. But that melancholy,
Though ending in distraction, should work
So far upon a man as to compel him

To court a thing that has nor sense nor being,
Is unto me a miracle.

Pesc. 'Troth, I'll tell you,
And briefly as I can, by what degrees
He fell into this madness. When, by the care
Of his physicians, he was brought to life,
As he had only pass'd a fearful dream,
And had not acted what I grieve to think on,
He call'd for fair Marcelia, and being told
That she was dead, he broke forth in extremes,
(I would not say blasphemed,) and cried that Heaven,
For all the offences that mankind could do,
Would never be so cruel as to rob it
Of so much sweetness, and of so much goodness ;
That not alone was sacred in herself,
But did preserve all others innocent
That had but converse with her. Then it came
Into his fancy that she was accused
By his mother and his sister ; thrice he cursed them,
And thrice his desperate hand was on his sword
T'have kill'd them both ; but he restrain'd, and they
Shunning his fury, spite of all prevention
He would have turn'd his rage upon himself ;
When wisely his physicians, looking on
The duchess' wound, to stay his ready hand,
Cried out it was not mortal.

Tib. 'Twas well thought on.

Pesc. He easily believing what he wish'd,
More than a perpetuity of pleasure
In any object else ; flatter'd by hope,
Forgetting his own greatness, he fell prostrate
At the doctors' feet, implored their aid, and swore,
Provided they recover'd her, he would live
A private man, and they should share his dukedom.

They seem'd to promise fair, and every hour
Vary their judgments, as they find his fit
To suffer intermission or extremes :
For his behaviour since——

Sfor. [*within.*] As you have pity,
Support her gently.

Pesc. Now be your own witnesses ;
I am prevented.

*Enter SFORZA, ISABELLA, MARIANA, Doctors and
Servants with the body of MARCELIA.*

Sfor. Carefully, I beseech you,
The gentlest touch torments her ; and then think
What I shall suffer. O you earthly gods,
You second natures, that from your great master,
Who join'd the limbs of torn Hippolitus,
And drew upon himself the Thunderer's envy,
Are taught those hidden secrets that restore
To life death-wounded men ! you have a patient
On whom to express the excellence of art
Will bind even Heaven your debtor, though it pleases
To make your hands the organs of a work
The saints will smile to look on, and good angels
Clap their celestial wings to give it plaudits.—
How pale and wan she looks !—O pardon me
That I presume (dyed o'er with bloody guilt,
Which makes me, I confess, far, far unworthy)
To touch this snow-white hand. How cold it is !
'This once was Cupid's fire-brand, and still
'Tis so to me. How slow her pulses beat too !
Yet in this temper she is all perfection,
And mistress of a heat so full of sweetness,

The blood of virgins, in their pride of youth,
Are balls of snow or ice compared unto her.

Mari. Is not this strange?

Isab. Oh! cross him not, dear daughter;
Our conscience tells us we have been abused,
Wrought to accuse the innocent, and with him
Are guilty of a fact——

Enter a Servant, and whispers PESCARA.

Mari. 'Tis now past help.

Pesc. With me? What is he?

Serv. He has a strange aspect;
A Jew by birth, and a physician
By his profession, as he says, who, hearing
Of the duke's frenzy, on the forfeit of
His life will undertake to render him
Perfect in every part:—provided that
Your lordship's favour gain him free access,
And your power with the duke a safe protection,
Till the great work be ended.

Pesc. Bring me to him.

As I find cause, I'll do. [*Exeunt* PESC. and *Serv.*]

Sfor. How sound she sleeps!

Heaven keep her from a lethargy!——How long
(But answer me with comfort, I beseech you)
Does your sure judgment tell you that these lids,
That cover richer jewels than themselves,
Like envious night, will bar these glorious suns
From shining on me?

1 *Doct.* We have given her, sir,
A sleepy potion that will hold her long,
That she may be less sensible of the torment
The searching of her wound will put her to.

2 *Doct.* She now feels little ; but, if we should
wake her,
To hear her speak would fright both us and you,
And therefore dare not hasten it.

Sfor. I am patient.
You see I do not rage, but wait your pleasure.
What do you think she dreams of now ? for sure,
Although her body's organs are bound fast,
Her fancy cannot slumber.

1 *Doct.* That, sir, looks on
Your sorrow for your late rash act with pity
Of what you suffer for it, and prepares
To meet the free confession of your guilt
With a glad pardon.

Sfor. She was ever kind ;
And her displeasure, though call'd on, short-lived
Upon the least submission. O you Powers,
That can convey our thoughts to one another
Without the aid of eyes or ears, assist me !
Let her behold me in a pleasing dream [*Kneels.*
Thus, on my knees before her ; (yet that duty
In me is not sufficient ;) let her see me
Compel my mother, from whom I took life,
And this my sister, partner of my being,
To bow thus low unto her ; let her hear us
In my acknowledgment freely confess
That we in a degree as high are guilty
As she is innocent. Bite your tongues, vile
creatures,
And let your inward horror fright your souls,
For having belied that pureness, to come near which
All women that posterity can bring forth
Must be, though striving to be good, poor rivals.
And for that dog Francisco, that seduced me,

In wounding her, to rase a temple built
To chastity and sweetness, let her know
I'll follow him to hell but I will find him,
And there live a fourth Fury to torment him.
Then, for this cursed hand and arm that guided
The wicked steel, I'll have them, joint by joint,
With burning irons sear'd off, which I will eat,
I being a vulture fit to taste such carrion.
Lastly —

1 *Doct.* You are too loud, sir ; you disturb
Her sweet repose.

Sfor. I am hush'd. Yet give us leave,
Thus prostrate at her feet, our eyes bent down-
wards,

Unworthy, and ashamed, to look upon her,
To expect her gracious sentence.

2 *Doct.* He's past hope.

1 *Doct.* The body, too, will putrify, and then
We can no longer cover the imposture.

Tib. Which in his death will quickly be dis-
cover'd.

I can but weep his fortune.

Steph. Yet be careful
You lose no minute to preserve him ; time
May lessen his distraction.

*Re-enter PESCARA, with FRANCISCO as a Jew
doctor, and EUGENIA disguised as before.*

Fran. I am no god, sir,
To give a new life to her ; yet I'll hazard
My head I'll work the senseless trunk t' appear
To him as it had got a second being,
Or that the soul that's fled from 't were call'd back
To govern it again. I will preserve it

In the first sweetness, and by a strange vapour,
Which I'll infuse into her mouth, create
A seeming breath: I'll make her veins run high
too,
As if they had true motion.

Pesc. Do but this,
Till we use means to win upon his passions
T'endure to hear she's dead with some small
patience,
And make thy own reward.

Fran. The art I use
Admits no looker on: I only ask
The fourth part of an hour to perfect that
I boldly undertake.

Pesc. I will procure it.

2 Doct. What stranger's this?

Pesc. Sooth me in all I say;
There's a main end in it.

Fran. Beware!

Eug. I am warn'd.

Pesc. Look up, sir, cheerfully; comfort in me
Flows strongly to you.

Sfor. From whence came that sound?
Was it from my Marcelia? If it were, [*Rises.*
I rise, and joy will give me wings to meet it.

Pesc. Nor shall your expectation be deferr'd
But a few minutes. Your physicians are
Mere voice, and no performance; I have found
A man that can do wonders. Do not hinder
The duchess' wish'd recovery, to inquire
Or what he is, or to give thanks, but leave him
To work this miracle.

Sfor. Sure 'tis my good angel.
I do obey in all things: be it death

For any to disturb him, or come near,
Till he be pleased to call us. O be prosperous,
And make a duke thy bondman!

[*Exeunt all but FRANCISCO and EUGENIA.*

Fran. 'Tis my purpose;
If that to fall a long-wish'd sacrifice
To my revenge can be a benefit.
I'll first make fast the doors;—so!

Eug. You amaze me:
What follows now?

Fran. A full conclusion
Of all thy wishes. Look on this, Eugenia;
Even such a thing the proudest fair on earth
(For whose delight the elements are ransack'd,
And art with nature studied to preserve her,)
Must be when she is summon'd to appear
In the court of Death. But I lose time.

Eug. What mean you?

Fran. Disturb me not.—Your ladyship looks
pale;

But I, your doctor, have a ceruse for you.—
See, my Eugenia, how many faces,
That are adored in court, borrow these helps,

[*Paints the face.*

And pass for excellence when the better part
Of them are like to this.—

These hands too, that disdain'd to take a touch
From any lip whose owner writ not lord,
Are now but as the coarsest earth; but I
Am at the charge, my bill not to be paid too,
To give them seeming beauty. [*Paints the hands.*]

—So! 'tis done.

How do you like my workmanship?

Eug. I tremble:

And thus to tyrannize upon the dead
Is most inhuman.

Fran. Come we for revenge,
And can we think on pity? Now to the upshot;
And, as it proves, applaud it.—My lord the duke!
Enter with joy, and see the sudden change
Your servant's hand hath wrought.

Re-enter SFORZA and the rest.

Sfor. I live again
In my full confidence that Marcelia may
Pronounce my pardon. Can she speak yet?

Fran. No:
You must not look for all your joys at once:
That will ask longer time.

Pesc. 'Tis wondrous strange!

Sfor. By all the dues of love I have had from
her,
This hand seems as it was when first I kiss'd it.
These lips invite too: I could ever feed
Upon these roses, they still keep their colour
And native sweetness: only the nectar's wanting,
That, like the morning dew in flowery May,
Preserved them in their beauty.

Enter GRACCHO hastily.

Grac. Treason, treason!

Tib. Call up the guard.

Fran. Graccho! then we are lost. [Aside.

Enter Guard.

Grac. I am got off, sir Jew; a bribe hath done
it,

For all your serious charge ; there's no disguise
Can keep you from my knowledge.

Sfor. Speak.

Grac. I am out of breath,

But this is——

Fran. Spare thy labour, fool,—Francisco¹.

All. Monster of men !

Fran. Give me all attributes
Of all you can imagine, yet I glory
To be the thing I was born. I AM Francisco ;
Francisco, that was raised by you, and made
The minion of the time ; the same Francisco,
Whose art hath breathed a jealousy upon thee,
As killing as those damps that belch out plagues
When the foundation of the earth is shaken :
I made thee do a deed Heaven will not pardon,
Which was—to kill an innocent.

Sfor. Call forth the tortures
For all that flesh can feel.

Fran. I dare the worst.
Only, to yield some reason to the world
Why I pursued this course, look on this face,
Made old by thy base falsehood : 'tis Eugenia.

Sfor. Eugenia !

Fran. Does it start you, sir ? my sister,

¹ *Fran.* *Spare thy labour, fool,—Francisco.*] Francisco's bold avowal of his guilt, with an emphatical repetition of his name, and the enumeration of his several acts of villany, which he justifies from a spirit of revenge, in all probability gave rise to one of the most animated scenes in dramatic poetry. The reader will easily see that I refer to the last act of Dr. Young's *Revenge*, where Zanga, like Francisco, defends every cruel and treacherous act he has committed from a principle of deep resentment.—DAVIES.

Seduced and fool'd by thee : but thou must pay
The forfeit of thy falsehood. Does it not work
yet?—

Whate'er becomes of me, which I esteem not,
THOU art mark'd for the grave: I've given thee
poison

In this cup¹, now observe me, which, thy love
Carousing deeply of, made thee forget
Thy vow'd faith to Eugenia.

Pesc. O damn'd villain!

Isab. How do you, sir?

Sfor. Like one

That learns to know in death what punishment
Waits on the breach of faith. Oh! now I feel
An Ætna in my entrails.—I have lived
A prince, and my last breath shall be command.
—I burn, I burn! yet ere life be consumed,
Let me pronounce upon this wretch all torture
That witty cruelty can invent.

Pesc. Away with him!

Tib. In all things we will serve you.

Fran. Farewell, sister!

Now I have kept my word, torments I scorn :
I leave the world with glory. They are men,
And leave behind them name and memory,
That, wrong'd, do right themselves before they die.

[*Exeunt Guard with FRANCISCO.*

Steph. A desperate wretch!

¹ *In this cup,*] i. e. *in the lips of Marcelia.* This is a terrible scene, and has the air of being taken from some Italian story. The circumstance of rubbing poison on the lips of a dead beauty occurs in a dreadful passage in the *Revenger's Tragedy*, by Cyril Tourner, 1609. There, too, the Duke is poisoned by kissing them.—GIFFORD.

Sfor. I come: Death! I obey thee.
Yet I will not die raging; for, alas!
My whole life was a frenzy. Good Eugenia,
In death forgive me.—As you love me, bear her
To some religious house, there let her spend
The remnant of her life: when I am ashes,
Perhaps she'll be appeased, and spare a prayer
For my poor soul. Bury me with Marcelia,
And let our epitaph be—— [Dies.]

Tib. His speech is stopp'd.

Steph. Already dead!

Pesc. It is in vain to labour
To call him back. We'll give him funeral,
And then determine of the state affairs:
And learn, from this example, There's no trust
In a foundation that is built on lust. [Exeunt.]

THE
CITY MADAM.

THE CITY MADAM.] This admirable comedy was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert, May 25, 1632, and acted by the king's company. It is not easy to speak in appropriate terms of praise of this production: it exhibits equal copiousness of matter and power of thought. The circumstantial detail of the manners of the age, the impression with which the moral lessons are conveyed, and the strong incidents with which the scenes abound, fill the mind with variety of excellence. It is a powerful and masterly composition, and has the effect of history, satire, and comedy united.

The play was received with great applause at its first representation, but was not printed till 1659. Alterations of it have been made more than once in modern times, and produced at different theatres, but with little success. Of those the best, perhaps, is Sir J. B. Burges's play of *Riches*, in which Mr. Kean performed Luke with considerable effect.

TO

THE TRULY NOBLE AND VIRTUOUS

LADY ANN, COUNTESS OF OXFORD¹.

HONOURED LADY,

IN that age when wit and learning were not conquered by injury and violence, this poem was the object of love and commendations; it being composed by an infallible pen, and censured by an unerring auditory. In this epistle I shall not need to make an apology for plays in general, by exhibiting their antiquity and utility: in a word, they are mirrors or glasses which none but deformed faces and fouler consciences fear to look into. The encouragement I had to prefer this dedication to your powerful protection proceeds from the universal fame of the deceased author, who (although he composed many) wrote none amiss, and this may justly be ranked among his best. I have redeemed it from the teeth of Time by committing of it to the press, but more in imploring your patronage. I will not slander it with my praises: it is commendation enough to call it MASSINGER'S. If it may gain your allowance and pardon, I am highly gratified, and desire only to wear the happy title of,

Madam,

your most humble servant,

ANDREW PENNYCUICKE.

¹ Daughter of Paul, Viscount Binnyng, and wife of Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD LACY.

SIR JOHN FRUGAL, *a merchant.*

SIR MAURICE LACY, *son to LORD LACY.*

MR. PLENTY, *a country gentleman.*

LUKE FRUGAL, *brother to SIR JOHN.*

GOLDWIRE *senior*, } *two gentlemen.*

TRADEWELL *senior*, }

GOLDWIRE *junior*, } *their sons, apprentices to SIR JOHN*

TRADEWELL *junior*, } FRUGAL.

STARGAZE, *an astrologer.*

HOYST, *a decayed gentleman.*

FORTUNE, } *decayed merchants.*

PENURY, }

HOLDFAST, *steward to SIR JOHN FRUGAL.*

DING'EM.

GETTALL, *a box-keeper*¹.

Page, Sheriff, Marshal, Serjeants.

LADY FRUGAL.

ANNE, { *her daughters.*

MARY, }

MILLISCENT, *her woman.*

SHAVE'EM.

SECRET.

*Orpheus, Charon, Cerberus, Chorus, Musicians, Porters,
Servants.*

SCENE, London.

¹ *A box-keeper.*] This important personage in the establishment of a gaming-house never plays, but is seated in a *box*, or elevated chair, where he declares the state of the game, the odds, and the success of the parties.—GIFFORD.

THE
CITY MADAM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in SIR JOHN FRUGAL's House.

Enter GOLDWIRE junior and TRADEWELL junior.

Gold. THE ship is safe in the Pool then?

Trade. And makes good,
In her rich fraught, the name she bears, *The
Speedwell:*

My master will find it; for, on my certain know-
ledge,

For every hundred that he ventured in her,
She hath return'd him five.

Gold. And it comes timely;
For, besides a payment on the nail for a manor
Late purchased by my master, his young daughters
Are ripe for marriage.

Trade. Who? Nan and Mall?

Gold. Mistress Anne and Mary, and with some
addition,
Or 'tis more punishable in our house
Than *scandalum magnatum*.

Trade. 'Tis great pity

Such a gentleman as my master (for that title
His being a citizen cannot take from him)
Hath no male heir to inherit his estate,
And keep his name alive.

Gold. The want of one
Swells my young mistresses, and their madam-
mother,
With hopes above their birth and scale: their
dreams are
Of being made countesses; and they take state
As they were such already. When you went
To the Indies, there was some shape and proportion
Of a merchant's house in our family; but since
My master, to gain precedency for my mistress,
Above some elder merchants' wives, was knighted,
'Tis grown a little court in bravery,
Variety of fashions, and those rich ones.
There are few great ladies going to a mask
That do outshine ours in their every-day habits.

Trade. 'Tis strange, my master, in his wisdom,
can
Give the reins to such exorbitance.

Gold. He must,
Or there's no peace nor rest for him at home.
I grant his state will bear it; yet he's censured
For his indulgence, and, for Sir John Frugal,
By some styled Sir John Prodigal.

Trade. Is his brother,
Master Luke Frugal, living?

Gold. Yes; the more
His misery, poor man!

Trade. Still in the counter?

Gold. In a worse place. He was redeem'd from
the hole,

To live, in our house, in hell ; since, his base usage
 Consider'd, 'tis no better. My proud lady
 Admits him to her table ; marry, ever
 Beneath the salt, and there he sits the subject
 Of her contempt and scorn ; and dinner ended,
 His courteous nieces find employment for him
 Fitting an under-'prentice, or a footman,
 And not an uncle.

Trade. I wonder, being a scholar
 Well read, and travell'd, the world yielding means
 For men of such desert, he should endure it ¹.

Gold. He does, with a strange patience ; and
 to us,
 The servants, so familiar, nay, humble !

Enter STARGAZE, LADY FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY,
 and MILLISCENT, *in several affected postures,*
*with looking-glasses at their girdles*².

I'll tell you——But I am cut off. Look these
 Like a citizen's wife and daughters ?

Trade. In their habits
 They appear other things : but what are the mo-
 tives

Of this strange preparation ?

Gold. The young wagtails
 Expect their suitors : the first, the son and heir

¹ Massinger generally opens his plots with great ingenuity ; but here he is particularly happy. We are at once admitted into the interior of the merchant's family, and prepared for the conduct of the different branches of it, before they appear, by a dialogue as natural as it is easy and unforced.—GIFFORD.

² *Looking-glasses at their girdles.*] It appears, from innumerable passages in our old writers, that it was customary, not only for ladies, but for gentlemen, to carry mirrors about them.

Of the Lord Lacy, who needs my master's money,
As his daughter does his honour; the second,

Mr. Plenty,

A rough-hewn gentleman, and newly come
To a great estate: and so all aids of art
In them's excusable.

L. Frug. You have done your parts here:
To your study; and be curious in the search
Of the nativities. [*Exit STARGAZE.*]

Trade. Methinks the mother,
As if she could renew her youth, in care,
Nay curiosity¹, to appear lovely,
Comes not behind her daughters.

Gold. Keeps the first place;
And though the church-book speak her fifty, they
That say she can write thirty, more offend her
Than if they tax'd her honesty: t' other day,
A tenant of hers, instructed in her humour,
But one she never saw, being brought before her,
For saying only, *Good young mistress, help me*
To the speech of your lady-mother, so far pleased
her,

That he got his lease renew'd for 't.

Trade. How she bristles!
Prithee, observe her.

Mill. As I hope to see
A country knight's son and heir walk bare before
you

When you are a countess, as you may be one
When my master dies, or leaves trading; and I,
continuing

¹ *Curiosity.*] This word here, as in many other passages of these plays, signifies *scrupulous attention, anxiety.*

Your principal woman, take the upper hand
Of a squire's wife, though a justice, as I must
By the place you give me ; you look now as young
As when you were married.

L. Frug. I think I bear my years well.

Mill. Why should you talk of years? Time
hath not plough'd
One furrow in your face ; and were you not
known

The mother of my young ladies, you might pass
For a virgin of fifteen.

Trade. Here's no gross flattery !
Will she swallow this ?

Gold. You see she does, and glibly.

Mill. You never can be old ; wear but a mask
Forty years hence, and you will still seem young
In your other parts. What a waist's here ! And
here a hand

To be kiss'd ever ;—pardon my boldness, madam.
Then, for a leg and foot, you will be courted
When a great grandmother.

L. Frug. These, indeed, wench, are not
So subject to decayings as the face ;
Their comeliness lasts longer.

Mill. Ever, ever !
Such a rare featured and proportion'd madam
London could never boast of.

L. Frug. Where are my shoes ?

Mill. Those that your ladyship gave order should
Be made of the Spanish perfumed skins ?

L. Frug. The same.

Mill. I sent the prison-bird this morning for
them ;
But he neglects his duty.

Anne. He is grown
Exceeding careless.

Mary. And begins to murmur
At our commands, and sometimes grumbles to us,
He is, forsooth, our uncle!

L. Frug. He is your slave,
And as such use him.

Anne. Willingly; but he's grown
Rebellious, madam.

Gold. Nay, like hen, like chicken.

L. Frug. I'll humble him.

Enter LUKE, with shoes, garters, fans, and roses.

Gold. Here he comes, sweating all over:
He shows like a walking frippery¹.

L. Frug. Very good, sir:
Were you drunk last night, that you could rise no
sooner,
With humble diligence, to do what my daughters
And woman did command you?

Luke. Drunk, an't please you!

L. Frug. Drunk, I said, sirrah! darest thou, in
a look,
Repine, or grumble? Thou unthankful wretch,
Did our charity redeem thee out of prison,
(Thy patrimony spent,) ragged, and lousy,
When the sheriff's basket, and his broken meat²,

¹ *Frippery*,] i. e. an old-clothes shop: the word is pure French, but occurs in most of our ancient dramatists.

² *The sheriff's basket*.] "The poorer sort of prisoners, as well in this counter, as in that in Wood-street, receive daily relief from the *sheriff's table* of all the broken bread and meat." —Stow, B. iii. p. 51.

Were your festival-exceedings? and is this
So soon forgotten?

Luke. I confess I am
Your creature, madam.

L. Frug. And good reason why
You should continue so.

Anne. Who did new clothe you?

Marg. Admitted you to the dining-room?

Mill. Allow'd you
A fresh bed in the garret?

L. Frug. Or from whom
Received you spending money?

Luke. I owe all this
To your goodness, madam; for it you have my
prayers,

The beggar's satisfaction: all my studies
(Forgetting what I was, but with all duty
Remembering what I am) are how to please you.
And if in my long stay I have offended,
I ask your pardon: though you may consider,
Being forced to fetch these from the Old Exchange,
These from the Tower, and these from Westminster,
I could not come much sooner.

Gold. Here was a walk
To breathe a footman!

Anne. 'Tis a curious fan.

Mary. These roses will show rarely.

Luke. I was with
The lady, and deliver'd her the satin
For her gown, and velvet for her petticoat.
This night she vows she'll pay you.

[*Aside to GOLDWIRE.*

Gold. How I am bound
To your favour, master Luke!

Mill. As I live, you will
Perfume all rooms you walk in.

L. Frug. Get your fur¹;
You shall pull them on within. [Exit LUKE.]

Gold. That servile office
Her pride imposes on him.

Sir John. [within.] Goldwire! Tradewell!

Trade. My master calls.—We come, sir.

[Exeunt GOLDWIRE and TRADEWELL.]

Enter HOLDFAST, and Porters with baskets, &c.

L. Frug. What have you brought there?

Hold. The cream o' the market;
Provision enough to serve a garrison.
I weep to think on't: when my master got
His wealth, his family fed on roots and livers,
And necks of beef on Sundays.—
But now I fear it will be spent in poultry;
Butcher's-meat will not go down.

L. Frug. Why, you rascal, is it
At your expense? What cooks have you provided?

Hold. The best of the city: they've wrought at
my lord mayor's.

Anne. Fie on them! they smell of Fleet-lane,
and Pie-corner.

Mary. And think the happiness of man's life
consists
In a mighty shoulder of mutton.

L. Frug. I'll have none
Shall touch what I shall eat, you grumbling cur,

¹ *Get your fur.*] To put under her feet while he tried on her shoes.—M. MASQU.

But Frenchmen and Italians ; they wear satin,
And dish no meat but in silver.

Hold. You may want, though,
A dish or two when the service ends.

L. Frug. Leave prating ;
I'll have my will : do you as I command you.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Street before FRUGAL's House.

Enter SIR MAURICE LACY and Page.

Sir Maur. You were with Plenty ?

Page. Yes, sir.

Sir Maur. And what answer
Return'd the clown ?

Page. Clown, sir ! he is transform'd,
And grown a gallant of the last edition¹ ;
More rich than gaudy in his habit ; yet
The freedom and the bluntness of his language
Continues with him. When I told him that
You gave him caution, as he loved the peace
And safety of his life, he should forbear
To pass the merchant's threshold, until you,
Of his two daughters, had made choice of her
Whom you design'd to honour as your wife,
He smiled in scorn.

Sir Maur. In scorn !

Page. His words confirm'd it ;

¹ *Of the last edition ;] i. e. of the newest fashion.*

They were few, but to this purpose: *Tell your master,*
Though his lordship in reversion were now his,
It cannot awe me. I was born a freeman,
And will not yield, in the way of affection,
Precedence to him: I will visit them,
Though he sate porter to deny me entrance:
When I meet him next, I'll say more to his face.

Deliver thou this: then gave me a piece,
To help my memory, and so we parted.

Sir Maur. Where got he this spirit?

Page. At the academy of valour,
Newly erected for the institution
Of elder brothers; where they are taught the
ways,
Though they refuse to seal for a duellist,
How to decline a challenge. He himself
Can best resolve you.

Enter PLENTY and three Servants.

Sir Maur. You, sir!

Plenty. What with me, sir?

How big you look! I will lose a hat
To a hair's breadth: move your beaver, I'll move
mine;

Or if you desire to prove your sword, mine hangs
As near my right hand, and will as soon out;
though I keep not

A fencer to breathe me. Walk into Moorfields—
I dare look on your Toledo. Do not show
A foolish valour in the streets, to make

Work for shopkeepers and their clubs¹; 'tis scurvy,
And the women will laugh at us.

Sir Maur. You presume
On the protection of your hinds.

Plenty. I scorn it:
'Though I keep men, I fight not with their fingers,
Nor make it my religion to follow
The gallant's fashion, to have my family
Consisting in a footman and a page,
And those two sometimes hungry. I can feed these,
And clothe them too, my gay sir.

Sir Maur. What a fine man
Hath your tailor made you!

Plenty. 'Tis quite contrary;
I have made my tailor, for my clothes are paid for
As soon as put on; a sin your man of title
Is seldom guilty of: but, Heaven forgive it!
I have other faults, too, very incident
To a plain gentleman: I eat my venison
With my neighbours in the country, and present
not
My pheasants, partridges, and grouse to the
usurer;

Nor ever yet paid brokage to his scrivener.
I flatter not my mercer's wife, nor feast her
With the first cherries, or peascods, to prepare me
Credit with her husband, when I come to London.
The wool of my sheep, or a score or two of fat oxen
In Smithfield, give me money for my expenses.
I can make my wife a jointure of such lands too

¹ *For shopkeepers and their clubs.*] In any public affray, the cry was *clubs! clubs!* by way of calling for persons to part the combatants. It appears that shopkeepers generally kept clubs in readiness for this very purpose.

As are not encumber'd ; no annuity
Or statute lying on them. This I can do,
An it please your future honour ; and why, there-
fore,

You should forbid my being suitor with you,
My dulness apprehends not.

Page. This is bitter. [*Aside.*

Sir Maur. I have heard you, sir, and in my
patience shown

Too much of the stoic. But to parley further,
Or answer your gross jeers, would write me coward.
This only,—thy great grandfather was a butcher,
And his son a grazier ; thy sire, constable
Of the hundred, and thou the first of your dunghill
Created gentleman. Now you may come on, sir,
You and your thrashers.

Plenty. Stir not, on your lives.
This for the grazier,—this for the butcher.

[*They fight.*

Sir Maur. So, sir !

Page. I'll not stand idle ; draw ! [*to the Ser-
vants.*] My little rapier
Against your bumb blades ! I'll one by one de-
spatch you,
Then house this instrument of death and horror.

Enter SIR JOHN FRUGAL, LUKE, GOLDWIRE *junior*,
and TRADEWELL *junior*.

Sir John. Beat down their weapons. My gate
ruffian's hall !
What insolence is this ?

Luke. Noble Sir Maurice,
Worshipful master Plenty—

Sir John. I blush for you.

Men of your quality expose your fame
To every vulgar censure! This at midnight
After a drunken supper in a tavern,
(No civil man abroad to censure it¹),
Had shown poor in you; but in the day, and view
Of all that pass by, monstrous!

Plenty. Very well, sir;
You look'd for this defence.

Sir Maur. 'Tis thy protection;
But it will deceive thee.

Sir John. Hold, if you proceed thus,
I must make use of the next justice' power,
And leave persuasion; and in plain terms tell you,

*Enter LADY FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, and MILLIS-
CENT.*

Neither your birth, Sir Maurice, nor your wealth,
Shall privilege this riot. See whom you have
drawn

To be spectators of it! Can you imagine
It can stand with the credit of my daughters
To be the argument of your swords? i' the street
too?

Nay, ere you do salute, or I give way
To any private conference, shake hands
In sign of peace: he that draws back parts with
My good opinion. [*They shake hands.*] This is
as it should be.

Make your approaches, and if their affection
Can sympathise with yours, they shall not come,
On my credit, beggars to you. I will hear
What you reply within.

¹ *Civil man,*] i. e. citizen, or, perhaps, one invested with civil authority.

Sir Maur. May I have the honour
To support you, lady? [To ANNE.

Plenty. I know not what's supporting,
But, by this fair hand, glove and all, I love you.
[To MARY.
[*Exeunt all but LUKE.*

Enter HOYST, PENURY, and FORTUNE.

Luke. You are come with all advantage. I will
help you
To the speech of my brother.

For. Have you moved him for us?

Luke. With the best of my endeavours, and I
hope
You'll find him tractable.

Pen. Heaven grant he prove so!

Hoyst. Howe'er, I'll speak my mind.

Enter LORD LACY.

Luke. Do so, master Hoyst.
Go in: I'll pay my duty to this lord,
And then I am wholly yours.—Heaven bless your
honour!

[*Exeunt HOYST, PENURY, and FORTUNE.*

L. Lacy. Your hand, master Luke: the world's
much changed with you
Within these few months; then you were the
gallant:

No meeting at the horse-race, cocking, hunting,
Shooting or bowling, at which master Luke
Was not a principal gamester, and companion
For the nobility.

Luke. I have paid dear
For those follies, my good lord; and 'tis but justice

That such as soar above their pitch, and will not
Be warn'd by my example, should, like me,
Share in the miseries that wait upon it.
Your honour, in your charity, may do well
Not to upbraid me with those weaknesses,
Too late repented.

L. Lacy. I nor do, nor will ;
And you shall find I'll lend a helping hand
To raise your fortunes. How deals your brother
with you ?

Luke. Beyond my merit, I thank his goodness
for't.

I am a free man, all my debts discharged ;
Nor does one creditor, undone by me,
Curse my loose riots. I have meat and clothes,
Time to ask Heaven remission for what's past ;
Cares of the world by me are laid aside,
My present poverty's a blessing to me ;
And though I have been long, I dare not say
I ever lived till now.

L. Lacy. You bear it well ;
Yet as you wish I should receive for truth
What you deliver, with that truth acquaint me
With your brother's inclination. I have heard,
In the acquisition of his wealth, he weighs not
Whose ruins he builds upon.

Luke. In that, report
Wrongs him, my lord. He is a citizen,
And would increase his heap, and will not lose
What the law gives him : such as are worldly wise
Pursue that track, or they will ne'er wear scarlet¹.

¹ *Wear scarlet.*] i. e. *rise to city honours.* Our old writers have innumerable allusions to the *scarlet* gowns of the mayors and aldermen of London.—GIFFORD.

But if your honour please to know his temper,
You are come opportunely. I can bring you
Where you, unseen, shall see and hear his carriage
Towards some poor men, whose making, or undoing,
Depends upon his pleasure.

L. Lacy. To my wish:

I know no object that could more content me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Counting-room in FRUGAL's House.

*Enter SIR JOHN FRUGAL, HOYST, FORTUNE,
PENURY, and GOLDWIRE junior.*

Sir John. What would you have me do? reach
me a chair.

When I lent my monies I appear'd an angel;
But now I would call in mine own, a devil.

Hoyst. Were you the devil's dam, you must stay
till I have it,

For as I am a gentleman——

*Re-enter LUKE, behind, with LORD LACY, whom he
places near the door.*

Luke. There you may hear all.

Hoyst. I pawn'd you my land for the tenth part
of the value:

Now, 'cause I am a gamester, and keep ordinaries,
None will be bound for me; you must give me
longer day,

Or I shall grow very angry.

Sir John. Fret, and spare not.

I know no obligation lies upon me

With my honey to feed drones. But to the purpose :
How much owes Penury ?

Gold. Two hundred pounds :
His bond three times since forfeited.

Sir John. Is it sued ?

Gold. Yes, sir, and execution out against him.

Sir John. For body and goods ?

Gold. For both, sir.

Sir John. See it served.

Pen. I am undone ; my wife and family
Must starve for want of bread.

Sir John. More infidel thou,
In not providing better to support them.
What's Fortune's debt ?

Gold. A thousand, sir.

Sir John. An estate
For a good man ! You were the glorious trader
Embraced all bargains ; the main venturer
In every ship that launch'd forth ; kept your wife
As a lady ; she had her caroch¹, her choice
Of summer-houses built with other men's moneys
Ta'en up at interest, the certain road
To Ludgate² in a citizen. Pray you acquaint me,
How were my thousand pounds employ'd ?

For. Insult not
On my calamity ; though, being a debtor,
And a slave to him that lends, I must endure it.
Yet hear me speak thus much in my defence :
Losses at sea, and those, sir, great and many,

¹ *Caroch*,] i. e. a coach.

² *Ludgate*.] This prison was anciently appropriated to the freemen of the city, and to clergymen : it is, says "The Companion for Debtors," (a book of Massinger's age,) the best prison about London, both in regard to its endowment and government.—GIFFORD.

By storms and tempests, not domestical riots
In soothing my wife's humour or mine own,
Have brought me to this low ebb.

Sir John. Suppose this true,
What is't to me? I must and will have my money,
Or I'll protest you first, and, that done, have
The statute made for bankrupts served upon you.

For. 'Tis in your power, but not in mine to shun it.

Luke. [*comes forward.*] Not as a brother, sir,
but with such duty
As I should use unto my father, since
Your charity is my parent, give me leave
To speak my thoughts.

Sir John. What would you say?

Luke. No word, sir,
I hope, shall give offence; nor let it relish
Of flattery, though I proclaim aloud
I glory in the bravery of your mind,
To which your wealth's a servant. Not that riches
Is, or should be, contemn'd, it being a blessing
Derived from Heaven, and by your industry
Pull'd down upon you; but in this, dear sir,
You have many equals: such a man's possessions
Extend as far as yours; a second hath
His bags as full; a third in credit flies
As high in the popular voice: but the distinction
And noble difference by which you are
Divided from them is, that you are styled
Gentle in your abundance, good in plenty;
And that you feel compassion in your bowels
Of others' miseries, (I have found it, sir,
Heaven keep me thankful for't!) while they are
cursed
As rigid and inexorable.

Sir John. I delight not
To hear this spoke to my face.

Luke. That shall not grieve you.
Your affability and mildness, clothed
In the garments of your thankful debtors' breath,
Shall everywhere, though you strive to conceal it,
Be seen and wonder'd at, and in the act
With a prodigal hand rewarded. Whereas, such
As are born only for themselves, and live so,
Though prosperous in worldly understandings,
Are but like beasts of rapine, that by odds
Of strength usurp, and tyrannize o'er others
Brought under their subjection.

L. Lacy. A rare fellow !
I am strangely taken with him.

Luke. Can you think, sir,
In your unquestion'd wisdom, I beseech you,
The goods of this poor man sold at an outcry¹,
His wife turn'd out of doors, his children forced
To beg their bread ; this gentleman's estate,
By wrong extorted, can advantage you ?

Hoyst. If it thrive with him, hang me, as it will
damn him,
If he be not converted.

Luke. You are too violent.—
Or that the ruin of this once brave merchant—
For such he was esteem'd, though now decay'd—
Will raise your reputation with good men ?
But you may urge, (pray pardon me, my zeal
Makes me thus bold and vehement,) in this
You satisfy your anger, and revenge
For being defeated. Suppose this, it will not

¹ *An outcry,*] i. e. a public auction.

Repair your loss ; and there was never yet
But shame and scandal in a victory,
When the rebels unto reason, passions, fought it.
'Then for revenge, by great souls it was ever
Contemn'd, though offer'd ; entertain'd by none
But cowards, base and abject spirits, strangers
To moral honesty, and never yet
Acquainted with religion.

L. Lacy. Our divines
Cannot speak more effectually.

Sir John. Shall I be
Talk'd out of my money ?

Luke. No, sir, but entreated
To do yourself a benefit, and preserve
What you possess entire.

Sir John. How, my good brother ?

Luke. By making these your beadsmen¹. When
they eat,
Their thanks, next Heaven, will be paid to your
mercy ;
When your ships are at sea, their prayers will swell
The sails with prosperous winds, and guard them from
Tempests and pirates ; keep your warehouses
From fire, or quench them with their tears.

Sir John. No more.

Luke. Write you a good man in the people's
hearts,
Follow you everywhere.

¹ *Beadsmen*,] i. e. *prayersmen*. The word is pure Saxon, and means such as are engaged, in consequence of past or present favours, to pray for their benefactors. The name was formerly given with great propriety to the inhabitants of almshouses, and, in general, to the objects of our public charities.—
GIFFORD.

Sir John. If this could be—

Luke. It must, or our devotions are but words.

I see a gentle promise in your eye :

Make it a blessed act, and poor me rich

In being the instrument.

Sir John. You shall prevail ;

Give them longer day : but, do you hear, no talk
of't.

Should this arrive at twelve on the Exchange,

I shall be laugh'd at for my foolish pity,

Which money-men hate deadly. Take your own
time,

But see you break not. Carry them to the cellar ;

Drink a health, and thank your orator.

Pen. On our knees, sir.

For. Honest master Luke !

Hoyst. I bless the counter, where

You learn'd this rhetoric.

Luke. No more of that, friends.

[*Exeunt LUKE, HOYST, FORTUNE, and PENURY.*

LORD LACY comes forward.

Sir John. My honourable lord.

L. Lacy. I have seen and heard all,

Excuse my manners, and wish heartily

You were all of a piece. Your charity to your
debtors

I do commend ; but where you should express

Your piety to the height, I must boldly tell you

You show yourself an atheist.

Sir John. Make me know

My error, and for what I am thus censured

And I will purge myself, or else confess

A guilty cause.

L. Lacy. It is your harsh demeanour
To your poor brother.

Sir John. Is that all?

L. Lacy. 'Tis more
Than can admit defence. You keep him as
A parasite to your table, subject to
The scorn of your proud wife, an underling
To his own nieces: and can I with mine honour
Mix my blood with his that is not sensible
Of his brother's miseries?

Sir John. Pray you take me with you,
And let me yield my reasons why I am
No opener-handed to him. I was born
His elder brother, yet my father's fondness
To him, the younger, robb'd me of my birthright:
He had a fair estate, which his loose riots
Soon brought to nothing; wants grew heavy on
him;

And when laid up for debt, of all forsaken,
And in his own hopes lost, I did redeem him.

L. Lacy. You could not do less.

Sir John. Was I bound to it, my lord?
What I possess I may with justice call
The harvest of my industry. Would you have me,
Neglecting mine own family, to give up
My estate to his disposal?

L. Lacy. I would have you,
What's pass'd forgot, to use him as a brother;
A brother of fair parts, of a clear soul,
Religious, good, and honest.

Sir John. Outward gloss
Often deceives: may it not prove so in him!
And yet my long acquaintance with his nature

Renders me doubtful ; but that shall not make
A breach between us : let us in to dinner,
And what trust or employment you think fit
Shall be conferr'd upon him : if he prove
True gold in the touch, I'll be no mourner for it.

L. Lacy. If counterfeit, I'll never trust my
judgment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in SIR JOHN FRUGAL's House.

*Enter LUKE, HOLDFAST, GOLDWIRE junior, and
TRADEWELL junior.*

Hold. The like was never seen.

Luke. Why in this rage, man ?

Hold. Men may talk of country-christmasses
and court-gluttony,
Their thirty-pound butter'd eggs, their pies of
carps' tongues,
Their pheasants drench'd with ambergris, the car-
casses

Of three fat wethers bruised for gravy to
Make sauce for a single peacock ; yet their feasts
Were fasts, compared with the city's.

Trade. What dear dainty
Was it thou murmur'st at ?

Hold. Did you not observe it ?
There were three sucking pigs served up in a dish,
Ta'en from the sow as soon as farrow'd,
A fortnight fed with dates and muskadine,
That stood my master in twenty marks a-piece,
Besides the puddings in their bellies, made

Of I know not what.—I dare swear the cook that
dress'd it

Was the devil disguised like a Dutchman.

Gold. Yet all this

Will not make you fat, fellow Holdfast.

Hold. I am rather

Starved to look on 't. But here's the mischief—
though

The dishes were raised one upon another,

As woodmongers do billets, for the first,

The second, and third course, and most of the shops

Of the best confectioners in London ransack'd

To furnish out a banquet¹, yet my lady

Call'd me penurious rascal, and cried out

There was nothing worth the eating.

Gold. You must have patience :

This is not done often.

Hold. 'Tis not fit it should ;

Three such dinners more would break an alderman,

And make him give up his cloak : I am resolved

To have no hand in 't. I'll make up my accompts ;

And since my master longs to be undone,

The great fiend be his steward : I will pray,

And bless myself from him ! [Exit.

Gold. The wretch shows in this

An honest care.

Luke. Out on him ! with the fortune

Of a slave he has the mind of one. However

She bears me hard, I like my lady's humour,

And my brother's suffrage to it. They are now

¹ *A banquet.*] What we now call a *dessert* : it was composed of fruit, sweetmeats, &c. It was usually placed in a separate room, to which the guests removed as soon as they had dined.

Busy on all hands ; one side eager for
Large portions, the other arguing strictly
For jointures and security ; but this,
Being above our scale, no way concerns us.
How dull you look ! In the mean time, how intend
you

To spend the hours ?

Gold. We well know how we would,
But dare not serve our wills.

Trade. Being prentices,
We are bound to attendance.

Luke. Have you almost served out
The term of your indentures, yet make conscience
By starts to use your liberty ? Hast thou traded
[To TRADEWELL.

In the other world¹, exposed unto all dangers,
To make thy master rich, yet dar'st not take
Some portion of the profit for thy pleasure ?
Or wilt thou, [to GOLD.] being keeper of the cash,
Like an ass that carries dainties, feed on thistles ?
Are you gentlemen born, yet have no gallant
tincture

Of gentry in you ? You are no mechanics ;
Nor serve some needy shopkeeper, who surveys
His every-day takings : you have in your keeping
A mass of wealth, from which you may take boldly,
And no way be discover'd. He's no rich man
That knows all he possesses, and leaves nothing
For his servants to make prey of. I blush for you,
Blush at your poverty of spirit ; you,
The brave sparks of the city !

Gold. Master Luke,

¹ *The other world,*] i. e. *the East Indies.*

I wonder you should urge this, having felt
What misery follows riot.

Trade. And the penance
You endured for't in the counter.

Luke. You are fools!
The case is not the same: I spent mine own money;
And my stock being small, no marvel 'twas soon
wasted;

But you, without the least doubt or suspicion,
If cautelous, may make bold with your master's.
As, for example, when his ships come home,
And you take your receipts, as 'tis the fashion,
For fifty bales of silk you may write forty;
Or for so many pieces of cloth of bodkin¹,
Tissue, gold, silver, velvets, satins, taffetas,
A piece of each deducted from the gross
Will ne'er be miss'd, a dash of a pen will do it.

Trade. Ay, but our fathers' bonds, that lie in pawn
For our honesties, must pay for't.

Luke. A mere bugbear,
Invented to fright children! As I live,
Were I the master of my brother's fortunes,
I should glory in such servants. Didst thou know
What ravishing luxury it is to enter
An ordinary, cap-à-pie, trimm'd like a gallant,
For which, in trunks conceal'd, be ever furnish'd;
The reverence, respect, the crouches, cringes,
The musical chime of gold in your cramm'd pockets
Commands from the attendants, and poor porters——

¹ *Cloth of bodkin:*] a rich kind of cloth, made partly of silk and partly of gold or silver. The word *bodkin* is a corruption of *baudkin*, from the low Latin *Baldekinus*, which itself was derived from Baldach, an oriental name for Babylon, from which place the stuff was said to be brought.—NABES.

Trade. O rare!

Luke. Then sitting at the table with
The braveries of the kingdom, you shall hear
Occurrents from all corners of the world,
The plots, the counsels, the designs of princes,
And freely censure them; the city wits
Cried up, or decried, as their passions lead them;
Judgment having nought to do there.

Trade. Admirable!

Luke. My lord no sooner shall rise out of his
chair,
The gaming lord I mean, but you may boldly,
By the privilege of a gamester, fill his room,
For in play you are all fellows; have your knife
As soon in the pheasant; drink your health as
freely;
And, striking in a lucky hand or two,
Buy out your time.

Trade. This may be; but suppose
We should be known?

Luke. Have money and good clothes,
And you may pass invisible.

Gold. Master Luke,
You shall be of my counsel, and we two sworn
brothers;

And therefore I'll be open. I am out now
Six hundred in the cash; yet, if on a sudden
I should be call'd to account, I have a trick
How to evade it, and make up the sum.

Trade. Is't possible?

Luke. You can instruct your tutor.
How, how, good Tom?

Gold. Why, look you. We cash-keepers
Hold correspondence, supply one another

On all occasions : I can borrow for a week
Two hundred pounds of one, as much of a second,
A third lays down the rest ; and, when they want,
As my master's moneys come in I do repay it :

*Ka me, ka thee*¹ !

Luke. An excellent knot ! 'tis pity
It e'er should be unloosed ; for me it shall not.
You are shown the way, friend Tradewell ; you may
make use on 't,
Or freeze in the warehouse, and keep company
With the cater², Holdfast.

Trade. No, I am converted.
A Barbican broker will furnish me with outside,
And then a crash at the ordinary !

Gold. I am for
The lady you saw this morning, who indeed is
My proper recreation.

Luke. Go to, Tom ;
What did you make me ?

Gold. I'll do as much for you,
Employ me when you please.

Luke. If you are inquired for,
I will excuse you both.

Trade. Kind master Luke !

Gold. We'll break my master to make you.
You know——

Luke. I cannot love money. Go, boys !

[*Exeunt* GOLDWIRE and TRADEWELL.]

¹ *Ka me, ka thee* !] i. e. *invite me, I'll invite thee* ! This proverb, of Scottish origin, is often met with in our old dramas. "It was spoken," says Kelly, in his *Scottish Proverbs*, "when great people feast one another, and neglect the poor." In England the phrase seems to have been used in the sense of "one good turn deserves another."

² *Cater*,] i. e. *purveyor*.

When time serves,
It shall appear I have another end in 't¹. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter SIR JOHN FRUGAL, LORD LACY, SIR MAURICE LACY, PLENTY, LADY FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, and MILLISCENT.

Sir John. Ten thousand pounds a-piece I'll
make their portions,
And after my decease it shall be double,
Provided you assure them, for their jointures,
Eight hundred pounds per annum, and entail
A thousand more upon the heirs male
Of these my daughters.

L. Lacy. You surely bind us, sir,
To very strict conditions.

Plenty. You, my lord,
May do as you please: but to me it seems strange
We should conclude of portions, and of jointures,
Before our hearts are settled.

L. Frug. You say right:
There are counsels of more moment and importance,
On the making up of marriages, to be
Consider'd duly, than the portion or the jointures,

¹ The real character of Luke opens, in this scene, with surprising art. He had deeply studied the dispositions of the two apprentices, and his language is nicely calculated to betray them into a confession of their respective propensities, and thus render them subservient to his future views.—GIFFORD.

In which a mother's care must be exacted ;
And I, by special privilege, may challenge
A casting voice.

L. Lacy. How's this?

L. Frug. Even so, my lord ;
In these affairs I govern.

L. Lacy. Give you way to't?

Sir John. I must, my lord.

L. Frug. 'Tis fit he should, and shall.
You may consult of something else: this province
Is wholly mine.

Sir Maur. By the city custom, madam?

L. Frug. Yes, my young sir ; and both must look
my daughters
Will hold it by my copy.

Plenty. Brave, i'faith!

Sir John. Give her leave to talk, we have the
power to do :
And now touching the business we last talk'd of—
In private, if you please.

L. Lacy. 'Tis well remember'd :
You shall take your own way, madam.

[*Exeunt* LORD LACY and SIR JOHN FRUGAL.

Sir Maur. What strange lecture
Will she read unto us?

L. Frug. Such as wisdom warrants
From the superior bodies. Is Stargaze ready
With his several schemes?

Mill. Yes, madam, and attends
Your pleasure.

Sir Maur. Stargaze, lady ! what is he?

L. Frug. Call him in.—[*Exit* MILLISCENT.]—
You shall first know him, then admire him
For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones.

He's every thing, indeed ; parcel physician,
And as such prescribes my diet ; parcel poet,
And sings encomiums to my virtues sweetly ;
My antecedent, or my gentleman-usher,
And as the stars move, with that due proportion
He walks before me : but an absolute master
In the calculation of nativities ;
Guided by that ne'er-erring science call'd
Judicial astrology.

Plenty. Stargaze ! sure
I have a penny almanack about me
Inscribed to you as to his patroness,
In his name publish'd.

L. Frug. Keep it as a jewel.
Some statesmen that I will not name are wholly
Govern'd by his predictions ; for they serve
For any latitude in Christendom,
As well as our own climate.

*Re-enter MILLISCENT followed by STARGAZE with
two schemes.*

Sir Maur. I believe so.

Plenty. Must we marry by the almanack ?

L. Frug. Be silent ;
And ere we do articulate, much more
Grow to a full conclusion, instruct us
Whether this day and hour, by the planets, promise
Happy success in marriage.

Star. *In omni
Parte, et toto.*

Plenty. Good learn'd sir, in English ;
And since it is resolved we must be coxcombs,
Make us so in our own language.

Star. You are pleasant:
Thus in our vulgar tongue then.

L. Frug. Pray you observe him.

Star. Venus, in the west angle, the house of marriage the seventh house; and Mars almuthen, or lord of the horoscope.

Plenty. Heyday!

L. Frug. The angels' language! I am ravish'd!
Forward!

Star. Mars, as I said, lord of the horoscope, she in her exaltation, and he in his triplicite trine, and face, assure a fortunate combination to Hymen, excellent, prosperous, and happy.

L. Frug. Kneel, and give thanks.

[*The Women kneel.*

Sir Maur. For what we understand not?

Plenty. And have as little faith in?

L. Frug. Be incredulous;
To me 'tis oracle.

Star. Now for the sovereignty of my future ladies, your daughters, after they are married.

Plenty. Wearing the breeches, you mean?

L. Frug. Touch that point home:
It is a principal one, and, with London ladies,
Of main consideration.

Star. This is infallible: Saturn out of all dignities in his detriment and fall combust: and Venus in the south angle elevated above him, lady of both their nativities, in her essential and accidental dignities, argue, foretel, and declare rule, pre-eminence, and absolute sovereignty in women.

L. Frug. Is't possible?

Star. 'Tis drawn, I assure you, from the aphorisms of the old Chaldeans, Zoroastes, the first and

greatest magician, Mercurius Trismegistus, the later Ptolemy, and the everlasting prognosticator, old Erra Pater.

L. Frug. Are you yet satisfied?

Plenty. In what?

L. Frug. That you

Are bound to obey your wives; it being so
Determined by the stars, against whose influence
There is no opposition.

Plenty. Since I must

Be married by the almanack, as I may be,
'Twere requisite the services and duties
Which, as you say, I must pay to my wife,
Were set down in the calendar.

Sir Maur. With the date
Of my apprenticeship.

L. Frug. Make your demands:

I'll sit as moderatrix, if they press you
With over-hard conditions.

Sir Maur. Mine hath the van;
I stand your charge, sweet.

Star. Silence.

Anne. I require first—

And that, since 'tis in fashion with kind husbands,
In civil manners you must grant—my will
In all things whatsoever; and that will
'To be obey'd, not argued.

L. Frug. And good reason.

Plenty. A gentle *inprimis*!

Sir Maur. This in gross contains all:
But your special items, lady.

Anne. When I am one,
And you are honour'd to be styled my husband,
'To urge my having my page, my gentleman-usher,

My woman sworn to my secrets, my caroch
Drawn by six Flanders mares, my coachman, grooms,
Postilion, and footmen.

Sir Maur. Is there aught else
To be demanded?

Anne. Yes, sir, mine own doctor,
French and Italian cooks, musicians, songsters,
And a chaplain that must preach to please my fancy ;
A friend at court to place me at a masque ;
The private box ta'en up at a new play,
For me and my retinue ; a fresh habit,
Of a fashion never seen before, to draw
The gallants' eyes, that sit on the stage, upon me ;
Some decay'd lady for my parasite,
To flatter me, and rail at other madams ;
And there ends my ambition.

Sir Maur. Your desires
Are modest, I confess !

Anne. These toys subscribed to,
And you continuing an obedient husband,
Upon all fit occasions you shall find me
A most indulgent wife.

L. Frug. You have said ; give place,
And hear your younger sister.

Plenty. If she speak
Her language, may the great fiend, booted and
spurr'd,
With a sithe at his girdle, as the Scotchman says,
Ride headlong down her throat !

Sir Maur. Curse not the judge
Before you hear the sentence.

Mary. In some part
My sister hath spoke well for the city pleasures,
But I am for the country's ; and must say,

Under correction, in her demands
She was too modest.

Sir Maur. How like you this exordium?

Plenty. Too modest, with a mischief!

Mary. Yes, too modest:

I know my value, and prize it to the worth,
My youth, my beauty——

Plenty. How your glass deceives you!

Mary. The greatness of the portion I bring with
me,

And the sea of happiness that from me flows to you.

Sir Maur. She bears up close.

Mary. And can you, in your wisdom
Or rustical simplicity, imagine
You have met some innocent country girl, that
never
Look'd further than her father's farm, nor knew
more
Than the price of corn in the market; or at what
rate

Beef went a stone? that would survey your dairy,
And bring in mutton out of cheese and butter?

Plenty. These arts would grace you, though you
should put in
Obedience and duty.

Mary. Yes, and patience,
To sit like a fool at home, and eye your thrashers;
Then make provision for your slaving hounds,
When you come drunk from an alehouse, after
hunting
With your clowns and comrades, as if all were yours,
You the lord paramount, and I the drudge:
The case, sir, must be otherwise.

Plenty. How, I beseech you?

Mary. Marry, thus: I will not, like my sister,
challenge

What's useful or superfluous from my husband,
That's base all o'er; mine shall receive from me
What I think fit: I'll have the state convey'd
Into my hands, and he put to his pension,
Which the wise viragos of our climate practise;—
I will receive your rents.

Plenty. You shall be hang'd first.

Mary. Make sale or purchase: nay, I'll have
my neighbours

Instructed, when a passenger shall ask,
Whose house is this? (though you stand by) to
answer,

The Lady Plenty's. Or, Who owns this manor?

The Lady Plenty. Whose sheep are these, whose oxen?

The Lady Plenty's.

Plenty. A plentiful curse upon you!

Mary. Since you'll marry

In the city for our wealth, in justice we
Must have the country's sovereignty.

Plenty. And we nothing.

Mary. A nag of forty shillings, a couple of
spaniels,

With a sparhawk, is sufficient; and these too,
As you shall behave yourself, during my pleasure,
I will not greatly stand on. I have said, sir;
Now if you like me, so¹.

¹

I have said, sir,

Now if you like me, so.] Before we accuse the poet of abusing the license of comedy in these preposterous stipulations, it may not be improper to look back for a moment on the period in which he wrote, and inquire if no examples of a similar nature were then to be found in real life. A short time before this play was written, Elizabeth Spencer, daughter and

L. Frug. At my entreaty,
The articles shall be easier.

heir of Sir John Spencer, lord mayor of London, was married to William, Lord Compton. With less integrity and candour than the daughters of Sir John Frugal, she made few previous stipulations, but, not long after the conclusion of the nuptial ceremony, sent her husband a modest and consolatory letter, which is yet extant; and from which the following *items*, among many others, are verbally taken:

“Alsoe I will have 3 horses for my owne saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrowe; none lend but I, none borrowe but you. Alsoe, I would have two gentlewomen, leaste one should be sicke, or have some other lett. Alsoe beleeve yt, it is an undecent thinge for a gentlewoman to stand mumpinge alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady wth a greate estate. Alsoe, when I ride a huntinge or a hawkeinge, or travayle from one howse to another, I will have them attendinge; soe for either of those said woemen, I must and will have for either of them a horse. Alsoe, I will have 6 or 8 gentlemen; and I will have my twoe coaches, one lyned with velvett to myselfe, wth 4 very fayre horses, and a coache for my woemen, lyned wth sweete cloth, one laced wth gold, the other wth scarlett, and laced with watched lace and silver, wth 4 good horses. Alsoe, I will have twoe coachmen, one for my own coache, the other for my women. Alsoe, att any tyme when I travayle, I will be allowed not only carroches, and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carryadgs, as shal be fittinge for me all orderly; not pestringe my things wth my woemens, nor theirs wth either chambermayds, or theirs wth wase maids. Alsoe, for laundresses, when I travayle I will have them sent away before wth the carryadgs to see all safe, and the chambermayds I will have goe before wth the groomes, that a chamber may be ready, sweete and cleane. Alsoe, for that yt is undecent to croud upp myself wth my gentl. usher in my coache, I will have him to have a convenyent horse to attend me either in city or country. And I must have 2 footemen. And my desire is, that you defray all the chardges for me.”

It may not be impertinent to add, that Lord Compton, as might reasonably be conjectured after such a letter as this, reaped little comfort from his wife, and less from her immense fortune.—GIFFORD.

Plenty. Shall they, i'faith?

Sir Maur. Use fair words, master Plenty.

Plenty. I cannot.

I have read of a house of pride, and now I have found one:

A whirlwind overturn it!

Sir Maur. On these terms,
Will your minxship be a lady?

Plenty. A lady in a morris.

Anne. Wooing do you call this?

Mary. A bear-baiting rather.

Plenty. Were you worried, you deserve it, and
I hope
I shall live to see it.

Sir Maur. I'll not rail, nor curse you:
Only this, you are pretty peats, and your great por-
tions

Add much unto your handsomeness; but as
You would command your husbands, you are beg-
gars,

Deform'd and ugly.

L. Frug. Hear me.

Plenty. Not a word more.

[*Exeunt* SIR MAURICE LACY and PLENTY.]

Anne. I ever thought that it would come to this.

Mary. We may lead apes for husbands, if you
bind us

To articulate thus with our suitors.

[*Both speak weeping.*]

Star. Now the cloud breaks,
And the storm will fall on me. [Aside.]

L. Frug. You rascal! juggler!

[*She breaks* STARGAZE's head, and beats him.]

Star. Dear madam.

L. Frug. Hold you intelligence with the stars,
And thus deceive me !

Star. My art cannot err ;
If it does, I'll burn my astrolabe. In mine own star
I did foresee this broken head, and beating ;
And now your ladyship sees, as I do feel it,
It could not be avoided.

L. Frug. Did you ?

Star. Madam,
Have patience but a week, and if you find not
All my predictions true, touching your daughters,
And a change of fortune to yourself, a rare one,
Turn me out of doors. These are not the men the
planets
Appointed for their husbands ; there will come
Gallants of another metal.

Mill. Once more trust him.

Anne. Mary. Do, lady-mother.

L. Frug. I am vex'd. Look to it ;
Turn o'er your books : if once again you fool me,
You shall graze elsewhere. Come, girls.

Star. I am glad I scaped thus.

[*Aside. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter LORD LACY and SIR JOHN FRUGAL.

L. Lacy. The plot shows very likely¹.

¹ *The plot shows very likely.*] It appears from this that Sir John had instilled his suspicions of his brother into Lord Lacy. It is finely contrived, to confirm them in the execution of their design by a new instance of unfeeling pride in his family.—
GIFFORD.

Sir John. I repose
My principal trust in your lordship ; 'twill prepare
The physic I intend to minister
To my wife and daughters.

L. Lacy. I will do my parts,
To set it off to the life.

Enter SIR MAURICE LACY, and PLENTY.

Sir John. It may produce
A scene of no vulgar mirth. Here come the suitors:
When we understand how they relish my wife's
 humours,
The rest is feasible.

L. Lacy. Their looks are cloudy.

Sir John. How sits the wind? are you ready to
 launch forth
Into this sea of marriage?

Plenty. Call it rather
A whirlpool of afflictions.

Sir Maur. If you please
To enjoin me to it, I will undertake
To find the north passage to the Indies sooner¹,
Than plough with your proud heifer.

Plenty. I will court
Proserpine in Pluto's sight, his three-headed porter,
Cerberus, standing by, and all the Furies
With their whips to scourge me for't, rather than
 say,
I, Jeffrey, take you, Mary, for my wife.

¹ *The north passage to the Indies.*] This was the grand object of our maritime expeditions in those days, and was prosecuted with a boldness, dexterity, and perseverance which, though since equalled, perhaps, in the same fruitless pursuit, have not yet been surpassed. — GIFFORD.

L. Lacy. Why, what's the matter?

Sir Maur. The mother (with your pardon, I cannot but speak so much) is a most unsufferable, Proud, insolent lady.

Plenty. And the daughters worse.

Sir Maur. With reverence to your wealth, I do begin

To think you of the same leaven.

Sir John. You go too far, sir.

Sir Maur. They have so articulated with us!

Plenty. And will not take us

For their husbands, but their slaves; and so beforehand

They do profess they'll use us.

Sir John. Leave this heat:

Though they are mine, I must tell you, the perverseness

Of their manners (which they did not take from me,

But from their mother) qualified, they deserve Your equals.

Sir Maur. True; but what's bred in the bone Admits no hope of cure.

Plenty. Though saints and angels Were their physicians.

Sir John. You conclude too fast.

Plenty. Good-by to you! I'll travel three years, but I'll bury

This shame that lives upon me.

Sir Maur. With your license, I'll keep him company.

L. Lacy. Who shall furnish you For your expenses.

Plenty. He shall not need your help,

My purse is his ; we were rivals, but now friends,
And will live and die so.

Sir Maur. Ere we go, I'll pay
My duty as a son.

Plenty. And till then leave you.

[*Exeunt* SIR MAURICE LACY and PLENTY.]

L. Lacy. They are strangely moved.

Sir John. What's wealth, accompanied
With disobedience in a wife and children?
My heart will break.

L. Lacy. Be comforted, and hope better :
We'll ride abroad ; the fresh air and discourse
May yield us new inventions.

Sir John. You are noble,
And shall in all things, as you please, command me.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in SIR JOHN FRUGAL'S *House.*

Enter LUKE.

Anne. [*within.*] Where is this uncle?

L. Frug. [*within.*] Call this beadsman-brother¹;
He hath forgot attendance.

Mary. [*within.*] Seek him out ;
Idleness spoils him.

Luke. I deserve much more
Than their scorn can load me with, and 'tis but
justice
That I should live the family's drudge, design'd
To all the sordid offices their pride
Imposes on me ; since, if now I sat

¹ *Beadsman-brother,*] i. e. *dependant on our charity.*

A judge in mine own cause, I should conclude
I am not worth their pity. Such as want
Discourse¹ and judgment, and through weakness fall,
May merit man's compassion ; but I—
That knew profuseness of expense the parent
Of wretched poverty, her fatal daughter,
To riot out mine own, to live upon
The alms of others, steering on a rock
I might have shunn'd !—O Heaven ! it is not fit
I should look upward, much less hope for mercy².

Enter LADY FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, STARGAZE,
and MILLISCENT.

L. Frug. What are you devising, sir ?

Anne. My uncle is much given
To his devotion.

Mary. And takes time to mumble
A paternoster to himself.

L. Frug. Know you where
Your brother is ? It better would become you
(Your means of life depending wholly on him)
To give your attendance.

Luke. In my will I do :
But since he rode forth yesterday with Lord Lacy,
I have not seen him.

L. Frug. And why went not you
By his stirrup ? How do you look ! Were his eyes
closed,
You'd be glad of such employment.

¹ *Discourse,*] i. e. *reason.*

² This penitential speech of Luke is introduced with admirable artifice, at the period of his breaking forth in his true character ; nor is the insolence of Lady Frugal and her daughters less judiciously timed.—GIFFORD.

Luke. 'Twas his pleasure
I should wait your commands, and those I am
ever
Most ready to receive.

L. Frug. I know you can speak well ;
But say and do.

Enter LORD LACY.

Luke. Here comes my lord.

L. Frug. Further off:
You are no companion for him, and his business
Aims not at you, as I take it.

Luke. Can I live
In this base condition ? *[He stands aside.*

L. Frug. I hope, my lord,
You had brought master Frugal with you ; for I
must ask
An account of him from you.

L. Lacy. I can give it, lady ;
But with the best discretion of a woman,
And a strong fortified patience, I desire you
To give it hearing.

Luke. My heart beats.

L. Frug. My lord, you much amaze me.

L. Lacy. I shall astonish you. The noble mer-
chant,
Who, living, was, for his integrity
And upright dealing, (a rare miracle
In a rich citizen,) London's best honour,
Is—I am loth to speak it.

Luke. Wondrous strange !

L. Frug. I do suppose the worst. Not dead, I
hope ?

L. Lacy. Your supposition's true, your hopes are false ;

He's dead.

L. Frug. Ah me !

Anne. My father !

Mary. My kind father !

Luke. Now they insult not.

L. Lacy. Pray hear me out.

He's dead, dead to the world and you, and now
Lives only to himself.

Luke. What riddle's this ?

L. Frug. Act not the torturer in my afflictions ;
But make me understand the sum of all
That I must undergo.

L. Lacy. In few words take it :
He is retired into a monastery,
Where he resolves to end his days.

Luke. More strange !

L. Lacy. I saw him take post for Dover, and the
wind

Setting so fair, by this he's safe at Calais,
And ere long will be at Lovain.

L. Frug. Could I guess
What were the motives that induced him to it,
'Twere some allay to my sorrows.

L. Lacy. I'll instruct you,
And chide you into that knowledge : 'twas your
pride

Above your rank, and stubborn disobedience
Of these your daughters, in their milk suck'd from
you ;

At home the harshness of his entertainment,
You wilfully forgetting that your all
Was borrow'd from him ; and to hear abroad

The imputations dispersed upon you,
And justly too, I fear; that drew him to
This strict retirement: and, thus much said for him,
I am myself to accuse you.

L. Frug. I confess
A guilty cause to him; but, in a thought,
My lord, I ne'er wrong'd you.

L. Lacy. In fact, you have.
The insolent disgrace you put upon
My only son and Plenty, men that loved
Your daughters in a noble way, to wash off
The scandal, put a resolution in them
For three years' travel.

L. Frug. I am much grieved for it.

L. Lacy. One thing I had forgot: your rigour to
His decay'd brother, in which your flatteries,
Or sorceries made him a co-agent with you,
Wrought not the least impression.

Luke. Hum! this sounds well.

L. Frug. 'Tis now past help: after these storms,
my lord,
A little calm, if you please.

L. Lacy. If what I have told you
Show'd like a storm, what now I must deliver
Will prove a raging tempest. His whole estate,
In lands and leases, debts and present moneys,
With all the moveables he stood possess'd of,
With the best advice which he could get for gold
From his learned counsel, by this formal will
Is pass'd o'er to his brother.—[*Giving the will to*
LUKE, who comes forward.—With it take
The key of his counting-house. Not a groat left
you

Which you can call your own.

L. Frug. Undone for ever!

Anne. Mary. What will become of us?

Luke. Hum!

[*Aside.*

L. Lacy. The scene is changed,
And he that was your slave, by fate appointed

[*LADY FRUGAL, MARY, and ANNE, kneel.*

Your governor: you kneel to me in vain,
I cannot help you; I discharge the trust
Imposed upon me. This humility,
From him may gain remission, and, perhaps,
Forgetfulness of your barbarous usage to him.

L. Frug. Am I come to this?

L. Lacy. Enjoy your own, good sir,
But use it with due reverence. I once heard you
Speak most divinely in the opposition
Of a revengeful humour; to these show it,
And such who then depended on the mercy
Of your brother, wholly now at your devotion,
And make good the opinion I held of you,
Of which I am most confident.

Luke. Pray you rise, [Raises them.
And rise with this assurance—I am still,
As I was of late, your creature; and if raised
In any thing, 'tis in my power to serve you,
My will is still the same. O my good lord!
This heap of wealth which you possess me of,
Which to a worldly man had been a blessing,
And to the messenger might with justice challenge
A kind of adoration, is to me
A curse I cannot thank you for; and, much less,
Rejoice in that tranquillity of mind
My brother's vows must purchase. I have made
A dear exchange with him: he now enjoys
My peace and poverty, the trouble of

His wealth conferr'd on me, and that a burthen
Too heavy for my weak shoulders.

L. Lacy. Honest soul,
With what feeling he receives it!

L. Frug. You shall have
My best assistance, if you please to use it,
To help you to support it.

Luke. By no means ;
The weight shall rather sink me, than you part
With one short minute from those lawful pleasures
Which you were born to, in your care to aid me :
You shall have all abundance. In my nature,
I was ever liberal ; my lord, you know it ;
Kind, affable.—And now methinks I see
Before my face the jubilee of joy,
When 'tis assured my brother lives in me,
His debtors, in full cups crown'd to my health,
With pæans to my praise will celebrate !
For they well know 'tis far from me to take
The forfeiture of a bond : nay, I shall blush,
The interest never paid after three years,
When I demand my principal : and his servants,
Who from a slavish fear paid their obedience,
By him exacted, now, when they are mine,
Will grow familiar friends, and as such use me ;
Being certain of the mildness of my temper,
Which my change of fortune, frequent in most men,
Hath not the power to alter.

L. Lacy. Yet take heed, sir,
You ruin not, with too much lenity,
What his fit severity raised.

L. Frug. And we fall from
That height we have maintain'd.

Luke. I'll build it higher,

To admiration higher. With disdain
I look upon these habits, no way suiting
The wife and daughters of a knighted citizen
Bless'd with abundance.

L. Lacy. There, sir, I join with you ;
A fit decorum must be kept, the court
Distinguish'd from the city.

Luke. With your favour,
I know what you would say ; but give me leave
In this to be your advocate. You are wide,
Wide the whole region¹, in what I purpose.
Since all the titles, honours, long descents,
Borrow their gloss from wealth, the rich with reason
May challenge their prerogatives ; and it shall be
My glory, nay a triumph, to revive,
In the pomp that these shall shine, the memory
Of the Roman matrons, who kept captive queens
To be their handmaids. And when you appear,
Like Juno, in full majesty, and my nieces,
Like Iris, Hebe, or what deities else
Old poets fancy, (your cramm'd wardrobes richer
Than various nature's,) and draw down the envy
Of our western world upon you ; only hold me
Your vigilant Hermes with ærial wings,
(My caduceus, my strong zeal to serve you,)

¹ *Wide the whole region, in what I purpose.*] This is a most admirable stroke, and shows with what exquisite judgment Massinger discriminates his characters. Lord Lacy had touched a discordant string, and the vanity of Luke, already raised to an inordinate pitch by his recent glimpse of wealth, is irritated and alarmed. The expression, *You are wide, wide the whole region*, is a Latinism, *toto cælo, tota regione oberras*.—GIF-FORD.

Prest¹ to fetch in all rarities may delight you,
And I am made immortal.

L. Lacy. A strange frenzy! [Aside.

Luke. Off with these rags, and then to bed;
there dream

Of future greatness, which, when you awake,
I'll make a certain truth: but I must be
A doer, not a promiser. The performance
Requiring haste, I kiss your hands, and leave you.

[Exit.

L. Lacy. Are we all turn'd statues? have his
strange words charm'd us?

What muse you on, lady?

L. Frug. Do not trouble me.

L. Lacy. Sleep you, too, young ones?

Anne. Swift-wing'd time till now

Was never tedious to me. Would 'twere night!

Mary. Nay, morning, rather.

L. Lacy. Can you ground your faith
On such impossibilities? have you so soon
Forgot your good husband?

L. Frug. He was a vanity
I must no more remember.

L. Lacy. Excellent!
You, your kind father?

Anne. Such an uncle never
Was read of in story!

L. Lacy. Not one word in answer
Of my demands?

Mary. You are but a lord; and know,
My thoughts soar higher.

¹ *Prest,*] i. e. ready, prepared.

L. Lacy. Admirable! I'll leave you
To your castles in the air.—When I relate this,
It will exceed belief; but he must know it.

[*Aside, and exit.*

Star. Now I may boldly speak. May it please
you, madam,
To look upon your vassal; I foresaw this,
The stars assured it.

L. Frug. I begin to feel
Myself another woman.

Star. Now you shall find
All my predictions true, and nobler matches
Prepared for my young ladies.

Mill. Princely husbands.

Anne. I'll go no less¹.

Mary. Not a word more;
Provide my night-rail².

Mill. What shall we be to-morrow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter LUKE.

Luke. 'Twas no fantastic object, but a truth,
A real truth; nor dream: I did not slumber,
And could wake ever with a brooding eye
To gaze upon't! it did endure the touch;
I saw and felt it! Yet what I beheld

¹ *I'll go no less,*] i. e. *I'll not play for a smaller stake.*
The phrase is taken from the gaming table.

² *Night-rail,*] i. e. *a sort of loose robe, a dressing gown.*
They were sometimes very costly.

And handled oft, did so transcend belief,
(My wonder and astonishment pass'd o'er,)
I faintly could give credit to my senses.
Thou dumb magician,—[*Taking out a key.*—]—that
without a charm

Didst make my entrance easy, to possess
What wise men wish, and toil for! Hermes' moly,
Sibylla's golden bough, the great elixir,
Imagined only by the alchemist¹,
Compared with thee are shadows,—thou the substance,

And guardian of felicity! No marvel,
My brother made thy place of rest his bosom,
Thou being the keeper of his heart, a mistress
To be hugg'd ever! In by-corners of
This sacred room, silver in bags, heap'd up
Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold
That flow'd about the room, conceal'd itself.
There needs no artificial light; the splendour
Makes a perpetual day there, night and darkness
By that still-burning lamp for ever banish'd!
But when, guided by that, my eyes had made
Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd,
Each sparkling diamond, from itself, shot forth
A pyramid of flames, and, in the roof,
Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place
Heaven's abstract, or epitome!—rubies, sapphires,
And ropes of orient pearl, these seen, I could not
But look on with contempt. And yet I found,
What weak credulity could have no faith in,
A treasure far exceeding these: here lay

¹ *Imagined only by the alchemist,*] i. e. which only exists in the imagination of the alchemist.

A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment,
The wax continuing hard, the acres melting ;
Here a sure deed of gift for a market-town,
If not redeem'd this day, which is not in
The unthrift's power : there being scarce one shire
In Wales or England, where my monies are not
Lent out at usury, the certain hook
To draw in more. I am sublimed ! gross earth
Supports me not ; I walk on air !—Who's there ?

*Enter LORD LACY with SIR JOHN FRUGAL, SIR
MAURICE LACY, and PLENTY, painted and dis-
guised as Indians.*

Thieves ! raise the street ! thieves !

L. Lacy. What strange passion's this !
Have you your eyes ? do you know me ?

Luke. You, my lord,
I do : but this retinue, in these shapes too,
May well excuse my fears. When 'tis your pleasure
That I should wait upon you, give me leave
To do it at your own house, for I must tell you,
'Things as they now are with me well consider'd,
I do not like such visitants.

L. Lacy. Yesterday,
When you had nothing, praise your poverty for 't,
You could have sung secure before a thief ;
But now you are grown rich, doubts and suspicions,
And needless fears, possess you. Thank a good
brother ;

But let not this exalt you.

Luke. A good brother¹ !
Good in his conscience, I confess, and wise,

¹ *A good brother !*] i. e. a rich brother ; Luke uses the word
good in its mercantile sense.

In giving o'er the world. But his estate,
Which your lordship may conceive great, no way
answers

The general opinion: alas!

With a great charge, I am left a poor man by him.

L. Lacy. A poor man, say you?

Luke. Poor, compared with what
'Tis thought I do possess. Some little land,
Fair household furniture, a few good debts,
But empty bags, I find: yet I will be
A faithful steward to his wife and daughters;
And, to the utmost of my power, obey
His will in all things.

L. Lacy. I'll not argue with you
Of his estate, but bind you to performance.
Of his last request, which is, for testimony
Of his religious charity, that you would
Receive these Indians, lately sent him from
Virginia, into your house; and labour,
At any rate, with the best of your endeavours,
Assisted by the aids of our divines,
To make them Christians.

Luke. Call you this, my lord,
Religious charity; to send infidels,
Like hungry locusts, to devour the bread
Should feed his family? I neither can,
Nor will consent to't.

L. Lacy. Do not slight it; 'tis
With him a business of such consequence,
That should he only hear 'tis not embraced,
And cheerfully, in this his conscience aiming
At the saving of three souls, 'twill draw him o'er
To see it himself accomplish'd.

Luke. Heaven forbid

I should divert him from his holy purpose,
To worldly cares again ! I rather will
Sustain the burthen, and, with the converted,
Feast the converters, who, I know, will prove
The greater feeders.

Sir John. *Oh, ha, enewah Chrish bully leika.*
Plenty. *Enaula.*

Sir Maur. *Harrico botikia bonnery.*

Luke. Ha ! in this heathen language,
How is it possible our doctors should
Hold conference with them, or I use the means
For their conversion ?

L. Lacy. That shall be no hindrance
To your good purposes : they have lived long
In the English colony, and speak our language
As their own dialect ; the business does concern
you :

Mine own designs command me hence. Continue,
As in your poverty you were, a pious
And honest man. [*Exit.*

Luke. That is, interpreted,
A slave and beggar.

Sir John. You conceive it right ;
There being no religion, nor virtue,
But in abundance, and no vice but want.
All deities serve Plutus.

Luke. Oracle !

Sir John. Temples raised to ourselves in the in-
crease

Of wealth and reputation, speak a wise man ;
But sacrifice to an imagined Power,
Of which we have no sense but in belief,
A superstitious fool.

Luke. True worldly wisdom !

Sir John. All knowledge else is folly.

Sir Maur. Now we are yours,
Be confident your better angel is
Enter'd your house.

Plenty. There being nothing in
The compass of your wishes, but shall end
In their fruition to the full.

Sir John. As yet,
You do not know us ; but when you understand
The wonders we can do, and what the ends were
That brought us hither, you will entertain us
With more respect.

Luke. There's something whispers to me
These are no common men. [*Aside.*—My house
is yours,
Enjoy it freely : only grant me this,
Not to be seen abroad till I have heard
More of your sacred principles. Pray enter :
You are learned Europeans, and we worse
Than ignorant Americans.

Sir John. You shall find it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in FRUGAL'S House.

Enter DING'EM, GETTALL, and HOLDFAST.

Ding. Not speak with him ! with fear survey
me better,
'Thou figure of famine !

Gelt. Coming, as we do,
From his quondam patrons, his dear ingles now¹,
The brave spark Tradewell—

¹ *His dear ingles,*] i. e. *his bosom friends, his associates.*

Ding. And the man of men
In the service of a lady, gallant Goldwire!

Enter LUKE.

Hold. I know them for his prentices, without
These flourishes.—Here are rude fellows, sir.

Ding. Not yours, you rascal!

Hold. No; you may seek your fellows
In Bridewell, or the hole; here are none of your
comrogues.

Luke. One of them looks as he would cut my
throat:

Your business, friends?

Hold. I'll fetch a constable;
Let him answer him in the stocks.

Ding. Stir, an thou darest:
Fright me with Bridewell and the stocks! they are
fleabittings
I am familiar with. [*Draws.*

Luke. Pray you put up:
And, sirrah, hold your peace. [*To HOLDFAST.*

Ding. Thy word's a law,
And I obey. Live, scrape-shoe, and be thankful.
Thou man of muck and money, for as such
I now salute thee, the suburban gamesters
Have heard thy fortunes, and I am, in person,
Sent to congratulate.

Gett. The news hath reach'd
The ordinaries, and all the gamesters are
Ambitious to shake the golden golls¹

¹ *Golls,*] i. e. *hands, fists.* A cant word which occurs continually in our old poets.

Of worshipful master Luke. I come from Tradewell,

Your fine facetious factor.

Ding. I from Goldwire :

He and his Helen have prepared a banquet
To entertain thee.

Gett. Blind chance hath frown'd upon
Brave Tradewell : he's blown up, but not without
Hope of recovery, so you supply him
With a good round sum. In my house, I can
assure you,

There's half a million stirring.

Luke. What hath he lost ?

Gett. Three hundred.

Luke. A trifle.

Gett. Make it up a thousand,
And I will fit him with such tools as shall
Bring in a myriad.

Luke. They know me well,
Nor need you use such circumstances for them :
What's mine is theirs. They are my friends, not
servants,

But in their care to enrich me ; and these courses,
The speeding means. Your name, I pray you ?

Gett. Gettall.

I have been many years an ordinary-keeper,
My box my poor revenue¹.

¹ *My box my poor revenue.*] “ If the caster throws three mains, or wins by throwing three times successively, he pays to the box-keeper, for the use of the house, a stipulated sum (varying, according to the dignity of the place, from eighteen pence to ten and sixpence) : if the caster wins six times successively, he is expected, besides the usual payment to the house, to make the box-keeper a handsome donation.” For this,

Luke. Your name suits well
With your profession. Bid him bear up ; he shall
not

Sit long on Penniless-Bench.

Gett. There spake an angel !

Luke. You know mistress Shave'em ? There
let him meet me
Some two hours hence. Tell Goldwire I'll then
be with him,
Furnish'd beyond his hopes ; and let your mistress
Appear in her best apparel.

Ding. Oh ! I fly
To keep them sober till thy worship come ;
They will be drunk with joy else.

Gett. I'll run with you.

[*Exeunt DING'EM and GETTALL.*]

Hold. You will not do as you say, I hope ?

Luke. Inquire not ;
I shall do what becomes me.—[*Knocking within.*]
—To the door. [Exit *HOLDFAST.*]
New visitants !

Re-enter HOLDFAST.

What are they ?

Hold. A whole batch, sir,
Almost of the same leaven : your needy debtors,
Penury, Fortune, Hoyst.

Luke. They come to gratulate
The fortune fallen upon me.

Hold. Rather, sir,
Like the others, to prey on you.

and what else occurs on the subject of dice, I am indebted to a
writer in the *Monthly Mirror*, whom I believe to be Mr. Du
Bois.—GIFFORD.

Luke. I am simple ; they
Know my good nature : but let them in, however.

Hold. All will come to ruin ! I see beggary
Already knocking at the door.—You may enter—
[*Speaking to those without.*

But use a conscience, and do not work upon
A tender-hearted gentleman too much ;
'Twill show like charity in you.

Enter FORTUNE, PENURY, and HOYST.

Luke. Welcome, friends :
I know your hearts and wishes ; you are glad
You have changed your creditor.

Pen. I weep for joy
To look upon his worship's face.

For. His worship's !
I see lord mayor written on his forehead ;
The cap of maintenance and city sword
Borne up in state before him.

Hoyst. Hospitals,
And a third Burse¹, erected by his honour.

Pen. The city poet on the pageant day
Preferring him before Gresham.

Hoyst. All the conduits
Spouting canary sack.

For. Not a prisoner left
Under ten pounds.

Pen. We, his poor beadsmen, feasting
Our neighbours on his bounty.

Luke. May I make good

¹ *Third Burse.*] The two Burses, to which the munificence of Luke was to add a third, were, the Royal Exchange and the New Exchange in the Strand.

Your prophecies, gentle friends, as I'll endeavour,
To the utmost of my power!

Hold. Yes, for one year,
And break the next.

Luke. You are ever prating, sirrah.
Your present business, friends?

For. Were your brother present,
Mine had been of some consequence; but, now
The power lies in your worship's hand, 'tis little,
And will, I know, as soon as ask'd, be granted.

Luke. 'Tis very probable.

For. The kind forbearance
Of my great debt, by your means, Heaven be praised
for 't!

Hath raised my sunk estate. I have two ships,
Which I long since gave for lost, above my hopes
Return'd from Barbary, and richly freighted.

Luke. Where are they?

For. Near Gravesend.

Luke. I am truly glad of it.

For. I find your worship's charity, and dare
swear so.

Now may I have your license, as I know
With willingness I shall, to make the best
Of the commodities, though you have execution
And after judgment against all that's mine,
As my poor body, I shall be enabled
To make payment of my debts to all the world,
And leave myself a competence.

Luke. You much wrong me
If you only doubt it. Yours, master Hoyst?

Hoyst. 'Tis the surrendering back the mort-
gage of

My lands, and on good terms, but three days' patience ;

By an uncle's death I have means left to redeem it,
And cancel all the forfeited bonds I seal'd to,
In my riots, to the merchant ; for I am
Resolved to leave off play, and turn good husband.

Luke. A good intent, and to be cherish'd in you.
Yours, Penury ?

Pen. My state stands as it did, sir :
What I owed I owe, but can pay nothing to you.
Yet, if you please to trust me with ten pounds more,
I can buy a commodity of a sailor
Will make me a freeman. There, sir, is his name,
And the parcels I am to deal for.

[*Gives him a paper.*

Luke. You are all so reasonable
In your demands, that I must freely grant them.
Some three hours hence meet me on the Exchange,
You shall be amply satisfied.

Pen. Heaven preserve you !

For. Happy were London, if within her walls
She had many such rich men !

Luke. No more ; now leave me :
I am full of various thoughts.

[*Exeunt* FORTUNE, HOYST, and PENURY.

Be careful, Holdfast ;

I have much to do.

Hold. And I something to say,
Would you give me hearing.

Luke. At my better leisure.
Till my return look well unto the Indians ;
In the mean time, do you as this directs you.

[*Gives him a paper.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in SHAVE'EM's House.

Enter GOLDWIRE junior, TRADEWELL junior, SHAVE'EM, SECRET, GETTALL, and DING'EM.

Gold. All that is mine is theirs. Those were his words?

Ding. I am authential.

Trade. And that I should not sit long on Penniless-Bench?

Gett. But suddenly start up
A gamester at the height, and cry *At all*¹!

Shave. And did he seem to have an inclination
To see me, Ding'em?

Ding. He wish'd you would put on
Your best habiliments, for he resolved
To make a jovial day on't.

Shave. Confound my doctor!
He should have brought me some fresh oil of talc;
These ceruses are common².

¹ *At all!*] “If the caster is full of cash and spirit, it is usual for him to say *At all* in the ring! meaning, that he will play for any sums the company may choose to risk against him.”

² *He should have brought me some fresh oil of talc;*

These ceruses are common.] Talc is a fossil easily divisible into thin laminæ. From its smoothness, unctuousity, and brightness, it has been greatly celebrated as a *cosmetic*, and the chymists have submitted it to a variety of operations for procuring from it *oils*, salts, tinctures, magisteries, &c. for that purpose; but all their labours have been in vain, and all the preparations sold under the name of *oil of talc*, &c. have either contained nothing of that mineral, or only a fine powder of it.

Secret. 'Troth, sweet lady,
The colours are well laid on.

Gold. And thick enough;
I find that on my lips.

Shave. Do you so, Jack Sauce!
I'll keep them further off.

Gold. Have an eye to the door;
And let loud music, when this monarch enters,
Proclaim his entertainment.

Ding. That's my office.
[*Flourish of cornets within.*
The consort's ready.

Enter LUKE.

Trade. And the god of pleasure,
Master Luke, our Comus, enters.

Gold. Set your face in order,
I will prepare him.—Live I to see this day,
And to acknowledge you my royal master?

Trade. Let the iron chests fly open, and the gold,
Rusty for want of use, appear again!

Gett. Make my ordinary flourish!

Shave. Welcome, sir,
To your own palace! [The music plays.

Gold. Kiss your Cleopatra,
And show yourself, in your magnificent bounties,
A second Antony!

Ding. All the nine worthies!

Secret. Variety of pleasures wait upon you!

To this information, which I owe to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, I have only to add that a deleterious composition, under this name, was sold by the quacks of Massinger's time as a wash for the complexion, and is mentioned by all his contemporaries. *Ceruse* (white paint), I fear, is yet in use.—GIFFORD.

Luke. Give me leave to breathe, I pray you.
I am astonish'd ! all this preparation
Made for me ?

All. We are all your creatures.

Luke. A house well furnish'd !

Gold. At your own cost, sir ;

Glad I the instrument. I prophesied
You should possess what now you do, and therefore
Prepared it for your pleasure. All, on my know-
ledge,
Derived from your brother's cash : the lease of the
house,

And furniture, cost near a thousand, sir.

Shave. But now you are master both of it and
me,

I hope you 'll build elsewhere.

Luke. And see you placed,

Fair one, to your desert. As I live, friend Trade-
well,

I hardly knew you, your clothes so well become
you.

What is your loss ? speak truth.

Trade. Three hundred, sir.

Gett. But, on a new supply, he shall recover
The sum told twenty times o'er.

Shave. The banquet waits you.

Luke. Your music's harsh, discharge it ; I have
provided

A better consort, and you shall frolic it
In another place.

[*The music ceases.*]

Gold. But have you brought gold and store, sir¹ ?

¹ But have you brought gold and store, sir ?] This is a
line of an old ballad.

Trade. I long to *Ware the caster*!¹

Gold. I to appear

In a fresh habit.

Shave. My mercer and my silkman
Waited me two hours since.

Luke. I am no porter,
To carry so much gold as will supply
Your vast desires; but I have ta'en order for you:

Enter Sheriff, Marshal, and Officers.

You shall have what is fitting, and they come here
Will see it perform'd.—Do your offices: you have
My lord chief-justice's warrant for't.

Sher. Seize them all.

Shave. The city marshal!

Gold. And the sheriff! I know him.

Secret. We are betray'd.

Ding. Undone.

Gett. Dear master Luke.

Gold. You cannot be so cruel; your persuasion
Chid us into these courses, oft repeating,
Show yourselves city sparks, and hang up money!

¹ *Ware the caster.*] “When a setter supposes himself to possess more money than the caster, it is usual for him, on putting his stake into the ring, to cry, *Ware caster!* The caster then declares *at all* under such a sum—ten, twenty, or fifty pounds, for instance; or else to place against the stakes of certain setters the corresponding sums, and cry, *Ware cover'd only!*”—(*Monthly Mirror.*) This explanation undoubtedly adds greatly to the force and humour of this character. “The ambitious Tradewell expects, by the assistance of Luke, to be lord-paramount of the gaming-table: as caster, to be *At all!* and, as setter, to *Ware the caster!*”—GIFFORD.

Luke. True: when it was my brother's, I contemn'd it;

But now it is mine own the case is alter'd.

Trade. Will you prove yourself a devil? tempt us to mischief,
And then discover it?

Luke. Argue that hereafter:

In the mean time, master Goldwire, you that made
Your ten pound suppers; held correspondence
With your fellow-cashiers, and knew, in your accounts,

To cheat my brother; if you can, evade me.
If there be law in London, your father's bonds
Shall answer for what you are out.

Gold. You often told us
It was a bugbear.

Luke. Such a one as shall fright them
Out of their estates, to make me satisfaction
To the utmost scruple. And for you, madam,
My Cleopatra, by your own confession,
Your house, and all your moveables, are mine;
Nor shall you nor your matron need to trouble
Your mercer or your silkman; a blue gown¹,
And a whip to boot, as I will handle it,
Will serve the turn in Bridewell; and these soft
hands,
When they are inured to beating hemp, be scour'd
In your penitent tears, and quite forget their
powders
And bitter almonds.

Shave. Secret. Ding. Will you show no mercy?

¹ *A blue gown,*] i. e. *the livery of Bridewell.* It appears, from many passages, that this was the dress in which loose women were compelled to do penance there.

Luke. I am inexorable.

Gett. I'll make bold

To take my leave ; the gamesters stay my coming.

Luke. We must not part so, gentle master
Gettall.

Your box, your certain income, must pay back
Three hundred, as I take it, or you lie by it.
There's *half a million stirring in your house*,
This a poor trifle.—Master shrieve and master
marshal,

On your perils, do your offices.

Gold. Dost thou cry now [To TRADEWELL.
Like a maudlin gamester after loss? I'll suffer
Like a boman¹, and now, in my misery,
In scorn of all thy wealth, to thy teeth tell thee
'Thou wert my pander.

Luke. Shall I hear this from
My prentice?

Mar. Stop his mouth.

Sher. Away with them.

[*Exeunt Sheriff, Marshal, and Officers, with*
GOLD. TRADE. SHAVE. SECRET. GETT.
and DING.

Luke. A prosperous omen in my entrance to
My alter'd nature! these house-thieves removed,
And what was lost, beyond my hopes, recover'd,
Will add unto my heap ; increase of wealth
Is the rich man's ambition, and mine
Shall know no bounds. The valiant Macedon,
Having in his conceit subdued one world,
Lamented that there were no more to conquer :

¹ *A boman,*] in the language of Alsatia (i. e. of White Friars, a receptacle for fraudulent debtors, gamblers, and thieves), means a gallant fellow.—M. MASON.

In my way, he shall be my great example.
And when my private house, in cramm'd abundance,
Shall prove the chamber of the city poor,
And Genoa's bankers shall look pale with envy
When I am mention'd, I shall grieve there is
No more to be exhausted in one kingdom.
Religion, conscience, charity, farewell!
To me you are words only, and no more;
All human happiness consists in store. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A Street.

*Enter Serjeants with FORTUNE, HOYST, and
PENURY.*

For. At master Luke's suit! the action twenty
thousand!

1 Serj. With two or three executions, which
shall grind you

To powder when we have you in the counter.

For. Thou dost belie him, varlet! He, good gen-
tleman,

Will weep when he hears how we are used.

1 Serj. Yes, millstones.

Pen. He promised to lend me ten pound for a
bargain:

He will not do it this way.

2 Serj. I have warrant

For what I have done. You are a poor fellow;

And there being little to be got by you,

In charity, as I am an officer,

I would not have seen you, but upon compulsion,

And for mine own security.

3 Serj. You are a gallant,

And I'll do you a courtesy, provided
That you have money : for a piece an hour,
I'll keep you in the house till you send for bail.

2 *Serj.* In the mean time, yeoman, run to the
other counter,
And search if there be aught else out against him.
3 *Serj.* That done, haste to his creditors : he's
a prize ;

And as we are city pirates by our oaths,
We must make the best on't.

Hoyst. Do your worst, I care not.
I'll be removed to the Fleet, and have my riot
there
In spite of your teeth. I now repent I ever
Intended to be honest.

Enter LUKE.

3 *Serj.* Here he comes
You had best tell so.

For. Worshipful sir,
You come in time to free us from these bandogs.
I know you gave no way to't.

Pen. Or if you did,
'Twas but to try our patience.

Hoyst. I must tell you
I do not like such trials.

Luke. Are you serjeants,
Acquainted with the danger of a rescue,
Yet stand here prating in the street ? the counter
Is a safer place to parley in.

For. Are you in earnest ?

Luke. Yes, faith ; I will be satisfied to a token¹,
Or, build upon't, you rot there.

¹ *A token,*] i. e. *a farthing.*

For. Can a gentleman
Of your soft and silken temper speak such language?

Pen. So honest, so religious?

Hoyst. That preach'd
So much of charity for us to your brother?

Luke. Yes, when I was in poverty it show'd well;
But I inherit with his state his mind
And rougher nature. I grant then, I talk'd,
For some ends to myself conceal'd, of pity,
The poor man's orisons, and such like nothings:
But what I thought you all shall feel, and with
rigour;

Kind master Luke says it. Who pays for your attendance?

Do you wait gratis?

For. Hear us speak.

Luke. While I,
Like the adder, stop mine ears: or did I listen,
Though you spake with the tongues of angels to me,
I am not to be alter'd.

For. Let me make the best
Of my ships and their freight.

Pen. Lend me the ten pounds you promised.

Hoyst. A day or two's patience to redeem my
mortgage,
And you shall be satisfied.

For. To the utmost farthing.

Luke. I'll show some mercy; which is, that I
will not

Torture you with false hopes, but make you know
What you shall trust to.—Your ships to my use
Are seized on.—I have got into my hands
Your bargain from the sailor: 'twas a good one
For such a petty sum.—I will likewise take

The extremity of your mortgage, and the forfeit
Of your several bonds; the use and principal
Shall not serve.—Think of the basket, wretches,
And a coalsack for a winding-sheet.

For. Broker!

Hoyst. Jew!

For. Impostor!

Hoyst. Cut-throat!

For. Hypocrite!

Luke. Do, rail on;

Move mountains with your breath, it shakes not me.

Pen. On my knees I beg compassion. My wife
and children

Shall hourly pray for your worship.

For. Mine betake thee

To the devil, thy tutor¹.

Pen. Look upon my tears.

Hoyst. My rage.

For. My wrongs.

Luke. They are all alike to me;

Entreaties, curses, prayers, or imprecations.

Do your duties, serjeants; I am elsewhere look'd
for. [Exit.

3 *Serj.* This your kind creditor!

2 *Serj.* A vast villain, rather.

Pen. See, see, the serjeants pity us! yet he's
marble.

Hoyst. Buried alive!

For. There's no means to avoid it. [Exeunt.

¹ *Mine betake thee*

To the devil, thy tutor.] To *betake* is to commit, to consign, to give over: My wife and children, says Penury, shall pray for you. *Mine*, (i. e. my wife and children,) adds Fortune, shall consign you to the devil, your tutor.—GIFFORD.

SCENE IV.

A Room in SIR JOHN FRUGAL'S House.

Enter HOLDFAST, STARGAZE, and MILLISCENT.

Star. Not wait upon my lady?

Hold. Nor come at her;

You find it not in your almanack.

Mill. Nor I have license

To bring her breakfast?

Hold. My new master hath

Decreed this for a fasting-day. She hath feasted
long;

And, after a carnival, Lent ever follows.

Mill. Give me the key of her wardrobe. You'll
repent this;

I must know what gown she'll wear.

Hold. You are mistaken,

Dame president of the sweetmeats; she and her
daughters

Are turn'd philosophers, and must carry all

Their wealth about them: they have clothes laid
in their chamber,

If they please to put them on, and without help too,
Or they may walk naked. You look, master Star-
gaze,

As you had seen a strange comet, and had now
foretold

The end of the world, and on what day: and you,
As the wasps had broke into the gallipots,
And eaten up your apricots.

L. Frug. [*within.*] Stargaze! Milliscent!

Mill. My lady's voice.

Hold. Stir not, you are confined here.
Your ladyship may approach them, if you please ;
But they are bound in this circle. [*Aloud.*

L. Frug. [*within.*] Mine own bees
Rebel against me¹ ! When my kind brother knows
this,

I will be so revenged !

Hold. The world's well alter'd.
He's your kind brother now ; but yesterday
Your slave and jesting-stock.

Enter LADY FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, *in coarse
habits, weeping.*

Mill. What witch hath transform'd you ?

Star. Is this the glorious shape your cheating
brother

Promised you should appear in ?

Mill. My young ladies

In buffin² gowns and green aprons ! tear them off.

Hold. It is more comely than their other whims-
whams.

Mill. A French hood too, now it is out of fashion !
A fool's cap would show better.

L. Frug. We're fool'd indeed ! By whose com-
mand are we used thus ?

Enter LUKE.

Hold. Here he comes can best resolve you.

¹ *Mine own bees.*] This is a strange expression ; but it is probably genuine : the lady seems still to consider herself as the queen of the hive.—GIFFORD.

² *Buffin.*] Whether literally of buff leather, or coarse stuff of that colour, does not appear.—NARES.

L. Frug. O, good brother !
Do you thus preserve your protestation to me ?
Can queens envy this habit ? or did Juno
E'er feast in such a shape ?

Anne. You talk'd of Hebe,
Of Iris, and I know not what ; but were they
Dress'd as we are ? they were sure some chandler's
daughters
Bleaching linen in Moorfields.

Mary. Or Exchange wenches,
Coming from eating pudding-pies on a Sunday,
At Pimlico or Islington.

Luke. Save you, sister !
I now dare style you so : you were before
Too glorious to be look'd on ; now you appear
Like a city matron, and my pretty nieces
Such things as were born and bred there. Why
should you ape
The fashions of court-ladies, whose high titles,
And pedigrees of long descent, give warrant
For their superfluous bravery ? 'twas monstrous :
Till now you ne'er look'd lovely.

L. Frug. Is this spoken
In scorn ?

Luke. Fie ! no ; with judgment. I make good
My promise, and now show you like yourselves,
In your own natural shapes ; and stand resolved
You shall continue so.

L. Frug. It is confess'd, sir.

Luke. Sir ! sirrah : use your old phrase, I can
bear it.

L. Frug. That, if you please, forgotten, we ac-
knowledge
We have deserved ill from you ; yet despair not,

Though we are at your dispose, you'll maintain us
Like your brother's wife and daughters.

Luke. 'Tis my purpose.

L. Frug. And not make us ridiculous.

Luke. Admired rather,

As fair examples for our proud city dames,
And their proud brood to imitate. Do not frown;
If you do, I laugh, and glory that I have
The power, in you, to scourge a general vice,
And rise up a new satirist: but hear gently,
And in a gentle phrase I'll reprehend
Your late disguised deformity, and cry up
This decency and neatness, with the advantage
You shall receive by't.

L. Frug. We are bound to hear you.

Luke. With a soul inclined to learn. Your
father was

An honest country farmer, goodman Humble,
By his neighbours ne'er call'd Master. Did your
pride

Descend from him? but let that pass: your fortune,
Or rather your husband's industry, advanced you
To the rank of a merchant's wife. He made a
knight,

And your sweet mistress-ship ladyfied, you wore
Satin on solemn days, a chain of gold,
A velvet hood, rich borders, and sometimes
A dainty miniver cap¹, a silver pin

¹ *A miniver cap.*] *Miniver*, as I learn from Cotgrave, is the fur of the ermine mixed with that of the small weasel, (*menu vair*,) called gris or gray. In the days of our author, and indeed long before, the use of furs was almost universal. The nobility had them of ermine and sable, the wealthy merchants of vair and gray, (the *dainty miniver* of Luke,) and the lower

Headed with a pearl worth three-pence ; and thus
far

You were privileged, and no man envied it ;
It being for the city's honour that
There should be a distinction between
The wife of a patrician, and plebeian.

Mill. Pray you, leave preaching, or choose some
other text :

Your rhetoric is too moving, for it makes
Your auditory weep.

Luke. Peace, chattering magpie !
I'll treat of you anon.—But when the height
And dignity of London's blessings grew
Contemptible, and the name lady mayoress
Became a by-word, and you scorn'd the means
By which you were raised, my brother's fond in-
dulgence
Giving the reins to it, and no object pleased you
But the glittering pomp and bravery of the court,
What a strange, nay monstrous, metamorphosis
follow'd !

No English workman then could please your fancy,
The French and Tuscan dress your whole discourse ;
This bawd to prodigality, entertain'd
To buzz into your ears what shape this countess
Appear'd in the last masque, and how it drew
The young lord's eyes upon her ; and this usher
Succeeded in the eldest prentice' place,
To walk before you——

L. Frug. Pray you, end.

order of people of such home materials as were easiest procured—
squirrel, lamb, and, above all, rabbits' skins. For this last article
the demand was anciently so great, that innumerable warrens
were established in the vicinity of the metropolis.—GIFFORD.

Hold. Proceed, sir ;

I could fast almost a prenticeship to hear you,
You touch them so to the quick.

Luke. Then, as I said,

The reverend hood cast off, your borrow'd hair,
Powder'd and curl'd, was by your dresser's art
Form'd like a coronet, hang'd with diamonds,
And the richest orient pearl ; your carcanets
That did adorn your neck, of equal value ;
Your Hungerland bands, and Spanish quellio ruffs¹ ;
Great lords and ladies feasted to survey
Embroider'd petticoats ; and sickness feign'd,
That your night-rails of forty pounds a piece
Might be seen, with envy, of the visitants ;
Rich pantofles in ostentation shown,
And roses worth a family² : you were served in
plate ;

Stirr'd not a foot without your coach ; and going
To church, not for devotion, but to show
Your pomp, you were tickled when the beggars
cried,

Heaven save your honour ! this idolatry
Paid to a painted room.

¹ *Quellio ruffs,*] i. e. *ruffs* for the neck. *Quellio* is a corruption of *cuello*, which is Spanish for a collar. Luke furnishes the most complete picture of the dress, manners, &c. of the different classes of citizens' wives at that time, that is to be found on the ancient stage.

² *Roses worth a family.*] These knots of ribands for the shoes were exceedingly large ; and it appears from Stow that they were extremely dear. " Concerning *shoe-roses* either of silke or what stuffe soever, they were not then (in the reign of queen Elizabeth) used nor known ; nor was there any *garters* above the price of five shillings a payre, altho at this day (James I.) men of meane rank weare *garters* and *shoe-roses* of more than five pounds price." P. 1039. fol. 1631.

Hold. Nay, you have reason
To blubber, all of you.

Luke. And when you lay
In childbed, at the christening of this minx,
I well remember it, as you had been
An absolute princess, since they have no more,
Three several chambers hung, the first with arras,
And that for waiters ; the second crimson satin,
For the meaner sort of guests ; the third of scarlet
Of the rich Tyrian dye ; a canopy
To cover the brat's cradle ; you in state,
Like Pompey's Julia.

L. Frug. No more, I pray you.

Luke. Of this, be sure, you shall not. I'll cut off
Whatever is exorbitant in you
Or in your daughters, and reduce you to
Your natural forms and habits ; not in revenge
Of your base usage of me, but to fright
Others by your example : 'tis decreed
You shall serve one another, for I will
Allow no waiter to you. Out of doors
With these useless drones !

Hold. Will you pack ?

Mill. Not till I have
My trunks along with me.

Luke. Not a rag ; you came
Hither without a box.

Star. You'll show to me,
I hope, sir, more compassion.

Hold. Troth I'll be
Thus far a suitor for him : he hath printed
An almanack, for this year, at his own charge ;
Let him have the impression with him, to set up
with.

Luke. For once I'll be entreated ; let it be
Thrown to him out of the window.

Star. O cursed stars
That reign'd at my nativity ! how have you cheated
Your poor observer !

Anne. Must we part in tears ?

Mary. Farewell, good Milliscent !

L. Frug. I am sick, and meet with
A rough physician. O my pride and scorn !
How justly am I punish'd !

Mary. Now we suffer
For our stubbornness and disobedience
To our good father.

Anne. And the base conditions
We imposed upon our suitors.

Luke. Get you in,
And caterwaul in a corner.

L. Frug. There's no contending.

[*LADY FRUGAL, ANNE, and MARY, go off at one
door, STARGAZE and MILLISCENT at the other.*

Luke. How
Lik'st thou my carriage, Holdfast ?

Hold. Well in some parts ;
But it relishes, I know not how, a little
Of too much tyranny.

Luke. Thou art a fool :
He's cruel to himself, that dares not be
Severe to those that used him cruelly. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in SIR JOHN FRUGAL's House.

Enter LUKE, SIR JOHN FRUGAL, SIR MAURICE LACY, and PLENTY.

Luke. You care not then, as it seems, to be converted

To our religion?

Sir John. We know no such word,
Nor power but the devil, and him we serve for fear,
Not love.

Luke. I am glad that charge is saved.

Sir John. We put
That trick upon your brother, to have means
To come to the city. Now, to you, we'll discover
The close design that brought us, with assurance,
If you lend your aids to furnish us with that
Which in the colony was not to be purchased,
No merchant ever made such a return
For his most precious venture, as you shall
Receive from us; far, far above your hopes,
Or fancy, to imagine.

Luke. It must be
Some strange commodity, and of a dear value,
(Such an opinion is planted in me
You will deal fairly,) that I would not hazard:
Give me the name of it.

Sir Maur. I fear you will make
Some scruple in your conscience, to grant it.

Luke. Conscience! no, no; so it may be done
with safety,
And without danger of the law.

Plenty. For that,
You shall sleep securely : nor shall it diminish,
But add unto your heap such an increase,
As what you now possess shall appear an atom,
To the mountain it brings with it.

Luke. Do not rack me
With expectation.

Sir John. Thus then in a word :
The devil—why start you at his name ? if you
Desire to wallow in wealth and worldly honours,
You must make haste to be familiar with him.—
This devil, whose priest I am, and by him made
A deep magician, (for I can do wonders,)
Appear'd to me in Virginia, and commanded,
With many stripes, for that's his cruel custom,
I should provide, on pain of his fierce wrath,
Against the next great sacrifice, at which
We, grovelling on our faces, fall before him,
Two Christian virgins, that, with their pure
 blood,
Might die his horrid altars ; and a third,
In his hate to such embraces as are lawful,
Married, and with your ceremonious rites,
As an oblation unto Hecate,
And wanton Lust, her favourite.

Luke. A devilish custom !
And yet why should it startle me ?—There are
Enough of the sex fit for this use ; but virgins,
And such a matron as you speak of, hardly
To be wrought to it.

Plenty. A mine of gold, for a fee,
Waits him that undertakes it and performs it.

Sir Maur. Know you no distressed widow, or
 poor maids,

Whose want of dower, though well born, makes
them weary

Of their own country?

Sir John. Such as had rather be
Miserable in another world, than where
They have surfeited in felicity?

Luke. Give me leave—— [*Walks aside.*
I would not lose this purchase. A grave matron!
And two pure virgins! Umph! I think my sister,
Though proud, was ever honest; and my nieces
Untainted yet. Why should not they be shipp'd
For this employment? they are burthensome to me,
And eat too much; and if they stay in London,
They will find friends that, to my loss, will force me
To composition: 'twere a masterpiece,
If this could be effected. They were ever
Ambitious of title: should I urge,
Matching with these they shall live Indian queens,
It may do much: but what shall I feel here,
Knowing to what they are design'd? they absent,
The thought of them will leave me. It shall be
so.—— [*Returns.*

I'll furnish you, and, to endear the service,
In mine own family, and my blood too.

Sir John. Make this good, and your house shall
not contain
The gold we'll send you.

Luke. You have seen my sister
And my two nieces?

Sir John. Yes, sir.

Luke. These persuaded
How happily they shall live, and in what pomp,
When they are in your kingdoms, for you must
Work them a belief that you are kings——

Plenty. We are so.

Luke. I'll put it in practice instantly¹. Study you
For moving language. Sister! nieces!

¹ *I'll put it in practice instantly.*] Hitherto the character of Luke has been supported with matchless judgment and dexterity: the present design, however, of sacrificing his brother's wife and daughters to *Lust* and *Hecate* has always struck the critics as unnatural and improbable in the highest degree. "Bloody, indeed, it is;" but is it out of character? Luke is the creature of no ordinary hand, and he who conducted him thus far with such unexampled skill was little likely to desert him at the end. It appears that Massinger was desirous of showing, in the person of Luke, the hideous portraiture of avarice personified. The love of money is the ruling passion of his soul; it gathers strength with indulgence; and the prospect of such unbounded wealth as is here held out to him is properly calculated to overcome the fear of law, and the remonstrances of the few scruples of conscience which yet torment him.

History furnishes examples of men who have sacrificed friends, kindred, all, to the distant view of wealth; and we might have known, without the assistance of Luke, that avarice, while it depraves the feelings, enfeebles the judgment, and renders its votaries at once credulous and unnatural.

With respect to another objection which has been raised, that "Luke is too much a man of the world to be so grossly imposed upon," it is more easily obviated. Instead of going back to the age of the poet, we inconsiderately bring him forward to our own, and invest him with all our knowledge. This is an evil as common as it is grievous. That the Indians do not worship the devil, we know; but did Massinger know it? Our old writers partook of the general credulity, and believed the wonders which they told; they would not else have told them so well. All the first discoverers, and all the first historians, of America were themselves fully persuaded, and earnestly laboured to persuade others, that the natives worshipped the devil. Every shapeless block, every rude stone painfully battered by the poor savages into a distant resemblance of animated nature, and therefore prized by them, was, by their more savage visitors,

Enter LADY FRUGAL, ANNE, and MARY.

How!

Still mourning? dry your eyes, and clear these
clouds

That do obscure your beauties. Did you believe
My personated reprehension, though
It show'd like a rough anger, could be serious?
Forget the fright I put you in: my end
In humbling you was to set off the height
Of honour, principal honour, which my studies,
When you least expect it, shall confer upon you!
Still you seem doubtful: be not wanting to
Yourselves, nor let the strangeness of the means,
With the shadow of some danger, render you
Incredulous.

L. Frug. Our usage hath been such,
As we can faintly hope that your intents
And language are the same.

Luke. I'll change those hopes
To certainties.

Sir John. With what art he winds about them!
[*Aside.*

Luke. What will you say, or what thanks shall
I look for,
If now I raise you to such eminence, as
The wife and daughters of a citizen

taken for a representation of some mis-shapen fiend to whom they offered human sacrifices: nay, so rooted was this opinion, that the author of the *New English Canaan* (printed not many years before this play), a man well disposed towards the Indians, says, "some correspondence they have with the devil, *out of all doubt!*" and, indeed, I scarcely know a writer of Massinger's time who was not of the same belief.—GIFFORD.

Never arrived at! many, for their wealth, I
grant,
Have written ladies of honour, and some few
Have higher titles, and that's the furthest rise
You can in England hope for. What think you,
If I should mark you out a way to live
Queens in another climate?

Anne. We desire
A competence.

Mary. And prefer our country's smoke
Before outlandish fire.

L. Frug. But should we listen
To such impossibilities, 'tis not in
The power of man to make it good.

Luke. I'll do it:
Nor is this seat of majesty far removed;
It is but to Virginia.

L. Frug. How! Virginia!
High heaven forbid! Remember, sir, I beseech you,
What creatures are shipp'd thither.

Anne. Condemn'd wretches,
Forfeited to the law.

Mary. Who for th' abomination of their life,
Are cast from their own country.

Luke. Your false fears
Abuse my noble purposes. Such indeed
Are sent as slaves to labour there; but you,
To absolute sovereignty. Observe these men,
With reverence observe them: they are kings of
Such spacious territories and dominions,
As our Great Britain measured will appear
A garden to it.

Sir Maur. You shall be adored there
As goddesses.

Sir John. Your litters made of gold,
Supported by your vassals, proud to bear
The burthen on their shoulders.

Plenty. Pomp, and ease,
With delicates that Europe never knew,
Like pages shall wait on you.

Luke. If you have minds
To entertain the greatness offer'd to you,
With outstretch'd arms, and willing hands, embrace it.

But this refused, imagine what can make you
Most miserable here ; and rest assured,
In storms it falls upon you : take them in,
And use your best persuasion. If that fail,
I'll send them aboard in a dry vat.

[*Exeunt all but SIR JOHN FRUGAL and LUKE.*]

Sir John. Be not moved, sir ;
We'll work them to your will. Yet, ere we part,
Your worldly cares deferr'd, a little mirth
Would not misbecome us.

Luke. You say well : and now
It comes into my memory, 'tis my birthday,
Which with solemnity I would observe,
But that it would ask cost.

Sir John. That shall not grieve you.
By my art I will prepare you such a feast,
As Persia, in her height of pomp and riot,
Did never equal ; and such ravishing music
As the Italian princes seldom heard
At their greatest entertainments. Name your guests.

Luke. I must have none.

Sir John. Not the city senate ?

Luke. No ;
Nor yet poor neighbours : the first would argue me

Of foolish ostentation, and the latter
Of too much hospitality; a virtue
Grown obsolete, and useless. I will sit
Alone, and surfeit in my store, while others
With envy pine at it; my genius pamper'd
With the thought of what I am, and what they
suffer

I have mark'd out to misery.

Sir John. You shall:

And something I will add you yet conceive not,
Nor will I be slow-paced.

Luke. I have one business,
And, that despatch'd, I am free.

Sir John. About it, sir,
Leave the rest to me.

Luke. Till now I ne'er loved magic. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

*Enter LORD LACY, GOLDWIRE senior, and TRADE-
WELL senior.*

L. Lacy. Believe me, gentlemen, I never was
So cozen'd in a fellow. He disguised
Hypocrisy in such a cunning shape
Of real goodness, that I would have sworn
This devil a saint. Masters Goldwire and Trade-
well,

What do you mean to do? Put on¹.

Gold With your lordship's favour.

L. Lacy. I'll have it so.

¹ *Put on,*] i. e. be covered.

Trade. Your will, my lord, excuses
The rudeness of our manners.

L. Lacy. You have received
Penitent letters from your sons, I doubt not?

Trade. They are our only sons.

Gold. And as we are fathers,
Remembering the errors of our youth,
We would pardon slips in them.

Trade. And pay for them
In a moderate way.

Gold. In which we hope your lordship
Will be our mediator.

L. Lacy. All my power

Enter LUKE, richly dressed.

You freely shall command; 'tis he! You are well
met,

And to my wish,—and wondrous brave! your habit
Speaks you a merchant royal¹.

Luke. What I wear
I take not upon trust.

L. Lacy. Your betters may,
And blush not for't.

Luke. If you have nought else with me
But to argue that, I will make bold to leave you.

L. Lacy. You are very peremptory; pray you
stay:—

I once held you
An upright honest man.

¹ *Merchant royal.*] This is not a mere sounding expression. The Sanudos, the Giustiniani, the Grimaldi of Venice, who erected principalities in the Archipelago, which their descendants enjoyed, and the Medici of Florence, were truly *merchants royal*. Sir Thomas Gresham was, in our own country, on account of his great wealth and his transacting the mercantile business of Queen Elizabeth, commonly called *The Royal Merchant*.

Luke. I am honester now
By a hundred thousand pound, I thank my stars
for't,
Upon the Exchange; and if your late opinion
Be alter'd, who can help it? Good my lord,
To the point; I have other business than to talk
Of honesty, and opinions.

L. Lacy. Yet you may
Do well, if you please, to show the one, and merit
The other from good men, in a case that now
Is offer'd to you.

Luke. What is it? I am troubled.

L. Lacy. Here are two gentlemen, the fathers of
Your brother's prentices.

Luke. Mine, my lord, I take it.

L. Lacy. Goldwire and Tradewell.

Luke. They are welcome, if
They come prepared to satisfy the damage
I have sustain'd by their sons.

Gold. We are, so you please
To use a conscience.

Trade. Which we hope you will do,
For your own worship's sake.

Luke. Conscience, my friends,
And wealth, are not always neighbours. Should I
part

With what the law gives me, I should suffer mainly
In my reputation; for it would convince¹ me
Of indiscretion: nor will you, I hope, move me
To do myself such prejudice.

L. Lacy. No moderation?

Luke. They cannot look for't, and preserve in me
A thriving citizen's credit. Your bonds lie

¹ *Convince,*] i. e. *convict.*

For your sons' truth, and they shall answer all
They have run out: the masters never prosper'd
Since gentlemen's sons grew prentices: when we
look

To have our business done at home, they are
Abroad in the tennis-court, or in Partridge-alley,
In Lambeth Marsh, or a cheating ordinary,
Where I found your sons. I have your bonds, look
to't.

A thousand pounds apiece, and that will hardly
Repair my losses.

L. Lacy. Thou dar'st not show thyself
Such a devil!

Luke. Good words.

L. Lacy. Such a cut-throat! I have heard of
The usage of your brother's wife and daughters;
You shall find you are not lawless, and that your
monies

Cannot justify your villanies.

Luke. I endure this.

And, good my lord, now you talk in time of monies,
Pay in what you owe me. And give me leave to
wonder

Your wisdom should have leisure to consider
The business of these gentlemen, or my carriage
To my sister, or my nieces, being yourself
So much in my danger¹.

L. Lacy. In thy danger?

Luke. Mine.

I find in my counting-house a manor pawn'd,
Pawn'd, my good lord; Lacy manor, and that manor
From which you have the title of a lord,

¹ *In my danger,] i. e. in my debt.*

An it please your good lordship ! You are a noble-
man ;

Pray you pay in my monies : the interest
Will eat faster in 't, than aquafortis in iron.

Now though you bear me hard, I love your lord-
ship.

I grant your person to be privileged
From all arrests ; yet there lives a foolish creature
Call'd an under-sheriff, who, being well paid, will
serve

An extent¹ on lords or lowns' land. Pay it in :
I would be loth your name should sink, or that
Your hopeful son, when he returns from travel,
Should find you my lord-without-land. You are
angry

For my good counsel : look you to your bonds ; had
I known

Of your coming, believe 't, I would have had ser-
jeants ready.

Lord, how you fret ! but that a tavern's near,
You should taste a cup of muscadine in my house,
To wash down sorrow ; but there it will do better :
I know you 'll drink a health to me. [Exit.

L. Lacy. To thy damnation.

Was there ever such a villain ! heaven forgive me
For speaking so unchristianly, though he deserves it.

Gold. We are undone.

Trade. Our families quite ruin'd.

L. Lacy. Take courage, gentlemen ; comfort may
appear,

And punishment overtake him, when he least ex-
pects it. [Exeunt.

¹ *An extent,*] i.e. an execution.

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter SIR JOHN FRUGAL *and* HOLDFAST.

Sir John. Be silent, on your life.

Hold. I am o'erjoy'd.

Sir John. Are the pictures placed as I directed?

Hold. Yes, sir.

Sir John. And the musicians ready?

Hold. All is done

As you commanded.

Sir John. [*goes to the door.*] Make haste; and
be careful;

You know your cue and postures?

Plenty. [*within.*] We are perfect.

Sir John. 'Tis well. The rest are come, too?

Hold. And disposed of

To your own wish.

Enter Servants with a rich banquet.

Sir John. Set forth the table: so!

A perfect banquet. At the upper end,

His chair in state: he shall feast like a prince.

Hold. And rise like a Dutch hangman¹.

¹ *A Dutch hangman.*] In some old account of the Low Countries, while under the Spanish government, I remember to have read, among many things, that the office of a hangman was considered so infamous, that no one would sit at table with him, or even touch the meat of which he partook. Not aware that such a passage would ever be of use to me, I made no reference, and cannot now discover the place. The allusion, however, to the

Enter LUKE.

Sir John. Not a word more.—

How like you the preparation? Fill your room,
And taste the cates; then in your thought consider
A rich man, that lives wisely to himself,
In his full height of glory.

Luke. I can brook
No rival in this happiness. How sweetly
These dainties, when unpaid for, please my palate!
Some wine. Jove's nectar! Brightness to the star
That govern'd at my birth! shoot down thy influence,
And with a perpetuity of being
Continue this felicity, not gain'd
By vows to saints above, and much less purchased
By thriving industry; nor fallen upon me
As a reward to piety and religion,
Or service to my country: I owe all
This to dissimulation and the shape
I wore of goodness. Let my brother number
His beads devoutly, and believe his alms
To beggars, his compassion to his debtors,
Will wing his better part, disrobed of flesh,
To soar above the firmament. I am well;
And so I surfeit here in all abundance,
Though styled a cormorant, a cut-throat, Jew,
And prosecuted with the fatal curses
Of widows, undone orphans, and what else

degraded state of common executioners on the continent is to be found in others of our old writers. Indeed, in one of Broome's comedies (Novella), a principal part of the plot is made to turn on the horror with which the hangman was regarded.—
GIFFORD.

Such as malign my state can load me with,
I will not envy it. You promised music.

Sir John. And you shall hear the strength and
power of it,
The spirit of Orpheus raised to make it good,
And, in those ravishing strains with which he moved
Charon and Cerberus to give him way,
To fetch from hell his lost Eurydice.
—Appear! swifter than thought! [Aloud.

Music. Enter at one door CERBERUS, at the other
CHARON, ORPHEUS, and Chorus.

Luke. 'Tis wondrous strange!

[They represent the story of ORPHEUS, with
dance and gesture.

Sir John. Does not the object and the accent
take you?

Luke. A pretty fable¹. [Exe. ORPH. and the rest.]
But that music should

Alter in fiends their nature, is to me
Impossible; since, in myself, I find
What I have once decreed shall know no change.

Sir John. You are constant to your purposes;
yet I think
That I could stagger you.

Luke. How?

Sir John. Should I present
Your servants, debtors, and the rest that suffer
By your fit severity, I presume the sight
Would move you to compassion.

Luke. Not a mote.

¹ From this it appears that the fable of Orpheus and Eurydice was acted in dumb show. Few of Massinger's plays are without a masque or an interlude of some kind or other. — GIFFORD.

The music that your Orpheus made was harsh
To the delight I should receive in hearing
Their cries and groans : if it be in your power,
I would now see them.

Sir John. Spirits, in their shapes,
Shall show them as they are : but if it should move
you ?

Luke. If it do, may I ne'er find pity !

Sir John. Be your own judge.—
Appear ! as I commanded !

Sad Music. Enter GOLDWIRE junior, and TRADEWELL junior, as from prison ; FORTUNE, HOYST, and PENURY ; Serjeants with TRADEWELL senior, and GOLDWIRE senior ;—these followed by SHAVE'EM, in a blue gown, SECRET, and DINGE'M ; they all kneel to LUKE, lifting up their hands. STARGAZE is seen with a pack of almanacks, and MILLISCENT.

Luke. Ha, ha, ha !
This move me to compassion, or raise
One sign of seeming pity in my face !
You are deceived : it rather renders me
More flinty and obdurate. A south wind
Shall sooner soften marble, and the rain
That slides down gently from his flaggy wings
O'erflow the Alps, than knees, or tears, or groans,
Shall wrest compunction from me. 'Tis my glory
That they are wretched and by me made so ;
It sets my happiness off : I could not triumph
If these were not my captives.—Ha ! my terriers,
As it appears, have seized on these old foxes,
As I gave order ; new addition to

My scene of mirth: ha, ha!—They now grow tedious;

Let them be removed. [*Exeunt GOLD. and the rest.*
Some other object, if

Your art can show it.

Sir John. You shall perceive 'tis boundless.
Yet one thing real, if you please.

Luke. What is it?

Sir John. Your nieces, ere they put to sea, crave humbly,
Though absent in their bodies, they may take leave
Of their late suitors' statues.

Enter LADY FRUGAL, ANNE, and MARY.

Luke. There they hang:
In things indifferent I am tractable.

Sir John. There pay your vows, you have liberty.

Anne. O sweet figure [*Kneels.*
Of my abused Lacy!¹ when removed
Into another world, I'll daily pay
A sacrifice of sighs to thy remembrance;
And with a shower of tears strive to wash off
The stain of that contempt my foolish pride
And insolence threw upon thee.

Mary. I had been

¹ *My abused Lacy!*] There is some difficulty in understanding the mechanism of this scene. Massinger, like all his contemporaries, confounds statue with picture, and this creates confusion. It seems as if Lacy and Plenty by some contrivance stood within the frames, and in the exact dress and attitudes of their respective portraits, which Sir John appears to have procured, and, after taking out the canvas, hung up in the back part of the room; from whence, at a preconcerted signal, they descend and come forward. The direction, in the quarto, is, *Plenty and Lacy ready behind.*—GIFFORD.

Too happy if I had enjoy'd the substance ;
 But far unworthy of it, now I fall
 Thus prostrate to thy statue.

[*Kneels.*

L. Frug. My kind husband,
 (Bless'd in my misery,) from the monastery
 To which my disobedience confined thee,
 With thy soul's eye, which distance cannot hinder,
 Look on my penitence. O, that I could
 Call back time past ! thy holy vow dispensed,
 With what humility would I observe
 My long-neglected duty !

Sir John. Does not this move you ?

Luke. Yes, as they do the statues, and her sorrow
 My absent brother. If, by your magic art,
 You can give life to these, or bring him hither
 To witness her repentance, I may have,
 Perchance, some feeling of it.

Sir John. For your sport
 You shall see a masterpiece. Here's nothing but
 A superficies ; colours, and no substance.
 Sit still, and, to your wonder and amazement,
 I'll give these organs. This the sacrifice
 To make the great work perfect.

[*Burns incense, and makes mystical gesticulations.* *SIR MAURICE LACY and PLENTY*
give signs of animation.

Luke. Prodigious !

Sir John. Nay, they have life and motion. Descend !

[*SIR MAURICE LACY and PLENTY descend*
and come forward.

And for your absent brother,—this wash'd off,
 Against your will you shall know him.

[*Discovers himself.*

Enter LORD LACY, with GOLDWIRE senior and junior, TRADEWELL senior and junior, the Debtors, &c. &c. as before.

Luke. I am lost.

Guilt strikes me dumb.

Sir John. You have seen, my lord, the pageant?

L. Lacy. I have, and am ravish'd with it.

Sir John. What think you now

Of this clear soul? this honest, pious man?

Have I stripp'd him bare, or will your lordship have

A further trial of him? 'Tis not in

A wolf to change his nature.

L. Lacy. I long since

Confess'd my error.

Sir John. Look up; I forgive you,

And seal your pardons thus.

[*Raises and embraces* LADY FRUGAL, ANNE,
and MARY.

L. Frug. I am too full

Of joy, to speak it.

Anne. I am another creature;

Not what I was.

Mary. I vow to show myself,

When I am married, a humble wife,

Not a commanding mistress.

Plenty. On those terms

I gladly thus embrace you.

[*To* MARY.

Sir Maur. Welcome to

My bosom: as the one half of myself

I'll love and cherish you.

[*To* ANNE.

Gold. jun. Mercy!

Trade. jun. and the rest. Good sir, mērcy!

Sir John. This day is sacred to it. All shall find me,

As far as lawful pity can give way to 't,
Indulgent to your wishes, though with loss
Unto myself.—My kind and honest brother,
Looking into yourself, have you seen the Gorgon?
What a golden dream you have had, in the possession
Of my estate!—but here's a revocation
That wakes you out of it. Monster in nature!
Revengeful, avaricious atheist,
Transcending all example!—but I shall be
A sharer in thy crimes should I repeat them—
What wilt thou do? turn hypocrite again,
With hope dissimulation can aid thee?
Or that one eye will shed a tear in sign
Of sorrow for thee? I have warrant to
Make bold with mine own, pray you uncase: this
key, too,
I must make bold with. Hide thyself in some desert,
Where good men ne'er may find thee; or in justice
Pack to Virginia, and repent; not for
Those horrid ends to which thou didst design these.

Luke. I care not where I go: what's done, with
words

Cannot be undone.

[*Exit.*

L. Frug. Yet, sir, show some mercy;
Because his cruelty to me and mine
Did good upon us.

Sir John. Of that at better leisure,
As his penitency shall work me. Make you good
Your promised reformation, and instruct
Our city dames, whom wealth makes proud, to move
In their own spheres; and willingly to confess,
In their habits, manners, and their highest port,
A distance 'twixt the city and the court.

[*Exeunt.*

THE
UNNATURAL COMBAT.

THE UNNATURAL COMBAT.] This tragedy was one of Massinger's earliest productions. It was first published in 1639. The title-page informs us that it was acted by the "King's majesty's servants, at the Globe."

The two first acts are, perhaps, as vigorous and interesting as any thing our author has ever written; and the third act, of which great part has been retained in the present publication for the sake of the animated episode of Belgarde, is also entertaining; but the rest of the play, notwithstanding many forcible and eloquent passages, is in the highest degree offensive from the disgusting tenor of the incidents introduced; and every reader of good taste and feeling will be thankful for being spared the perusal of them.

TO

MY MUCH HONOUR'D FRIEND,

ANTHONY SENTLEGER,

OF OAKHAM IN KENT, ESQ.

SIR,

THAT the patronage of trifles, in this kind, hath long since rendered dedications and inscriptions obsolete and out of fashion, I perfectly understand, and cannot but ingenuously confess, that I, walking in the same path, may be truly argued by you of weakness, or wilful error: but the reasons and defences for the tender of my service this way to you are so just, that I cannot (in my thankfulness for so many favours received) but be ambitious to publish them. Your noble father, Sir Warham Sentleger (whose remarkable virtues must be ever remembered), being, while he lived, a master, for his pleasure, in poetry, feared not to hold converse with divers whose necessitous fortunes made it their profession, among which, by the clemency of his judgment, I was not in the last place admitted. You (the heir of his honour and estate) inherited his good inclinations to men of my poor quality, of which I cannot give any ampler testimony than by my free and glad profession of it to the world. Besides (and it was not the least encouragement to me) many of eminence, and the best of such, who disdained not to take notice of me, have not thought themselves disparaged, I dare not say honoured, to be celebrated the patrons of my humble studies. In the first file of which, I am confident, you shall have no cause to blush to find your name written. I present you with this old tragedy, without prologue or epilogue, it being composed in a time (and that too, peradventure, as knowing as this) when such by-ornaments were not advanced above the fabric of the whole work. Accept it, I beseech you, as it is, and continue your favour to the author,

Your servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BEAUFORT *senior, governor of Marseilles.*

BEAUFORT *junior, his son.*

MALEFORT *senior, admiral of Marseilles.*

MALEFORT *junior, his son.*

CHAMONT,

MONTAIGNE, } *assistants to the governor.*

LANOUR,

MONTREVILLE, *a pretended friend to MALEFORT senior.*

BELGRADE, *a poor captain.*

Three Sea Captains, of the navy of MALEFORT junior.

A Steward.

An Usher.

A Page.

THEOCRINE, *daughter to MALEFORT senior.*

Two Waiting-women.

Servants and Soldiers.

SCENE, Marseilles.

THE
UNNATURAL COMBAT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in the Court of Justice.

Enter MONTREVILLE, THEOCRINE, *Usher, Page,*
and Waiting-women.

Montr. Now to be modest, madam, when you
are

A suitor for you father, would appear
Coarser than boldness ; you awhile must part with
Soft silence, and the blushings of a virgin :
Though I must grant, did not this cause com-
mand it,

They are rich jewels you have ever worn
To all men's admiration. In this age,
If, by our own forced importunity,
Or others' purchased intercession, or
Corrupting bribes, we can make our approaches
To justice, guarded from us by stern power,
We bless the means and industry.

Ush. Here's music

In this bag shall wake her, though she had drunk
opium,

Or eaten mandrakes¹. Let commanders talk
Of cannons to make breaches, give but fire
To this petard², it shall blow open, madam,
The iron doors of a judge, and make you entrance;
When they (let them do what they can), with all
Their mines, their culverins, and basiliscos,
Shall cool their feet without; this being the pick-
lock

That never fails.

Montr. 'Tis true, gold can do much,
But beauty more. Were I the governor,
Though the admiral, your father, stood convicted
Of what he's only doubted, half a dozen
Of kisses, lady, from these cherry lips,
Should sign his general pardon.

Theoc. These light words, sir,
Do ill become the weight of my sad fortune;
And I much wonder, you, that do profess
Yourself to be my father's bosom friend,
Can raise mirth from his misery.

Montr. You mistake me;
I share in his calamity, and only
Deliver my thoughts freely, what I should do
For such a rare petitioner: and if
You'll follow the directions I prescribe,
With my best judgment I'll mark out the way
For his enlargement.

¹ *Mandrakes.*] Dr. Hill observes, that "the mandrake has a soporific quality, and that it was used by the ancients when they wanted a narcotic of a most powerful kind." To this there are perpetual allusions in our old writers.—
GIFFORD.

² *Petard,*] i. e. an engine, containing gunpowder, used in blowing up towns.

Theoc. With all real joy
I shall put what you counsel into act,
Provided it be honest.

Enter BEAUFORT junior, and BELGRADE.

Montr. Here 's brave young Beaufort,
The meteor of Marseilles¹, one that holds
The governor his father's will and power
In more awe than his own !
Burn your petition, burn it ; he dotes on you,
Upon my knowledge. Come, come, advance ;
Be the cause right or wrong, you'll have your father
Released with much facility. [Exit.

Beauf. jun. There is neither
Employment yet, nor money.

Belg. I have commanded,
And spent my own means in my country's service,
In hope to raise a fortune.

Beauf. jun. Many have hoped so ;
But hopes prove seldom certainties with soldiers.

Belg. If no preferment, let me but receive
My pay that is behind, to set me up
A tavern.

Beauf. jun. As our prizes are brought in.
Till then you must be patient.

Belg. In the mean time,
How shall I do for clothes ?

¹ *Marseilles.*] It may be proper to observe here, once for all, that Marseilles, or, as Massinger spells it, Marsellis, is commonly used by him as a trisyllable, which, in fact, it is.—
GIFFORD.

Beauf. jun. As most captains do :
Philosopher-like, carry all you have about you¹.

Belg. But how shall I do to satisfy colon²,
monsieur ?

There lies the doubt.

Beauf. jun. That's easily decided ;
My father's table's free for any man
That hath borne arms.

Belg. And there's good store of meat ?

Beauf. jun. Never fear that.

Belg. I'll seek no other ordinary then,
But be his daily guest without invitement ;
And if my stomach hold, I'll feed so heartily,
As he shall pay me suddenly to be quit of me.

Beauf. jun. 'Tis she.

Belg. And further——

Beauf. jun. Away, you are troublesome ;
Designs of more weight——

Belg. Ha ! fair Theocrine !

This is, indeed, great business ; mine, a gewgaw.
I may dance attendance ; this must be despatch'd,
And suddenly, or all will go to wreck. [*Exit.*

Beauf. jun. [*raising Theoc. from her knees.*]

Nay, pray you, madam, rise, or I'll kneel with
you.

What is it can deserve so poor a name

¹ *Philosopher-like, carry all you have about you.*] Alluding to the well-known saying of Simonides, *Omnia mea mecum porto.*—GIFFORD.

² *Colon,*] i. e. *the cravings of hunger*: the colon is the largest of the human intestines. It frequently occurs in the same sense as here in our old poets.—GIFFORD.

As a suit to me? This more than mortal form
Was fashion'd to command, and not entreat :
Your will but known is served.

Theoc. Great sir ! my father,
My brave, deserving father ;—but that sorrow
Forbids the use of speech——

Beauf. jun. I understand you,
Without the aids of those interpreters
That fall from your fair eyes : I know you labour
The liberty of your father ; at the least,
An equal¹ hearing to acquit himself :
And, 'tis not to endear my service to you,
Though I must add, and pray with patience hear
it,

'Tis hard to be effected, in respect
The state's incensed against him : all presuming,
The world of outrages his impious son,
Turn'd worse than pirate in his cruelties,
Express'd to this poor country, could not be
With such ease put in execution, if
Your father, of late our great admiral,
Held not or correspondence, or connived
At his proceedings.

Theoc. And must he then suffer,
His cause unheard ?

Beauf. jun. As yet it is resolved so
In their determination. But suppose
(For I would nourish hope, not kill it, in you)
I should divert the torrent of their purpose,
And render them, that are implacable,
Impartial judges, and not sway'd with spleen ;
Will you, I dare not say in recompense,
For that includes a debt you cannot owe me,

¹ *Equal,*] i. e. *just, impartial.*

But in your liberal bounty, in my suit
To you, be gracious?

Theoc. You entreat of me, sir,
What I should offer to you, with confession
That you much undervalue your own worth,
Should you receive me, since there come with you
Not passionate fires, but fair and lawful flames.
But I must be excused; 'tis now no time
For me to think of hymeneal joys.
Can he (and pray you, sir, consider it)
That gave me life, and faculties to love,
Be, as he's now, ready to be devour'd
By ravenous wolves, and at that instant I
But entertain a thought of those delights,
In which, perhaps, my ardour meets with yours?
Duty and piety forbid it, sir.

Beauf. jun. But this effected, and your father
free,

What is your answer?

Theoc. Every minute to me
Will be a tedious age, till our true love
Receives my father's sanction.

Beauf. jun. I urge no more.

Ush. They are the loving'st couple!

Enter BEAUFORT senior, MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT,
and LANOUR.

Beauf. jun. Here comes my father,
With the Council of War: deliver your petition,
And leave the rest to me.

[THEOCRINE offers a paper.]

Beauf. sen. I am sorry, lady,
Your father's guilt compels your innocence
To ask what I in justice must deny.

Beauf. jun. For my sake, sir, pray you receive and read it.

Beauf. sen. Thou foolish boy! I can deny thee nothing. [*Takes the paper from THEOC.*]

Beauf. jun. Thus far we are happy, madam: quit the place;

You shall hear how we succeed.

Theoc. Goodness reward you!

[*Exeunt THEOCRINE, Usher, Page, and Women.*]

Mont. It is apparent; and we stay too long To censure Malefort¹ as he deserves.

[*They take their seats.*]

Cham. There is no colour of reason that makes for him:

Had he discharged the trust committed to him,
With that experience and fidelity
He practised heretofore, it could not be
Our navy should be block'd up, and, in our sight,
Our goods made prize, our sailors sold for slaves,
By his prodigious² issue.

Lan. I much grieve,
After so many brave and high achievements,
He should in one ill forfeit all the good
He ever did his country.

Beauf. sen. Well, 'tis granted³.

¹ *To censure Malefort, &c.] Censure, i. e. pass sentence on.*
—Malefort is here, and generally throughout the play, properly used as a trisyllable.

² *Prodigious.] i. e. unnatural, horrible.*

³ *Well, 'tis granted.] It appears, from the subsequent speeches, that young Beaufort had been soliciting his father to allow Malefort to plead without his chains.—GIFFORD.*

Beauf. jun. I humbly thank you, sir.

Beauf. sen. He shall have hearing,
His irons too struck off. Bring him before us ;
But seek no further favour.

Beauf. jun. Sir, I dare not. [Exit.]

Beauf. sen. Monsieur Chamont, Montaigne,
Lanour, assistants,
By a commission from the most christian king,
In punishing or freeing Malefort,
Our late great admiral ! though I know you need
not

Instructions from me, how to dispose of
Yourselves in this man's trial, that exacts
Your clearest judgments, give me leave, with
favour,

To offer my opinion. We are to hear him,
A little looking back on his fair actions,
Loyal, and true demeanour ; not as now
By the general voice already he's condemn'd.
But if we find, as most believe, he hath held
Intelligence with his accursed son,
Fallen off from all allegiance, and turn'd
(But for what cause we know not) the most bloody
And fatal enemy this country ever
Repented to have brought forth ; without com-
passion

Of what he was, or may be, if now pardon'd ;
We sit engaged to censure him with all
Extremity and rigour.

Cham. Your lordship shows us
A path which we will tread in.

Lan. He that leaves
To follow, as you lead, will lose himself.

Mont. I'll not be singular.

Re-enter BEAUFORT junior, with MONTREVILLE, MALEFORT senior, BELGRADE, and Officers.

Beauf. sen. He comes, but with
A strange distracted look.

Malef. sen. Live I once more ¹
To see these hands and arms free! these, that,
often,

In the most dreadful horror of a fight,
Have been as seamarks to teach such as were
Seconds in my attempts, to steer between
The rocks of too much daring, and pale fear,
To reach the port of victory! when my sword,
Advanced thus, to my enemies appear'd
A hairy comet, threatening death and ruin
To such as durst behold it ²! These the legs,
That, when our ships were grappled, carried me
With such swift motion from deck to deck,
As they that saw it, with amazement cried,
He does not run, but flies!

¹ *Malef. sen. Live I once more, &c.*] There is something very striking in the indignant burst of savage ostentation with which this old warrior introduces himself on the scene.—
GIFFORD.

² *A hairy comet, &c.*] From this, and the passage in the text, Milton, who appears, by various marks of imitation, to have been a careful reader of Massinger, probably formed the magnificent and awful picture which follows:

“———— On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.”—GIFFORD.

Mont. He still retains
The greatness of his spirit.

Malef. sen. Now cramped with irons,
Hunger, and cold, they hardly do support me—
But I forget myself. O, my good lords,
That sit there as my judges, to determine
The life and death of Malefort, where are now
Those shouts, those cheerful looks, those loud
 applauses,
With which, when I return'd loaden with spoil,
You entertain'd your admiral? all's forgotten;
And I stand here to give account of that
Of which I am as free and innocent
As he that never saw the eyes of him
For whom I stand suspected.

Beauf. sen. Monsieur Malefort,
Let not your passion so far transport you,
As to believe from any private malice,
Or envy to your person, you are question'd:
Nor do the suppositions want weight,
That do invite us to a strong assurance,
Your son——

Malef. sen. My shame!

Beauf. sen. Pray you, hear with patience,—
 never,
Without assistance or sure aids from you,
Could, with the pirates of Argiers and Tunis,
Even those that you had almost twice defeated,
Acquire such credit as with them to be
Made absolute commander, (pray you observe me,)
If there had not some contract pass'd between you,
That, when occasion served, you would join with
 them,
To the ruin of Marseilles?

Mont. More, what urged
Your son to turn apostata?

Cham. Had he from
The state, or governor, the least neglect,
Which envy could interpret for a wrong?

Lan. Or, if you slept not in your charge, how
could

So many ships as do infest our coast,
And have in our own harbour shut our navy,
Come in unfought with?

Beauf. jun. They put him hardly to it.

Malef. sen. My lords, with as much brevity as
I can,

I'll answer each particular objection
With which you charge me. The main ground
on which

You raise the building of your accusation
Hath reference to my son: should I now curse him,
Or wish, in the agony of my troubled soul,
Lightning had found him in his mother's womb,
You'll say 'tis from the purpose; and I, therefore,
Betake him¹ to the devil, and so leave him!

Did never loyal father but myself
Beget a treacherous issue? was't in me
To fashion up his mind? or must it follow,
Because that he is impious, I am false?——

I would not boast my actions, yet 'tis lawful
To upbraid my benefits to unthankful men.
Who sunk the Turkish galleys in the straits,
But Malefort? Who rescued the French mer-
chants,

When they were boarded, and stow'd under hatches

¹ *Betake him, &c.] i. e. consign, make him over.*

By the pirates of Argiers, when every minute
They did expect to be chain'd to the oar,
But your now-doubted admiral? then you fill'd
The air with shouts of joy, and did proclaim,
When hope had left them, and grim-look'd despair
Hover'd with sail-stretch'd wings¹ over their heads,
To me, as to the Neptune of the sea,
They owed the restitution of their goods,
Their lives, their liberties. O, can it then
Be probable, my lords, that he that never
Became the master of a pirate's ship,
But at the mainyard hung the captain up,
And caused the rest to be thrown overboard,
Should, after all these proofs of deadly hate,
So oft express'd against them, entertain
A thought of quarter with them; but much less
(To the perpetual ruin of my glories)
To join with them to lift a wicked arm
Against my mother-country, this Marseilles,
Which, with my prodigal expense of blood,
I have so oft protected!

Beauf. sen. What you have done
Is granted and applauded! but yet know
This glorious² relation of your actions
Must not so blind our judgments as to suffer
This most unnatural crime you stand accused of
To pass unquestion'd.

Cham. No; you must produce
Reasons of more validity and weight

¹ *Sail-stretch'd wings, &c.*] Jonson, Fletcher, and Milton, too, have the same bold expression: the original to which they are all indebted is, perhaps, a sublime passage in the *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. xi. st. 10.—GIFFORD.

² *Glorious,*] i. e. *vain, boastful*, from the Latin *gloriosus*.

To plead in your defence, or we shall hardly
Conclude you innocent.

Mont. The large volume of
Your former worthy deeds, with your experience
Both what and when to do, but makes against you.

Lan. For had your care and courage been the
same

As heretofore, the dangers we are plunged in
Had been with ease prevented.

Malef. sen. What have I
Omitted, in the power of flesh and blood,
Even in the birth to strangle the designs of
This hell-bred wolf my son? Alas! my lords,
I am no god, nor like him could foresee
His cruel thoughts and cursed purposes:
Nor would the sun at my command forbear
To make his progress to the other world,
Affording to us one continued light.
Nor could my breath disperse those foggy mists,
Cover'd with which, and darkness of the night,
Their navy undiscern'd, without resistance,
Beset our harbour: make not that my fault,
Which you in justice must ascribe to fortune.—
But if that nor my former acts, nor what
I have deliver'd, can prevail with you,
To make good my integrity and truth,
Rip up this bosom, and pluck out the heart
That hath been ever loyal. [*A trumpet within.*

Beauf. sen. How! a trumpet?

Inquire the cause. [*Exit MONTREVILLE.*

Malef. sen. Thou searcher of men's hearts,
And sure defender of the innocent,
(My other crying sins—awhile not look'd on)
If I in this am guilty, strike me dead,

Or by some unexpected means confirm
I am accused unjustly !

[*Aside.*

Re-enter MONTREVILLE with a Sea Captain.

Beauf. sen. Speak, the motives
That bring thee hither ?

Capt. From our admiral thus :
He does salute you fairly, and desires
It may be understood no public hate
Hath brought him to Marseilles ; nor seeks he
The ruin of his country, but aims only
To wreak a private wrong : and if from you
He may have leave and liberty to decide it
In single combat, he'll give up good pledges,
If he fall in the trial of his right,
We shall weigh anchor, and no more molest
This town with hostile arms.

Beauf. sen. Speak to the man,
If in this presence he appear to you
To whom you bring this challenge.

Capt. 'Tis to you.

Beauf. sen. His father !

Montr. Can it be ?

Beauf. jun. Strange and prodigious !

Malef. sen. Thou seest I stand unmoved : were
thy voice thunder,
It should not shake me ; say, what would the viper ?

Capt. The reverence a father's name may chal-
lenge,
And duty of a son, no more remember'd,
He does defy thee to the death.

Malef. sen. Go on.

Capt. And with his sword will prove it on thy
head,

Thou art a murderer, an atheist ;
And that all attributes of men turn'd furies
Cannot express thee : this he will make good,
If thou dar'st give him meeting.

Malef. sen. Dare I live ?

Dare I, when mountains of my sins o'erwhelm me,
At my last gasp ask for mercy ? How I bless
Thy coming, captain ! never man to me
Arrived so opportunely ; and thy message,
However it may seem to threaten death,
Does yield to me a second life in curing
My wounded honour. Stand I yet suspected
As a confederate with this enemy,
Whom of all men, against all ties of nature,
He marks out for destruction ? You are just,
Immortal Powers, and in this merciful ;
And it takes from my sorrow, and my shame
For being the father to so bad a son,
In that you are pleased to offer up the monster
To my correction. Blush, and repent,
As you are bound, my honourable lords,
Your ill opinions of me. Not great Brutus,
The father of the Roman liberty,
With more assured constancy beheld
His traitor sons, for labouring to call home
The banish'd Tarquins, scourged with rods to death,
Than I will show when I take back the life
This prodigy of mankind received from me.

Beauf. sen. We are sorry, monsieur Malefort,
for our error,

And are much taken with your resolution ;
But the disparity of years and strength
Between you and your son duly consider'd,
We would not so expose you

Malef. sen. Then you kill me,
Under pretence to save me. O my lords,
As you love honour and a wrong'd man's fame,
Deny me not this fair and noble means
To make me right again to all the world.
Should any other but myself be chosen
To punish this apostata with death,
You rob a wretched father of a justice
That to all after-times will be recorded.
I wish his strength were centuple, his skill equal
To my experience, that in his fall
He may not shame my victory! I feel
The powers and spirits of twenty strong men in me.
Were he with wild fire circled, I undaunted
Would make way to him.—As you do affect, sir,
My daughter Theocrine¹; as you are
My true and ancient friend; as thou art valiant²;
And as all love a soldier, second me

[*They all sue to the Governor.*

In this my just petition. In your looks
I see a grant, my lord.

Beauf. sen. You shall o'erbear me;
And since you are so confident in your cause,
Prepare you for the combat.

Malef. sen. With more joy
Than yet I ever tasted. By the next sun,
The disobedient rebel shall hear from me,

¹ *Theocrine.*] The word is used as a quadrisyllable. It should be observed, that as the story and the names are French, Massinger adopts the French mode of enouncing them. The reader must bear this in mind.—GIFFORD.

² *As thou art valiant.*] This is said to the captain who brought the challenge: the other persons adjured are Young Beaufort and Montreville.—GIFFORD.

And so return in safety. [*To the Captain.*] My
good lords,
To all my service.—I will die, or purchase
Rest to Marseilles; nor can I make doubt
But his impiety is a potent charm,
To edge my sword, and add strength to my arm.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

An open Space without the City.

Enter three Sea Captains.

2 *Capt.* He did accept the challenge, then?

1 *Capt.* Nay more,
Was overjoy'd in't; and, as it had been
A fair invitement to a solemn feast,
And not a combat to conclude with death,
He cheerfully embraced it.

3 *Capt.* Are the articles
Sign'd to on both parts?

1 *Capt.* At the father's suit,
With much unwillingness the governor
Consented to them.

2 *Capt.* You are inward with
Our admiral; could you yet never learn
What the nature of the quarrel is, that renders
The son more than incensed, implacable,
Against the father?

1 *Capt.* Never; yet I have,
As far as manners would give warrant to it,
With my best curiousness of care observed him.

I have sat with him in his cabin a day together¹,
Yet not a syllable exchanged between us.
Sigh he did often, as if inward grief
And melancholy at that instant would
Choke up his vital spirits, and now and then
A tear or two, as in derision of
The toughness of his rugged temper, would
Fall on his hollow cheeks, which but once felt,
A sudden flash of fury did dry up;
And laying then his hand upon his sword,
He would murmur, but yet so as I oft heard him,
We shall meet, cruel father; yes, we shall;
When I'll exact, for every womanish drop
Of sorrow from these eyes, a strict accout
Of much more from thy heart.

2 *Capt.* 'Tis wondrous strange.

3 *Capt.* And past my apprehension.

1 *Capt.* Yet what makes

The miracle greater, when from the maintop
A sail's descried, all thoughts that do concern
Himself laid by, no lion, pinch'd with hunger,
Rouses himself more fiercely from his den,
Than he comes on the deck; and there how wisely
He gives directions, and how stout he is
In his executions, we, to admiration,
Have been eyewitnesses: yet he never minds
The booty when 'tis made ours; but as if
The danger, in the purchase of the prey,
Delighted him much more than the reward,
His will made known, he does retire himself

¹ *I have sat with him in his cabin, &c.]* This beautiful passage, expressing concealed resentment, deserves to be remarked by every reader of taste and judgment.—COXETER.

To his private contemplation, no joy
Express'd by him for victory.

Enter MALEFORT junior.

2 *Capt.* Here he comes,
But with more cheerful looks than ever yet
I saw him wear.

Malef. jun. It was long since resolved on,
Nor must I stagger now in 't. May the cause
That forces me to this unnatural act
Be buried in everlasting silence,
And I find rest in death or my revenge!
To either I stand equal. Pray you, gentlemen,
Be charitable in your censures of me,
And do not entertain a false belief
That I am mad, for undertaking that
Which must be, when effected, still repented.
It adds to my calamity, that I have
Discourse¹ and reason, and but too well know
I can nor live, nor end a wretched life,

¹ *It adds to my calamity, that I have*

Discourse and reason.] It is very difficult to determine the precise meaning which our ancestors gave to *discourse*, or to distinguish the line which separated it from *reason*. Perhaps it indicated a *more rapid* deduction of consequences from premises, than was supposed to be effected by reason:—but I speak with hesitation. The acute Glanville says, “The act of the mind which connects propositions, and deduceth conclusions from them, the schools call *discourse*; and we shall not miscall it, if we name it *reason*.” Whatever be the sense, it frequently appears in our old writers, by whom it is usually coupled with *reason* or *judgment*, which last should seem to be the more proper word.—GIFFORD.

Mr. Gifford's note is retained, though the editor apprehends that *discourse*, in the above lines, simply means the faculty of speech.

But both ways I am impious. Do not, therefore,
Ascribe the perturbation of my soul
To a servile fear of death : I oft have view'd
All kinds of his inevitable darts,
Nor are they terrible. Were I condemn'd to leap
From the cloud-cover'd brows of a steep rock
Into the deep ; or, Curtius like, to fill up,
For my country's safety and an after-name,
A bottomless abyss, or charge through fire,
It could not so much shake me as th' encounter
Of this day's single enemy.

1 *Capt.* If you please, sir,
You may shun it, or defer it.

Malef. jun. Not for the world :
Yet two things I entreat you : the first is,
You'll not inquire the difference between
Myself and him, which as a father once
I honour'd, now my deadliest enemy ;
The last is, if I fall, to bear my body
Far from this place, and where you please inter
it.—

I should say more, but by his sudden coming
I am cut off.

Enter BEAUFORT junior and MONTREVILLE, leading in MALEFORT senior ; BELGARDE following, with others.

Beauf. jun. Let me, sir, have the honour
To be your second.

Montr. With your pardon, sir,
I must put in for that, since out tried friendship
Hath lasted from our infancy.

Belg. I have served
Under your command, and you have seen me fight,
And handsomely, though I say it ; and if now,

At this downright game, I may but hold your cards,
I'll not pull down the side¹.

Malef. sen. I rest much bound
To your so noble offers, and I hope
Shall find your pardon, though I now refuse them ;
For which I'll yield strong reasons, but as briefly
As the time will give me leave. For me to borrow
(That am supposed the weaker) any aid
From the assistance of my second's sword,
Might write me down in the black list of those
That have nor fire nor spirit of their own ;
But dare and do as they derive their courage
From his example, on whose help and valour
They wholly do depend. Let this suffice,
In my excuse, for that. Now, if you please,
On both parts, to retire to yonder mount,
Where you, as in a Roman theatre,
May see the bloody difference determined,
Your favours meet my wishes.

Malef. jun. 'Tis approved of
By me ; and I command you [*To his Captains.*]
lead the way,
And leave me to my fortune.

Beauf. jun. I would gladly
Be a spectator (since I am denied
To be an actor) of each blow and thrust,
And punctually observe them.

Malef. jun. You shall have

¹ *Pull down the side,*] i. e. *injure your cause*: the same expression occurs in *The Grand Duke of Florence*:—The allusion is to a party at cards: to *set up a side* was to become partners in a game; to *pull* or *pluck down a side* (for both these terms are found in our old plays) was to occasion its loss by ignorance or treachery.—GIFFORD.

All you desire ; for in a word or two
I must make bold to entertain the time,
If he give suffrage to it.

Malef. sen. Yes, I will ;
I'll hear thee, and then kill thee : nay, farewell.

Malef. jun. Embrace with love on both sides,
and with us
Leave deadly hate and fury.

Malef. sen. From this place
You ne'er shall see both living.

Belg. What's past help is
Beyond prevention.

*[They embrace on both sides, and take
leave severally of the father and son.]*

Malef. sen. Now we are alone, sir ;
And thou hast liberty to unload the burthen
Which thou groan'st under. Speak thy griefs.

Malef. jun. I shall, sir ;
But in a perplex'd form and method which
You only can interpret : Would you had not
A guilty knowledge in your bosom, of
The language which you force me to deliver,
So I were nothing ! As you are my father,
I bend my knee, and, uncompell'd, profess
My life, and all that's mine, to be your gift ;
And that in a son's duty I stand bound
To lay this head beneath your feet, and run
All desperate hazards for your ease and safety :
But this confest on my part, I rise up,
And not as with a father, (all respect,
Love, fear, and reverence cast off,) but as
A wicked man, I thus expostulate with you.
Why have you done that which I dare not speak,
And in the action changed the humble shape

Of my obedience, to rebellious rage,
And insolent pride? and with shut eyes constrain'd
me

To run my bark of honour on a shelf
I must not see, nor, if I saw it, shun it?
In my wrongs nature suffers and looks backward,
And mankind trembles to see me pursue
What beasts would fly from. For when I advance
This sword, as I must do, against your head,
Piety will weep, and filial duty mourn,
To see their altars which you built up in me,
In a moment razed and ruin'd. That you could¹
(From my grieved soul I wish it) but produce,
To qualify, not excuse, your deed of horror,
One seeming reason, that I might fix here,
And move no further!

Malef. sen. Have I so far lost
A father's power, that I must give account
Of my actions to my son? or must I plead
As a fearful prisoner at the bar, while he
That owes his being to me sits a judge
To censure that which only by myself
Ought to be question'd? Mountains sooner fall
Beneath their valleys, and the lofty pine
Pay homage to the bramble, or what else is
Preposterous in nature, ere my tongue
In one short syllable yield satisfaction
To any doubt of thine; nay, though it were
A certainty disdaining argument!
Since, though my deeds wore hell's black livery,
To thee they should appear triumphal robes,

¹ *That you could, &c.] O that, &c.* This omission of the sign of the optative interjection is common to all our old dramatists.

Set off with glorious honour, thou being bound
To see with my eyes, and to hold that reason,
That takes or birth or fashion from my will.

Malef. jun. This sword divides that slavish knot.

Malef. sen. It cannot:

It cannot, wretch; and if thou but remember
From whom thou hadst this spirit, thou dar'st not
hope it.

Who train'd thee up in arms but I? Who taught
thee

Men were men only when they durst look down
With scorn on death and danger, and contemn'd
All opposition, till plumed Victory¹
Had made her constant stand upon their helmets?
Under my shield thou hast fought as securely
As the young eaglet, cover'd with the wings
Of her fierce dam, learns how and where to prey.
All that is manly in thee, I call mine;
But what is weak and womanish, thine own.
And what I gave, since thou art proud, ungrateful,
Presuming to contend with him to whom
Submission is due, I will take from thee.
Look, therefore, for extremities, and expect not
I will correct thee as a son, but kill thee

¹ *Till plumed Victory*

Had made her constant stand upon their helmets.] This noble image seems to have been copied by Milton, who, describing Satan, says,

“His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat Horror *plumed*;”—

And, in another place,

“—— at his right hand Victory
Sat *eagle-wing'd*.”—

The whole speech of Malefort here noticed is truly sublime, and above all commendation.—COXETER.

As a serpent swollen with poison ; who surviving
A little longer, with infectious breath,
Would render all things near him, like itself,
Contagious. Nay, now my anger's up,
Ten thousand virgins kneeling at my feet,
And with one general cry howling for mercy,
Shall not redeem thee.

Malef. jun. Thou incensed Power,
Awhile forbear thy thunder ! let me have
No aid in my revenge, if from the grave
My mother——

Malef. sen. Thou shalt never name her more.
[*They fight.*]

BEAUFORT junior, MONTREVILLE, BELGARDE, and
the three Sea Captains, appear on the Mount.

Beauf. jun. They are at it.

2 *Capt.* That thrust was put strongly home.

Montr. But with more strength avoided.

Belg. Well come in ;

He has drawn blood of him yet.

1 *Capt.* That was a strange miss.

Beauf. jun. That a certain hit.

[*Young MALEFORT is slain.*]

Belg. He's fallen ! the day is ours !

2 *Capt.* The admiral's slain.

Montr. The father is victorious !

Belg. Let us haste

To gratulate his conquest.

1 *Capt.* We to mourn

The fortune of the son.

Beauf. jun. With utmost speed

Acquaint the governor with the good success,

That he may entertain, to his full merit,
The father of his country's peace and safety.

[*They retire.*]

Malef. sen. Were a new life hid in each mangled limb,

I would search and find it: and howe'er to some
I may seem cruel thus to tyrannize
Upon this senseless flesh, I glory in it.—
That I have power to be unnatural
Is my security; die all my fears
And waking jealousies, which have so long
Been my tormentors! there's now no suspicion:
A fact which I alone am conscious of
Can never be discover'd, or the cause
That call'd this duel on, I being above
All perturbations; nor is it in
The power of fate again to make me wretched.

Re-enter BEAUFORT junior, MONTREVILLE, BELGARDE, and the three Sea Captains.

Beauf. jun. All honour to the conqueror! Who
dares tax

My friend of treachery now?

Belg. I am very glad, sir,
You have sped so well: but I must tell you thus
much,
To put you in mind that a low ebb must follow
Your high-swoll'n tide of happiness, you have purchased

This honour at a high price.

Malef. 'Tis, Belgarde,
Above all estimation, and a little
To be exalted with it cannot savour
Of arrogance. That to this arm and sword

Marseilles owes the freedom of her fears,
Or that my loyalty, not long since eclipsed,
Shines now more bright than ever, are not things
To be lamented: though, indeed, they may
Appear too dearly bought, my falling glories
Being made up again, and cémented
With a son's blood. 'Tis true he was my son
While he was worthy; but when he shook off
His duty to me, (which my fond indulgence,
Upon submission, might perhaps have pardon'd,)
And grew his country's enemy, I look'd on him
As a stranger to my family, and a traitor
Justly proscribed, and he to be rewarded
That could bring in his head. I know in this
That I am censured rugged and austere,
That will vouchsafe not one sad sigh or tear
Upon his slaughter'd body: but I rest
Well satisfied in myself, being assured that
Extraordinary virtues, when they soar
Too high a pitch for common sights to judge of,
Losing their proper splendour, are condemn'd
For most remarkable vices¹.

Beauf. jun. 'Tis too true, sir,
In the opinion of the multitude;
But for myself, that would be held your friend,
And hope to know you by a nearer name,
They are, as they deserve, received.

Malef. My daughter
Shall thank you for the favour.

¹ *Remarkable.*] This word had in Massinger's time a more dignified sound and a more appropriate meaning than it bears at present. With him it constantly stands for *surprising*, *highly striking*, or *observable in an uncommon degree*: of this it will be well to take notice.—GIFFORD.

Beauf. jun. I can wish
No happiness beyond it.

1 *Capt.* Shall we have leave
To bear the corpse of our dead admiral,
As he enjoin'd us, from this coast?

Malef. Provided
The articles agreed on be observed,
And you depart hence with it, making oath
Never hereafter, but as friends, to touch
Upon this shore.

1 *Capt.* We'll faithfully perform it.

Malef. Then as you please dispose of it: 'tis
an object
That I could wish removed. His sins die with him!
So far he has my charity.

1 *Capt.* He shall have
A soldier's funeral.

[*The Captains bear the body off, with sad music.*]

Malef. Farewell!

Beauf. jun. These rites
Paid to the dead, the conqueror that survives
Must reap the harvest of his bloody labour.
Sound all loud instruments of joy and triumph,
And with all circumstance and ceremony
Wait on the patron of our liberty,
Which he at all parts merits.

Malef. I am honour'd
Beyond my hopes.

Beauf. jun. 'Tis short of your deserts.
Lead on: oh, sir, you must; you are too modest.
[*Exeunt with loud music.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in MALEFORT's House,

Enter THEOCRINE, Page, and Waiting-women.

Theoc. Talk not of comfort; I am both ways
wretched,

And so distracted with my doubts and fears,
I know not where to fix my hopes. My loss
Is certain in a father or a brother,
Or both; such is the cruelty of my fate,
And not to be avoided.

1 *Wom.* You must bear it
With patience, madam.

2 *Wom.* And what's not in you
To be prevented should not cause a sorrow
Which cannot help it.

Page. Fear not my brave lord,
Your noble father; fighting is to him
Familiar as eating. He can teach
Our modern duellists how to cleave a button,
And in a new way, never yet found out
By old Caranza¹.

1 *Wom.* May he be victorious,
And punish disobedience in his son!
Whose death, in reason, should at no part move you,
He being but half your brother, and the nearness
Which that might challenge from you forfeited

¹ *Caranza.*] He wrote a systematic treatise on duelling, which seems to have been the *Vade Mecum* of the punctilious gallants about the court of James the First.

By his impious purpose to kill him from whom
He received life. [*A shout within.*]

2 *Wom.* A general shout——

1 *Wom.* Of joy.

Page. Look up, dear lady; sad news never came
Usher'd with loud applause.

Theoc. I stand prepared
To endure the shock of it.

Enter Usher.

Ush. I am out of breath
With running to deliver first——

Theoc. What?

Ush. We are all made.

My lord has won the day; your brother's slain;
The pirates gone; and by the governor
And states, and all the men of war, he is
Brought home in triumph:—nay, no musing; pay me
For my good news hereafter.

Theoc. Heaven is just!

Ush. Give thanks at leisure; make all haste to
meet him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Street.

Loud music. *Enter* MONTREVILLE, BELGARDE,
BEAUFORT senior, BEAUFORT junior; MALE-
FORT, followed by MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, and
LANOUR.

Beauf. sen. All honours we can give you and
rewards,
Though all that's rich or precious in Marseilles

Were laid down at your feet, can hold no weight
With your deservings : let me glory in
Your action as if it were mine own ;
And have the honour, with the arms of love,
To embrace the great performer of a deed
Transcending all this country e'er could boast of.

Mont. Imagine, noble sir, in what we may
Express our thankfulness, and rest assured
It shall be freely granted.

Cham. He's an enemy
To goodness and to virtue that dares think
There's any thing within our power to give
Which you in justice may not boldly challenge.

Lan. And as your own ; for we will ever be
At your devotion.

Malef. Much-honour'd sir,
And you, my noble lords, I can say only,
The greatness of your favours overwhelms me,
And like too large a sail, for the small bark
Of my poor merits, sinks me. That I stand
Upright in your opinions is an honour
Exceeding my deserts, I having done
Nothing but what in duty I stood bound to :
And to expect a recompense were base,
Good deeds being ever in themselves rewarded.
Yet since your liberal bounties tell me that
I may, with your allowance, be a suitor,
To you, my lord, I am an humble one,
And must ask that, which known, I fear you will
Censure me over bold.

Beauf. sen. It must be something
Of a strange nature, if it find from me
Denial or delay.

Malef. Thus, then, my lord,

Since you encourage me: You are happy in
A worthy son, and all the comfort that
Fortune has left me is one daughter; now,
If it may not appear too much presumption
To seek to match my lowness with your height,
I should desire (and if I may obtain it,
I write *nil ultra* to my largest hopes,)
She may in your opinion be thought worthy
To be received into your family,
And married to your son: their years are equal,
And their desires, I think, too; she is not
Ignoble, nor my state contemptible;
And if you think me worthy your alliance,
'Tis all I do aspire to.

Beauf. jun. You demand
That which with all the service of my life
I should have labour'd to obtain from you.
O sir, why are you slow to meet so fair
And noble an offer? can France show a virgin
That may be parallel'd with her? is she not
The phoenix of the time, the fairest star
In the bright sphere of women?

Beauf. sen. Be not rapt so:
Though I dislike not what is motion'd, yet,
In what so near concerns me, it is fit
I should proceed with judgment.

Enter Usher, THEOCRINE, Page, and Waiting-women.

Beauf. jun. Here she comes:
Look on her with impartial eyes, and then
Let envy, if it can, name one graced feature
In which she is defective.

Malef. Welcome, girl!

My joy, my comfort, my delight, my all,
Why dost thou come to greet my victory
In such a sable habit? This show'd well
When thy father was a prisoner, and suspected;
But now his faith and loyalty are admired,
Rather than doubted, in your outward garments
You are to express the joy you feel within:
Nor should you with more curiousness and care
Pace to the temple to be made a bride,
Than now, when all men's eyes are fixt upon you,
You should appear to entertain the honour
From me descending to you, and in which
You have an equal share.

Theoc. Heaven has my thanks,
With all humility paid for your fair fortune,
And so far duty binds me; yet a little
To mourn a brother's loss, however wicked,
The tenderness familiar to our sex.
May, if you please, excuse.

Malef. Thou art deceived.
He, living, was a blemish to thy beauties,
But in his death gives ornament and lustre
To thy perfections, but that they are
So exquisitely rare, that they admit not
The least addition. Ha! here's yet a print
Of a sad tear on thy cheek; how it takes from
Our present happiness! But if now
Her brightness, dimm'd with sorrow, take and please
you,
Think, think, young lord, when she appears her-
self,
How far she will transport you.

Beauf. jun. Your words are but as oil pour'd on
a fire
That flames already at the height.

Malef. No more ;
I do believe you, and let me from you
Find so much credit. When I make her yours,
I do possess you of a gift which I
With much unwillingness part from. My good
lords,
Forbear your further trouble ; give me leave
To retire to my own house, and rest : to-morrow,
As you command me, I will be your guest ;
And having deck'd my daughter like herself,
You shall have further conference.

Beauf. sen. You are master
Of your own will ; but fail not. I'll expect you.

Malef. Nay, I will be excused ; I must part
with you. [*To Young BEAUFORT and the rest.*
My dearest Theocrine, give me thy hand,
I will support thee. Thou art a sweet one ; yes,
And to be cherish'd.

Theoc. May I still deserve it !

[*Exeunt several ways.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Banqueting-room in BEAUFORT'S House.

Enter BEAUFORT senior and Steward.

Beauf. sen. Have you been careful?

Stew. With my best endeavours.

Let them bring stomachs, there's no want of meat,
sir.

Portly and curious viands are prepared,
To please all kinds of appetites.

Beauf. sen. 'Tis well.

I love a table furnish'd with full plenty,
And store of friends to eat it: but with this cau-
tion,

I would not have my house a common inn,
For some men that come rather to devour me,
Than to present their service. At this time, too,
It being a serious and solemn meeting,
I must not have my board pester'd with shadows¹,
That, under other men's protection, break in
Without invitement.

Stew. With your favour, then,
You must double your guard, my lord; for, on my
knowledge,
There are some so sharp set, not to be kept out
By a file of musketeers: and 'tis less danger,

¹ *Shadows.*] It was considered, Plutarch says, as a mark of politeness, to let an invited guest know that he was at liberty to bring a friend or two with him; a permission that was, however, sometimes abused. These friends the Romans called *shadows*, (*umbræ*,) a term which Massinger has very happily explained.—GIFFORD.

I'll undertake, to stand at push of pike
With an enemy in a breach, that undermined too,
And the cannon playing on it, than to stop
One harpy, your perpetual guest, from entrance,
When the dresser, the cook's drum, thunders, Come
on,

The service will be lost else¹!

Beauf. sen. What is he?

Stew. As tall² a trencherman, that is most certain,
As e'er demolish'd pye-fortification
As soon as batter'd: you needs must know him;
He's eminent for his eating.

Beauf. sen. O, Belgarde!

Stew. The same; one of the admiral's cast cap-
tains,
Who swear, there being no war, nor hope of any,
The only drilling is to eat devoutly,
And to be ever drinking—that's allow'd of;
But they know not where to get it, there's the
spite on't.

Beauf. sen. The more their misery; yet, if you
can,
For this day put him off.

Stew. It is beyond
The invention of man.

¹ *The dresser, the cook's drum, thunders, Come on.*] It was formerly customary for the *cook*, when dinner was ready, to knock on the dresser with his knife, by way of summoning the servants to carry it into the hall. Servants were not then allowed, as at present, to frequent the kitchen, lest they should interfere with the momentous concerns of the cook.—GIFFORD.

² *Tall*,] i. e. *stout, bold*. This was a favourite and much-abused epithet with our forefathers, who used it in a great variety of senses. *A tall trencherman* means a hearty feeder.

Beauf. sen. No:—say this only, [*Whispers to him.*
And as from me ; you apprehend me ?

Stew. Yes, sir.

Beauf. sen. But it must be done gravely.

Stew. Never doubt me, sir.

Beauf. sen. We'll dine in the great room, but
let the music

And banquet¹ be prepared here. [*Exit.*

Stew. This will make him

Lose his dinner at the least, and that will vex him.
As for the sweetmeats, when they are trod under
foot,

Let him take his share with the pages and the
lackeys,

Or scramble in the rushes.

Enter BELGARDE.

Belg. 'Tis near twelve ;
I keep a watch within me never misses.—
Save thee, master steward !

Stew. You are most welcome, sir.

Belg. Has thy lord slept well to-night ? I come
to inquire.

I had a foolish dream, that, against my will,
Carried me from my lodging, to learn only
How he's disposed.

Stew. He's in most perfect health, sir.

Belg. Let me but see him feed heartily at dinner,
And I'll believe so too ; for from that ever
I make a certain judgment.

Stew. It holds surely
In your own constitution.

¹ *Banquet,*] i. e. the dessert.

Belg. And in all men's
'Tis the best symptom. Let us lose no time :
Delay is dangerous.

Stew. Troth, sir, if I might,
Without offence, deliver what my lord has
Committed to my trust, I shall receive it
As a special favour.

Belg. We'll see it, and discourse,
As the proverb says, for health sake, after dinner,
Or rather after supper ; willingly then
I'll walk a mile to hear thee¹.

Stew. Nay, good sir,
I will be brief and pithy.

Belg. Prithee be so.

Stew. He bid me say, of all his guests, that he
Stands most affected to you, for the freedom
And plainness of your manners. He ne'er ob-
served you
To twirl a dish about you did not like of,
All being pleasing to you ; or to take
A say² of venison or stale fowl by your nose,
Which is a solecism at another's table ;
But by strong eating of them did confirm
They never were delicious to your palate
But when they were mortified, as the Hugonot
says,
And so your part grows greater ; nor do you
Find fault with the sauce, keen hunger being the
best,

¹ *Or rather after supper ; willingly then
I'll walk a mile to hear thee.*] Alluding to the good old
proverb, which inculcates temperance at this meal by recom-
mending a walk after it.—GIFFORD.

² *A say,*] i. e. a taste, a proof, a sample.

Which ever, to your much praise, you bring with
you ;

Nor will you with impertinent relations,
Which is a master-piece when meat's before you,
Forget your teeth, to use your nimble tongue,
But do the feat you come for.

Belg. Be advised,
And end your jeering ; for, if you proceed,
You'll feel as I can eat I can be angry ;
And beating may ensue.

Stew. I'll take your counsel,
And roundly come to the point. My lord much
wonders,

That you, that are a courtier as a soldier
In all things else, and every day can vary
Your actions and discourse, continue constant
To this one suit.

Belg. To one ! 'tis well I have one,
Unpawn'd, in these days ; every cast commander
Is not blest with the fortune, I assure you.
But why this question ? does this offend him ?

Stew. Not much ; but he believes it is the reason
You ne'er presume to sit above the salt¹ ;
And therefore, this day, our great admiral,
With other states, being invited guests,
He does entreat you to appear among them
In some fresh habit.

¹ *Sit above the salt.*] This refers to the manner in which our ancestors were usually seated at their meals. The tables being long, the salt was commonly placed about the middle, and served as a kind of boundary to the different quality of the guests invited. Those of distinction were ranked above ; the space below was assigned to the dependants, inferior relations of the master of the house, &c.—GIFFORD.

Belg. This staff shall not serve
To beat the dog off; these are soldier's garments,
And so by consequence grow contemptible.

Stew. It has stung him. [*Aside.*

Belg. I would I were acquainted with the
players;

In charity they might furnish me: but there is
No faith in brokers; and for believing tailors,
They are only to be read of, but not seen;
And sure they are confined to their own hells,
And there they live invisible. Well, I must not
Be fubb'd off thus. Pray you, report my service
To the lord governor; I will obey him:
And though my wardrobe's poor, rather than lose
His company at this feast, I will put on
The richest suit I have, and fill the chair
That¹ makes me worthy of. [*Exit.*

Stew. We are shut of him;
He will be seen no more here: how my fellows
Will bless me for his absence! he had starved them,
Had he staid a little longer. Would he could,
For his own sake, shift a shirt! and that's the
utmost
Of his ambition. Adieu, good captain. [*Exit.*

¹ *That,*] i. e. *the richest suit I have.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter BEAUFORT senior, BEAUFORT junior, MALEFORT, MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, LANOUR, MONTREVILLE, THEOCRINE, Usher, Page, and Waiting-women.

Beauf. sen. You are most welcome,
And what I speak to you, does from my heart
Disperse itself to all.

Malef. You meet, my lord,
Your trouble.

Beauf. sen. Rather, sir, increase of honour,
When you are pleased to grace my house.

Beauf. jun. The favour
Is doubled on my part, most worthy sir,
Since your fair daughter, my incomparable mistress,
Deigns us her presence.

Malef. View her well, brave Beaufort,
But yet at distance ; you hereafter may
Make your approaches nearer, when the priest
Hath made it lawful : and were not she mine,
I durst aloud proclaim it, Hymen never
Put on his saffron-colour'd robe, to change
A barren virgin name, with more good omens
Than at her nuptials. Look on her again,
Then tell me if she now appear the same,
That she was yesterday.

Beauf. sen. Being herself,
She cannot but be excellent ; these rich
And curious dressings, which in others might

Cover deformities, from her take lustre,
Nor can add to her.

Malef. You conceive her right,
And in your admiration of her sweetness,
You only can deserve her. But I wrong
Your patience, noble sir, by too much praising
My proper issue, and, like the foolish crow,
Believe my black brood swans.

Beauf. sen. There needs not, sir,
The least excuse for this; nay, I must have
Your arm, you being the master of the feast,
And this the mistress.

Thecc. I am any thing
That you shall please to make me.

Beauf. jun. Nay, 'tis yours,
Without more compliment.

Mont. Your will's a law, sir.

[*Loud music. Exeunt BEAUFORT senior, MALEFORT, THECCRINE, BEAUFORT junior, MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, LANOUR, MONTREVILLE.*

Ush. Would I had been born a lord!

1 *Wom.* Or I a lady!

Page. And can you yield a reason for your wishes?

Ush. Why, had I been born a lord, I had been no servant.

1 *Wom.* And whereas now necessity makes us waiters,

We had been attended on.

2 *Wom.* And might have slept then
As long as we pleased, and fed when we had stomachs,

And worn new clothes, nor lived as now, in hope
Of a cast gown, or petticoat.

Page. You are fools,
And ignorant of your happiness. Ere I was
Sworn to the pantofle¹, I have heard my tutor
Prove it by logic, that a servant's life
Was better than his master's; and by that
I learn'd from him, if that my memory fail not,
I'll make it good.

Ush. Proceed, my little wit
In decimo sexto.

Page. Thus then: From the king
To the beggar, by gradation, all are servants;
And you must grant, the slavery is less
To study to please one than many.

Ush. True.

Page. Well, then; and first to you, sir: you
complain
You serve one lord, but your lord serves a thousand,
Besides his passions, that are his worst masters;
You must humour him, and he is bound to soothe
Every grim sir above him: if he frown,
For the least neglect you fear to lose your place;
But if, and with all slavish observation,
From the minion's self, to the groom of his close-
stool,
He hourly seeks not favour, he is sure
To be eased of his office, though perhaps he bought
it.

Nay, more; that high disposer of all such
That are subordinate to him, serves and fears
The fury of the many-headed monster,
The giddy multitude: and as a horse

¹ *Sworn to the pantofle.*] It was the page's office to bring the slippers. The *pantofles*, or slippers, were, says Nares, at one time, reckoned smarter than pumps.

Is still a horse, for all his golden trappings,
So your men of purchased titles, at their best, are
But serving-men in rich liveries.

Ush. Most rare infant !

Where learn'dst thou this morality ?

Page. Why, thou dull pate,
As I told thee, of my tutor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Banquet set forth.

Loud music. Enter BEAUFORT senior, MALEFORT, MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, LANOUR, BEAUFORT junior, and MONTREVILLE and Servants.

Beauf. sen. You are not merry, sir.

Malef. Yes, my good lord,
You have given us ample means to drown all
cares:—

And yet I nourish strange thoughts, which I would
Most willingly destroy. [*Aside.*

Beauf. sen. Pray you, take your place.

Beauf. jun. And drink a health ; and let it be, if
you please,
To the worthiest of women.

*Enter BELGARDE in armour, a case of carbines by
his side.*

Belg. Who stops me now ?
Or who dares only say that I appear not
In the most rich and glorious habit that
Renders a man complete ? What court so set off
With state and ceremonious pomp, but, thus
Accoutred, I may enter ? Or what feast,

Though all the elements at once were ransack'd
 To store it with variety transcending
 The curiousness and cost on Trajan's birthday ;
 (Where princes only, and confederate kings,
 Did sit as guests, served and attended on
 By the senators of Rome), at which a soldier,
 In this his natural and proper shape,
 Might not, and boldly, fill a seat, and by
 His presence make the great solemnity
 More honour'd and remarkable ?

Beauf. sen. 'Tis acknowledged ;
 And this a grace done to me unexpected.

Mont. But why in armour ?

Malef. What's the mystery ?
 Pray you, reveal that.

¹ *Belg.* Soldiers out of action,
 That very rare * * *
 * * * * but, like unbidden guests,
 Bring their stools with them, for their own defence,
 At court should feed in gauntlets ; they may have
 Their fingers cut else: there your carpet-knights,

¹ *Belg.* *Soldiers out of action,*

That very rare * * *

* * * * *but like unbidden guests,*

Bring their stools with them, &c.] So I have ventured to print this passage, being persuaded that a line is lost. The breaks cannot be filled up, but the sense might be, *Soldiers out of action, that very rarely* find seats reserved for them, i. e. are invited, *but like, &c.* The singular custom of uninvited or unexpected guests bringing seats with them is frequently noticed by the writers of Massinger's time. It is probable that the practice originated in necessity. Our ancient houses were not much encumbered with furniture, and the little which they had was moved from place to place as occasion required ; an unexpected guest, therefore, was obliged to provide for his own accommodation.—GIFFORD.

That never charged beyond a mistress' lips,
Are still most keen, and valiant. But to you,
Whom it does most concern, my lord, I will
Address my speech, and with a soldier's freedom,
In my reproof, return the bitter scoff
You threw upon my poverty : you contemn'd
My coarser outside, and from that concluded
(As by your groom you made me understand)
I was unworthy to sit at your table,
Among these tissues and embroideries
Unless I changed my habit : I have done it,
And show myself in that which I have worn
In the heat and fervour of a bloody fight ;
And then it was in fashion, not as now,
Ridiculous and despised. This hath past through
A wood of pikes, and every one aim'd at it,
Yet scorn'd to take impression from their fury :
With this, as still you see it, fresh and new,
I've charged through fire that would have singed
your sables,
Black fox, and ermines, and changed the proud
colour
Of scarlet, though of the right Tyrian die.—
But now, as if the trappings made the man,
Such only are admired that come adorn'd
With what's no part of them. This is mine own,
My richest suit, a suit I must not part from,
But not regarded now : and yet remember,
'Tis we that bring you in the means of feasts,
Banquets, and revels, which, when you possess,
With barbarous ingratitude you deny us
To be made sharers in the harvest, which
Our sweat and industry reap'd and sow'd for you.
The silks you wear, we with our blood spin for you ;

This massy plate, that with the ponderous weight
Does make your cupboards crack, we (unaffrighted
With tempests, or the long and tedious way,
Or dreadful monsters of the deep, that wait
With open jaws still ready to devour us,)
Fetch from the other world. Let it not then,
In after ages, to your shame be spoken,
That you, with no relenting eyes, look on
Our wants that feed your plenty: or consume,
In prodigal and wanton gifts on drones,
The kingdom's treasure, yet detain from us
The debt that with the hazard of our lives
We have made you stand engaged for: or force us,
Against all civil government, in armour
To require that, which with all willingness
Should be tender'd ere demanded.

Beauf. sen. I commend
This wholesome sharpness in you, and prefer it
Before obsequious tameness; it shows lovely:
Nor shall the rain of your good counsel fall
Upon the barren sands, but spring up fruit¹,
Such as you long have wish'd for. And the rest
Of your profession, like you, discontented
For want of means, shall, in their present payment,
Be bound to praise your boldness: and hereafter
I will take order you shall have no cause,
For want of change, to put your armour on,
But in the face of an enemy; not as now,
Among your friends. To that which is due to you,
To furnish you like yourself, of mine own bounty
I'll add five hundred crowns.

¹ *Spring up,*] i. e. *cause it to spring up.* This sense of the word is familiar to Massinger and his contemporaries.

Cham. I, to my power,
Will follow the example.

Mont. Take this, captain,
'Tis all my present store ; but when you please,
Command me further.

Lan. I could wish it more.

Belg. This is the luckiest jest ever came from me.
Let a soldier use no other scribe to draw
The form of his petition. This will speed
When your thrice-humble supplications,
With prayers for increase of health and honours
To their grave lordships, shall, as soon as read,
Be pocketed up, the cause no more remember'd :
When this dumb rhetoric [*Aside.*]
—Well, I have
a life,

Which I, in thankfulness for your great favours,
My noble lords, when you please to command it,
Must never think mine own.—Broker, be happy,
These golden birds fly to thee. [*Exit.*]

Beauf. sen. You are dull, sir,
And seem not to be taken with the passage
You saw presented.

Malef. Passage ! I observed none ;
My thoughts were elsewhere busied. Where's my
Theocrine ?

Beauf. sen. Your daughter's safe, and now ex-
changing courtship
With my son, her servant. Come, I will bring you
to them. [*Eæunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*An open Space before the Town.—A Storm, with
Thunder and Lightning.*

*Enter MALEFORT*¹.

Do, do rage on ! rend open, Æolus,
Thy brazen prison, and let loose at once
Thy stormy issue ! Blustering Boreas,
Aided with all the gales the pilot numbers
Upon his compass, cannot raise a tempest
Through the vast region of the air like that
I feel within me : for I am possess'd
With whirlwinds, and each guilty thought to me is
A dreadful hurricano. Though this centre
Labour to bring forth earthquakes, and hell open
Her wide-stretch'd jaws, and let out all her furies,
They cannot add an atom to the mountain
Of fears and terrors that each minute threaten
To fall on my accursed head.—

*Enter the Ghost of young MALEFORT, naked from
the waist, full of wounds, leading in the Shadow
of a Lady, her face leprous.*

Ha ! is't fancy ?

Or hath hell heard me, and makes proof if I
Dare stand the trial ? Yes, I do ; and now

¹ I here pass at once to that part of the last scene of the last act which concludes the main incident of the play, by accounting for the unnatural enmity that subsisted between Malefort and his son, and visiting the father's sin with its just punishment.

I view these apparitions, I feel
I once did know the substances. For what come
you?

Are your aerial forms deprived of language,
And so denied to tell me, that by signs

[*The Ghosts use various gestures.*

You bid me ask here of myself¹? 'Tis so:
And there is something here makes answer for you.
You come to lance my sear'd-up conscience; yes,
And to instruct me, that those thunderbolts
That hurl'd me headlong from the height of glory,
Wealth, honours, worldly happiness, were forged
Upon the anvil of my impious wrongs
And cruelty to you! I do confess it;
And that my lust compelling me to make way
For a second wife, I poison'd thee; and that
The cause (which to the world is undiscover'd)
That forced thee to shake off thy filial duty
To me, thy father, had its spring and source
From thy impatience, to know thy mother,
That with all duty and obedience served me,
(For now with horror I acknowledge it)
Removed unjustly: yet, thou being my son,
Wert not a competent judge mark'd out by heaven
For her revenger, which thy falling by
My weaker hand confirm'd.—[*Answer'd still by
signs.*—] 'Tis granted by thee.
Can any penance expiate my guilt,
Or can repentance save me?—

[*The Ghosts disappear.*
They are vanish'd!

¹ *You bid me ask here of myself?*] ΔΙΚΤΙΝΩΣ, pointing to his breast.

What's left to do then? I'll accuse my fate,
That did not fashion me for nobler uses:
For if those stars cross to me in my birth
Had not denied their prosperous influence to it,
With peace of conscience, like to innocent men,
I might have ceased to be, and not as now,
To curse my cause of being——
[*He is killed with a flash of lightning.*

THE
PICTURE.

THE PICTURE.] This play, or, as the old quarto calls it, this "true Hungarian history," was licensed by Sir H. Herbert, June 8th, 1629, and was first printed in 1630. The plot is taken from the twenty-eighth novel of the second volume of Painter's Palace of Pleasure, 1567. The magical circumstance, from which the play takes its name, is found in many authors; it has all the appearance of an Arabian fiction, and was, at a very early period, introduced into our romances. The immediate source from which our old writers derived the story was the *Novelle* of Bandello.

The play was much approved at its first appearance, when it was acted, as the phrase is, by the whole strength of the house. Massinger himself speaks of his production with complacency; and indeed its claims to admiration are of no common kind. The work is distinguished by a peculiar liveliness of fancy, and an intimate knowledge of the heart. It is sportive and tender: it amuses and affects us; and a vein of humour, more brisk than usual, relieves the impression of the serious events.

If it is more than usually difficult to ascertain the influence of sudden passions in bosoms generally virtuous and well regulated, to balance the struggle between habitual principle and accidental temptation, to measure their impression and resistance, and to determine the side to which the victory is due; it is the praise of Massinger to have surmounted this difficulty, in the characters of Mathias and Sophia; in the exquisite description of their tender attachment, the casual interruption of their peace, its happy restoration, and the proper triumph of virtue. His address is further displayed in the difference of the causes which bring them back to their duty and to each other. The fortitude, contentedness, and simplicity of Sophia are the surer guardians of her conduct; while the ardent spirit of Mathias, bold in seeking advantages abroad, but impatient concerning his happiness at home, exposes him more to the influence of dangerous impressions. Accordingly, after a temporary illusion, she rescues herself from mischief by the force of her own mind. He is preserved by other causes—the unex-

pected refusal of Honoria, and the renewed certainty of the constancy of his wife.

As to the queen herself, the cause of their unhappiness, she is described with much novelty and truth of nature. She tempts Mathias, without any genuine attachment, from mere envy of his love, and of the constancy between him and Sophia, and a malicious determination to show her own superiority, at whatever risk. Her constitutional vanity, dangerously nursed by the doting admiration of her husband, impels her to seduce a virtuous man whom she does not love.

An unsuccessful attempt to revive this play was made by the Rev. Bate Dudley, some twenty or thirty years ago.

TO
MY HONOURED AND SELECTED FRIENDS,
OF THE
NOBLE SOCIETY OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

IT may be objected, my not inscribing their names, or titles, to whom I dedicate this poem, proceedeth either from my diffidence of their affection to me, or their unwillingness to be published the patrons of a trifle. To such as shall make so strict an inquisition of me, I truly answer, The play in the presentment found such a general approbation, that it gave me assurance of their favour to whose protection it is now sacred ; and they have professed they so sincerely allow of it, and the maker, that they would have freely granted that in the publication, which, for some reasons, I denied myself. One, and that is a main one, I had rather enjoy (as I have done) the real proofs of their friendship, than, mountebank-like, boast their numbers in a catalogue. Accept it, noble gentlemen, as a confirmation of his service, who hath nothing else to assure you, and witness to the world, how much he stands engaged for your so frequent bounties ; and in your charitable opinion of me believe, that you now may, and shall ever command,

Your servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LADISLAUS, *king of Hungary.*

FERDINAND, *general of the army.*

EUBULUS, *an old counsellor.*

MATHIAS, *a knight of Bohemia.*

UBALDO, } *wild courtiers.*

RICARDO, }

JULIO BAPTISTA, *a great scholar.*

HILARIO, *servant to SOPHIA,*

Two Boys, representing APOLLO and PALLAS.

Two Couriers.

A Guide.

Servants to the queen.

Servants to MATHIAS.

HONORIA, *the queen.*

SOPHIA, *wife to MATHIAS,*

ACANTHE, } *maids of honour.*

SYLVIA, }

CORISCA, *SOPHIA's woman.*

Maskers, Attendants, Officers, Captains, &c.

SCENE, partly in Hungary, and partly in Bohemia.

THE
PICTURE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Frontiers of Bohemia.

Enter MATHIAS, SOPHIA, CORISCA, HILARIO, *with*
other Servants.

Math. SINCE we must part, Sophia, to pass further
Is not alone impertinent, but dangerous.
We are not distant from the Turkish camp
Above five leagues, and who knows but some party
Of his Timariots¹, that scour the country,
May fall upon us?—be now as thy name
Truly interpreted hath ever spoke thee,
Wise and discreet; and to thy understanding
Marry thy constant patience.

Soph. You put me, sir,
To the utmost trial of it.

Math. Nay, no melting;
Since the necessity that now separates us
We have long since disputed, and the reasons

¹ *Timariois.*] They are the Turkish cavalry, a sort of
feudal yeomanry, who hold their lands on condition of service.
—GIFFORD.

Forcing me to it too oft wash'd in tears.
I grant that you, in birth, were far above me,
And great men, my superiors, rivals for you ;
But mutual consent of heart, as hands,
Join'd by true love, hath made us one, and equal :
Nor is it in me mere desire of fame,
Or to be cried up by the public voice
For a brave soldier, that puts on my armour :
Such airy tumours take not me. You know
How narrow our demeaners are¹, and, what's more,
Having as yet no charge of children on us,
We hardly can subsist.

Soph. In you alone, sir,
I have all abundance.

Math. For my mind's content,
In your own language I could answer you.
You have been an obedient wife, a right one ;
And to my power, though short of your desert,
I have been ever an indulgent husband.
We have long enjoy'd the sweets of love, and
 though
Not to satiety or loathing, yet
We must not live such dotards on our pleasures,
As still to hug them, to the certain loss
Of profit and preferment. Competent means
Maintains a quiet bed ; want breeds dissension,
Even in good women.

Soph. Have you found in me, sir,
Any distaste or sign of discontent
For want of what's superfluous ?

Math. No, Sophia ;
Nor shalt thou ever have cause to repent

¹ *Demeaners*,] here used for *means*, as demerits for merits, &c.
— GIFFORD.

Thy constant course in goodness, if Heaven bless
My honest undertakings. 'Tis for thee
That I turn soldier, and put forth, dearest,
Upon this sea of action, as a factor,
To trade for rich materials to adorn
Thy noble parts, and show them in full lustre.
I blush that other ladies, less in beauty
And outward form, but in the harmony
Of the soul's ravishing music, the same age
Not to be named with thee, should so outshine
thee

In jewels and variety of wardrobes ;
While you, to whose sweet innocence both Indies
Compared are of no value, wanting these,
Pass unregarded.

Soph. If I am so rich, or
In your opinion, why should you borrow
Additions for me ?

Math. Why ! I should be censured
Of ignorance, possessing such a jewel
Above all price, if I forbear to give it
The best of ornaments : therefore, Sophia,
In few words know my pleasure, and obey me,
As you have ever done. To your discretion
I leave the government of my family
And our poor fortunes ; and from these command
Obedience to you as to myself :
To the utmost of what's mine, live plentifully ;
And, ere the remnant of our store be spent,
With my good sword I hope I shall reap for you
A harvest in such full abundance as
Shall make a merry winter.

Soph. Since you are not

To be diverted, sir, from what you purpose,
All arguments to stay you here are useless:
Go when you please, sir. Eyes, I charge you waste
not

One drop of sorrow ; look you hoard all up
Till in my widow'd bed I call upon you,
But then be sure you fail not. You blest angels,
Guardians of human life, I at this instant
Forbear t'invoke you : at our parting, 'twere
To personate devotion¹. My soul
Shall go along with you, and, when you are
Circled with death and horror, seek and find you ;
And then I will not leave a saint unsued to
For your protection. 'To tell you what
I will do in your absence, would show poorly ;
My actions shall speak for me : 'twere to doubt you,
'To beg I may hear from you ; where you are
You cannot live obscure, nor shall one post,
By night or day, pass unexamined by me.—

[*Kisses him.*

Farewell, my lord ; I pray thee turn from me.

All that I can, is spoken.

[*Exit.*

Math. Follow your mistress.

Forbear your wishes for me ; let me find them,
At my return, in your prompt will to serve her.

Hil. For my part, sir, I will grow lean with
study

To make her merry.—Come, my lady stays for us.

[*Exeunt HILARIO, CORISCA, and the rest.*

Math. I am strangely troubled yet why I should
nourish

¹ *Personate,*] i. e. *pretend.*

A fury here, and with imagined food,
 Having no real grounds on which to raise
 A building of suspicion she was ever
 Or can be false hereafter. I in this
 But foolishly inquire the knowledge of
 A future sorrow, which, if I find out,
 My present ignorance were a cheap purchase,
 Though with my loss of being. I have already
 Dealt with a friend of mine, a general scholar,
 One deeply read¹ in nature's hidden secrets,
 And, though with much unwillingness, have won
 him

To do as much as art can, to resolve me
 My fate that follows—To my wish, he's come.

Enter BAPTISTA.

Julio Baptista, now I may affirm
 Your promise and performance walk together ;

¹ *A general scholar,*

One deeply read, &c.] In the list of dramatis personæ, too, he is called a *great scholar*. The character of Baptista is founded upon a notion very generally received in the dark ages, that men of learning were conversant in the operations of magic : and, indeed, a *scholar* and a *magician* are frequently confounded by our old writers, or rather considered as one and the same. The notion is not yet obsolete among the vulgar.

Baptista Porta has given an elaborate account, in his treatise *de Magia naturali*, of the powers once supposed to be possessed and exercised by magicians. I once thought that this treatise was not published in Massinger's time, but have since learned that it appeared at Antwerp in 1585, and at Frankfort in 1607. Probably there were other editions : at all events, both the author and his work had long been known in this country.

It is an ingenious conjecture of Mr. Gilchrist, that he took the name of his "deep-read scholar" from *Baptista Porta*.—
 GIFFORD.

And therefore, without circumstance, to the point.
Instruct me what I am.

Bapt. I could wish you had
Made trial of my love some other way.

Math. Nay, this is from the purpose.

Bapt. If you can
Proportion your desire to any mean,
I do pronounce you happy ; I have found,
By certain rules of art, your matchless wife
Is to this present hour from all pollution
Free and untainted.

Math. Good.

Bapt. In reason, therefore,
You should fix here, and make no further search
Of what may fall hereafter.

Math. O, Baptista,
'Tis not in me to master so my passions ;
I must know further, or you have made good
But half your promise. While my love stood by,
Holding her upright, and my presence was
A watch upon her, her affection met too
With equal ardour from me, what one proof
Could she give of her constancy, being untempted?
But when I am absent, and my coming back
Uncertain, she the absolute disposer
Of herself without control ; nay, more, invited
By opportunity, and all strong temptations,
If then she hold out—

Bapt. As, no doubt, she will.

Math. Those doubts must be made certainties,
Baptista,
By your assurance ; or your boasted art
Deserves no admiration. How you trifle,

And play with my affliction ! I am on
The rack, till you confirm me.

Bapt. Sure, Mathias,
I am no god, nor can I dive into
Her hidden thoughts, or know what her intents are ;
That is denied to art, and kept conceal'd
E'en from the devils themselves : they can but
guess,

Out of long observation, what is likely ;
But positively to foretel that shall be,
You may conclude impossible. All I can,
I will do for you ; when you are distant from her
A thousand leagues, as if you then were with her,
You shall know truly when she is solicited,
And how far wrought on.

Math. I desire no more.

Bapt. Take then this little model of Sophia,
With more than human skill limn'd to the life ;
[*Gives him a picture.*

Each line and lineament of it, in the drawing,
So punctually observed, that, had it motion,
In so much 'twere herself.

Math. It is, indeed,
An admirable piece ! but if it have not
Some hidden virtue that I cannot guess at,
In what can it advantage me ?

Bapt. I'll instruct you :
Carry it still about you, and as oft
As you desire to know how she's affected,
With curious eyes peruse it : while it keeps
The figure it now has, entire and perfect,
She is not only innocent in fact,
But unattempted ; but if once it vary
From the true form, and what's now white and red

Incline to yellow, rest most confident
She's with all violence courted, but unconquer'd ;
But if it turn all black, 'tis an assurance
Her faith, by composition or surprise,
Is forced, or with her free consent surrender'd.

Math. How much you have engaged me for this
favour,

The service of my whole life shall make good.

Bapt. We will not part so, I'll along with you,
And it is needful: with the rising sun,
The armies meet; yet, ere the fight begin,
In spite of opposition, I will place you
In the head of the Hungarian general's troop,
And near his person.

Math. As my better angel,
You shall direct and guide me.

Bapt. As we ride
I'll tell you more.

Math. In all things I'll obey you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*Hungary. Alba Regalis*¹. *A State-room in the
Palace.*

Enter UBALDO and RICARDO.

Ric. When came the post?

Ubal. The last night.

Ric. From the camp?

¹ *Alba Regalis.*] This was the name of the town where the kings of Hungary were anciently crowned. It is now dwindled to a paltry village called Stalweissenburgh.

Ubold. Yes, as 'tis said, and the letter writ and
sign'd
By the general, Ferdinand.

Ric. Nay, then, sans question,
It is of moment.

Ubold. It concerns the lives
Of two great armies.

Ric. Was it cheerfully
Received by the king?

Ubold. Yes; for being assured
The armies were in view of one another,
Having proclaim'd a public fast and prayer
For the good success, he despatch'd a gentleman
Of his privy chamber to the general,
With absolute authority from him,
To try the fortune of a day.

Ric. No doubt then
The general will come on, and fight it bravely.
Heaven prosper him! This military art,
I grant to be the noblest of professions;
And yet, I thank my stars for't, I was never
Inclined to learn it; since this bubble honour
(Which is, indeed, the nothing soldiers fight for,)
With the loss of limbs or life, is, in my judgment,
Too dear a purchase.

Ubold. Give me our court warfare:
The danger is not great in the pursuit
Of a fair mistress.

Ric. Being, as I am,
A likely man, my good parts are my curses:
There's no beauty, but yields ere it be summon'd.
Half my estate, as I live, I would part with

To find that only phœnix in my search,
That could hold out against me.

Ubold. Be not rapt so ;
You may spare that labour. As she is a woman,
What think you of the queen ?

Ric. She 's still excepted :
Yet, were she not my king's, being the abstract
Of all that 's rare in woman—but we talk of
Impossibilities : as she hath a beauty
Would make old Nestor young ; such majesty
Draws forth a sword of terror to defend it,
As would fright Paris, though the queen of love
Vow'd her best furtherance to him.

Ubold. Have you observed
The gravity of her language, mix'd with sweetness ?

Ric. Then, at what distance she reserves herself,
When the king himself makes his approaches to
her—

Ubold. As she were still a virgin, and his life
But one continued wooing.

Ric. All his thoughts
Are buried in her ; the loud noise of war
Cannot awake him.

Ubold. At this very instant,
When both his life and crown are at the stake,
He only studies her content, and when
She's pleased to show herself, music and masks
Are with all care and cost provided for her.

Ric. This night she promised to appear.

Ubold. You may
Believe it by the diligence of the king,
As if he were her harbinger.

*Enter LADISLAUS, EUBULUS, and Attendants
with perfumes.*

Ladis. These rooms
Are not perfumed as we directed.

Eubu. Not, sir!
I know not what you would have ; I am sure the
smoke
Cost treble the price of the whole week's provision
Spent in your majesty's kitchens.

Ladis. How I scorn
Thy gross comparison ! When my Honoria,
The amazement of the present time, and envy
Of all succeeding ages, does descend
To sanctify a place, and in her presence
Makes it a temple to me, can I be
Too curious, much less prodigal, to receive her ?
But that the splendour of her beams of beauty
Hath struck thee blind—

Eubu. As dotage hath done you.

Ladis. Dotage ? O blasphemy ! is it in me
To serve her to her merit ? Is she not
The daughter of a king ?

Eubu. And you the son
Of ours, I take it ; by what privilege else,
Do you reign over us ? for my part, I know not
Where the disparity lies.

Ladis. Her birth, old man,
Old in the kingdom's service, which protects thee,
Is the least grace in her : and though her beauties
Might make the Thunderer a rival for her,
They are but superficial ornaments,
And faintly speak her : from her heavenly mind,

Were all antiquity and fiction lost,
Our modern poets could not, in their fancy,
But fashion a Minerva far transcending
The imagined one whom Homer only dreamt of.
But then add this, she's mine, mine, Eubulus¹ !
And though she knows one glance from her fair eyes
Must make all gazers her idolaters,
She is so sparing of their influence
That, to shun superstition in others,
She shoots her powerful beams only at me.
And can I, then, whom she desires to hold
Her kingly captive above all the world,
Whose nations and empires, if she pleased,
She might command as slaves, but gladly pay
The humble tribute of my love and service,
Nay, if I said of adoration, to her,
I did not err?

Eubu. Well, since you hug your fetters,
In Love's name wear them ! You are a king, and
that

Concludes you wise : your will a powerful reason,
Which we, that are foolish subjects, must not argue.
And what in a mean man I should call folly,
Is in your majesty remarkable wisdom :
But for me, I subscribe.

Ladis. Do, and look up,
Upon this wonder.

¹ *But then add this, she's mine, mine, Eubulus !*] Our old writers were very lax in their use of foreign names. Massinger was a scholar, yet he pronounces Eubulus much as Shakspeare would have done it.—GIFFORD. Which proves that Shakspeare's trips in quantity afford no proof of his being ignorant of Greek and Latin.

Loud music. Enter HONORIA in state, under a canopy; her train borne up by SYLVIA and ACANTHE.

Ric. Wonder! It is more, sir.

Ubal. A rapture, an astonishment.

Ric. What think you, sir?

Eubu. As the king thinks; that is the surest guard

We courtiers ever lie at¹.—Was prince ever
So drown'd in dotage? Without spectacles
I can see a handsome woman, and she is so:
But yet to admiration look not on her.
Heaven, how he fawns! and, as it were his duty,
With what assured gravity she receives it!
Her hand again! O she at length vouchsafes
Her lip, and as he had suck'd nectar from it,
How he's exalted! Women in their natures
Affect command; but this humility
In a husband and a king, marks her the way
To absolute tyranny. [*The king seats her on his throne.*] So! Juno's placed
In Jove's tribunal: and, like Mercury,
(Forgetting his own greatness,) he attends
For her employments. She prepares to speak;
What oracles shall we hear now? [*Aside.*
Hon. That you please, sir,
With such assurances of love and favour,

¹ ————*the surest guard*

We courtiers ever lie at,] i. e. *the surest posture of defence.*
"Thou knowest," says Falstaff, "my old *ward*; thus I lay."
Guard and *ward* are the same word.—GIFFORD.

To grace your handmaid, but in being yours, sir,
A matchless queen, and one that knows herself so,
Binds me in retribution to deserve
The grace conferr'd upon me.

Ladis. You transcend
In all things excellent ; and it is my glory,
Your worth weigh'd truly, to depose myself
From absolute command, surrendering up
My will and faculties to your dispose :
And here I vow, not for a day or year,
But my whole life, which I wish long to serve you,
That whatsoever I, in justice, may
Exact from these my subjects, you from me
May boldly challenge : and when you require it,
In sign of my subjection, as your vassal,
Thus I will pay my homage.

Hon. O forbear, sir !

Ladis. Gracious sovereign !
Boundless in bounty !

Eubu. Is not here fine fooling !
He's questionless bewitch'd. Although I forfeit
My life for't, I must speak.—By your good leave,
sir— [Passing before the king.

I have no suit to you, nor can you grant one,
Having no power : you are like me, a subject,
Her more than serene majesty being present.
And I must tell you, 'tis ill manners in you,
Having deposed yourself, to keep your hat on,
And not stand bare, as we do, being no king,
But a fellow-subject with us. Gentlemen-ushers,
It does belong to your place, see it reform'd ;
He has given away his crown, and cannot challenge
The privilege of his bonnet.

Ladis. Do not tempt me.

Eubu. Tempt you! in what? in following your example?

If you are angry, question me hereafter,
As Ladislaus should do Eubulus,
On equal terms. You were of late my sovereign;
But weary of it, I now bend my knee
To her divinity, and desire a boon
From her more than magnificence.

Hon. Take it freely.

Nay, be not moved; for our mirth's sake let us
hear him.

Eubu. 'Tis but to ask a question: Have you
ne'er read

The story of Semiramis and Ninus?

Hon. Not as I remember.

Eubu. I will then instruct you,
And 'tis to the purpose: This Ninus was a king,
And such an impotent loving king as this was,
But now he's none; this Ninus (pray you observe
me)

Doted on this Semiramis, a smith's wife;
(I must confess, there the comparison holds not—
You are a king's daughter, yet, under your cor-
rection,

Like her, a woman;) this Assyrian monarch,
Of whom this is a pattern, to express
His love and service, seated her, as you are,
In his regal throne, and bound by oath his nobles,
Forgetting all allegiance to himself,
One day to be her subjects, and to put
In execution whatever she
Pleased to impose upon them:—pray you command
him

To minister the like to us, and then
You shall hear what follow'd.

Ladis. Well, sir, to your story.

Eubu. You have no warrant, stand by; let me
know

Your pleasure, goddess.

Hon. Let this nod assure you.

Eubu. Goddess-like, indeed! as I live, a pretty
idol!

She knowing her power, wisely made use of it;
And fearing his inconstancy, and repentance
Of what he had granted, (as, in reason, madam,
You may do his,) that he might never have
Power to recall his grant, or question her
For her short government, instantly gave order
To have his head struck off.

Ladis. Is 't possible?

Eubu. The story says so, and commends her
wisdom

For making use of her authority.

And it is worth your imitation, madam:

He loves subjection, and you are no queen

Unless you make him feel the weight of it.

You are more than all the world to him; and that

He may be so to you, and not seek change

When his delights are sated, mew him up

In some cloes prison, if you let him live,

Which is no policy.

Ubal. Devilish counsel!

Ric. The king's amazed.

Ubal. The queen appears, too, full
Of deep imaginations; Eubulus
Hath put both to it.

Ric. Now she seems resolved :
long to know the issue.

[*HONORIA descends from the throne.*

Hon. Give me leave,
Dear sir, to reprehend you for appearing
Perplex'd with what this old man, out of envy
Of your unequal graces shower'd upon me,
Hath, in his fabulous story, saucily
Applied to me. Sir, that you only nourish
One doubt *Honoria* dares abuse the power
With which she is invested by your favour ;
Or that she ever can make use of it
To the injury of you, the great bestower,
Takes from your judgment. It was your delight
To seek to¹ me with more obsequiousness
Than I desired : and stood it with my duty
Not to receive what you were pleased to offer ?
I do but act the part you put upon me ;
And though you make me personate a queen,
And you my subject, when the play, your pleasure,
Is at a period, I am what I was
Before I enter'd, still your humble wife,
And you my royal sovereign.

Ric. Admirable !

Hon. Shall I, sir, blame your fondness ? or can
it swell me
Beyond my just proportion ?

Ubal. Above wonder !

Ladis. Heaven make me thankful for such goodness !

Hon. Now, sir,

¹ To seek to,] i. e. to supplicate, to entreat, to have recourse to.

The state I took to satisfy your pleasure,
I change to this humility ; and the oath
You made to me of homage, I thus cancel,
And seat you in your own.

[*Leads the king to the throne.*]

Ladis. I am transported
Beyond myself.

Hon. And now to your wise lordship:
Am I proved a Semiramis ? or hath
My Ninus, as maliciously you made him,
Cause to repent the excess of favour to me,
Which you call dotage ?

Ladis. Answer, wretch !

Eubu. I dare, sir,
And say, however the event may plead
In your defence, you had a guilty cause ;
Nor was it wisdom in you, I repeat it,
To teach a lady humble in herself,
With the ridiculous dotage of a lover,
To be ambitious.

Hon. Eubulus, I am so ;
'Tis rooted in me ; you mistake my temper.
I do profess myself to be the most
Ambitious of my sex, but not to hold
Command over my lord ; such a proud torrent
Would sink me in my wishes : not that I
Am ignorant how much I can deserve,
And may with justice challenge.

Eubu. This I look'd for ;
After this seeming humble ebb, I knew
A gushing tide would follow.

[*Aside.*]

Hon. By my birth,
And liberal gifts of nature as of fortune,

From you, as things beneath me, I expect
What's due to majesty, in which I am
A sharer with your sovereign.

Eubu. Good again!

Hon. And as I am most eminent in place,
In all my actions I would appear so.

Ladis. You need not fear a rival.

Hon. I hope not;
And till I find one, I disdain to know
What envy is.

Ladis. You are above it, madam.

Hon. For beauty without art, discourse, and free
From affectation, with what graces else
Can in the wife and daughter of a king
Be wish'd, I dare prefer myself, as——

Eubu. I

Blush for you, lady. Trumpet your own praises!
This spoken by the people had been heard
With honour to you. Does the court afford
No oil-tongued parasite, that you are forced
To be your own gross flatterer?

Ladis. Be dumb,
Thou spirit of contradiction!

Hon. The wolf
But barks against the moon, and I condemn it.
The mask you promised. [*A horn sounded within.*]

Ladis. Let them enter.

Enter a Courier.

How!

Eubu. Here's one, I fear, unlook'd for.

Ladis. From the camp?

Cour. The general, victorious in your fortune,
Kisses your hand in this, sir. [*Delivers a letter.*]

Ladis. That great Power,
Who at his pleasure does dispose of battles,
Be ever praised for 't! Read, sweet, and partake it :
The Turk is vanquish'd, and with little loss
Upon our part, in which our joy is doubled.

Eubu. But let it not exalt you ; bear it, sir,
With moderation, and pay what you owe for 't.

Ladis. I understand thee, Eubulus. I'll not now
Inquire particulars.—[*Exit Courier.*—Our de-
lights deferr'd,

With reverence to the temples ; there we'll tender
Our souls' devotions to his dread might,

Who edged our swords, and taught us how to fight.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE 1.

Alba Regalis. An ante-room in the Palace.

Enter EUBULUS, UBALDO, RICARDO, and others.

Eubu. Are the gentlemen sent before, as it was
order'd

By the king's direction, to entertain
The general?

Ric. Long since ; they by this have met him,
And given him the bienvenu.

Eubu. I hope I need not
Instruct you in your parts.

Ubaldo. How ! us, my lord ?
Fear not ; we know our distances and degrees
To the very inch where we are to salute him.

Ric. The state were miserable if the court had
none

Of her own breed, familiar with all garbs
Gracious in England, Italy, Spain, or France,
With form and punctuality to receive
Stranger ambassadors: for the general,
He's a mere native, and it matters not
Which way we do accost him.

Ubold. 'Tis great pity
That such as sit at the helm provide no better
For the training up of the gentry. In my judgment,
An academy erected, with large pensions
To such as in a table could set down
The congees, cringes, postures, methods, phrase,
Proper to every nation——

Ric. O, it were
An admirable piece of work!

Ubold. And yet rich fools
Throw away their charity on hospitals
For beggars and lame soldiers, and ne'er study
The due regard to compliment and courtship¹,
Matters of more import; and are indeed
The glories of a monarchy!

Eubu. These, no doubt,
Are state points, gallants, I confess; but, sure,
Our court needs no aids this way, since it is
A school of nothing else. There are some of you,
Whom I forbear to name, whose coining heads
Are the mints of all new fashions, that have done
More hurt to the kingdom by superfluous bravery²,

¹ *Courtship*,] i. e. *courtly manners*.

² *Bravery*,] i. e. *finery, costly apparel*.

Which the foolish gentry imitate, than a war,
Or a long famine: all the treasure, by
This foul excess, is got into the merchant,
Embroiderer, silkman, jeweller, tailor's hand,
And the third part of the land too, the nobility
Engrossing titles only.

Ric. My lord, you are bitter. [*A trumpet.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The general is alighted, and now enter'd.

Ric. Were he ten generals, I am prepared,
And know what I will do.

Eubu. Pray you what, Ricardo?

Ric. I'll fight at compliment with him.

Ubal. I'll charge home too.

Eubu. And that's a desperate service, if you
come off well.

*Enter FERDINAND, MATHIAS, BAPTISTA, and
Captains.*

Ferd. Captain, command the officers to keep
The soldier, as he march'd, in rank and file,
Till they hear further from me. [*Exeunt Captains.*]

Eubu. Here's one speaks
In another key; this is no canting language
Taught in your academy.

Ferd. Nay, I will present you
To the king himself.

Math. A grace beyond my merit.

Ferd. You undervalue what I cannot set
Too high a price on.

Eubu. With a friend's true heart
I gratulate your return.

Ferd. Next to the favour
Of the great king, I am happy in your friendship.

Ubald. By courtship, coarse on both sides!

Ferd. Pray you receive
This stranger to your knowledge; on my credit,
At all parts he deserves it.

Eubu. Your report
Is a strong assurance to me.—Sir, most welcome.

Math. This said by you, the reverence of your
age
Commands me to believe it.

Ric. This was pretty;
But second me now.—I cannot stoop too low
To do your excellence that due observance
Your fortune claims.

Eubu. He ne'er thinks on his virtue!

Ric. For being, as you are, the soul of soldiers,
And bulwark of Bellona——

Ubald. The protection
Both of the court and king——

Ric. And the sole minion
Of mighty Mars——

Ubald. One that with justice may
Increase the number of the worthies——

Eubu. Heyday!

Ric. It being impossible in my arms to circle
Such giant worth——

Ubald. At distance we presume
To kiss your honour'd gauntlet.

Eubu. What reply now
Can he make to this foppery?

Ferd. You have said,
Gallants, so much, and hitherto done so little,

That, till I learn to speak, and you to do,
I must take time to thank you.

Eubu. As I live,
Answer'd as I could wish. How the fops gape now !

Ric. This was harsh and scurvy.

Ubald. We will be revenged
When he comes to court the ladies, and laugh at
him.

Eubu. Nay, do your offices, gentlemen, and conduct

The general to the presence.

Ric. Keep your order.

Ubald. Make way for the general.

[*Exeunt all but EUBULUS.*]

Eubu. What wise man

That, with judicious eyes, looks on a soldier
But must confess that fortune's swing is more
O'er that profession than all kinds else
Of life pursued by man? They, in a state,
Are but as surgeons to wounded men,
E'en desperate in their hopes: while pain and anguish

Make them blaspheme, and call in vain for death,
Their wives and children kiss the surgeon's knees,
Promise him mountains, if his saving hand
Restore the tortured wretch to former strength:
But when grim death, by Æsculapius' art,
Is frightened from the house, and health appears
In sanguine colours on the sick man's face,
All is forgot; and, asking his reward,
He's paid with curses, often receives wounds
From him whose wounds he cured. So soldiers,
Though of more worth and use, meet the same fate,

As it is too apparent. I have observed,
When horrid Mars, the touch of whose rough hand
With palsies shakes a kingdom, hath put on
His dreadful helmet, and with terror fills
The place where he, like an unwelcome guest,
Resolves to revel, how the lords of her, like
The tradesman, merchant, and litigious pleader,
And such like scarabs bred in the dung of peace,
In hope of their protection, humbly offer
Their daughters for their brides, heirs to their
service,
And wash with tears their sweat, their dust, their
scars :

But when those clouds of war that menaced
A bloody deluge to the affrighted state
Are, by their breath, dispersed and overblown,
And famine, blood, and death, Bellona's pages,
Whipt from the quiet continent to Thrace¹;
Soldiers, that, like the foolish hedge-sparrow,
To their own ruin, hatch this cuckoo, peace,
Are straight thought burthensome ; since want of
means,
Growing from want of action, breeds contempt ;

¹ *Whipt from the quiet continent to Thrace.*] The ancients comprehended under the name of Thrace much of the north-eastern part of Europe, the fierce inhabitants of which were supposed to worship Mars and Bellona ; who, in return, made the country the peculiar place of their residence. Thence they are frequently described with great magnificence by the poets, as setting forth to kindle war, “ with their pages, famine, blood, and death ;” and thither, when peace was restored, they were supposed to retire again. The same idea, and nearly in the same words, occurs in the Roman Actor. In Thrace, too, was the temple of Mars.—GIFFORD.

And that, the worst of ills, falls to their lot,
Their service, with the danger, soon forgot.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The queen, my lord, hath made choice of
this room
To see the masque.

Eubu. I'll be a looker on :
My dancing days are past.

Loud music. Enter UBALDO, RICARDO, LADISLAUS, FERDINAND, HONORIA, MATHIAS, SYLVIA, ACANTHE, BAPTISTA, Captains, and others. As they pass, a Song in praise of war.

Ladis. This courtesy
To a stranger, my Honoria, keeps fair rank
With all your rarities. After your travail,
Look on our court delights ; but first, from your
Relation, with erected ears I'll hear
The music of your war, which must be sweet,
Ending in victory.

Ferd. Not to trouble
Your majesties with description of a battle
Too full of horror for the place, and to
Avoid particulars, which should I deliver,
I must trench longer on your patience than
My manners will give way to ;—in a word, sir,
It was well fought on both sides, and almost
With equal fortune, it continuing doubtful
Upon whose tents plumed Victory would take
Her glorious stand. Impatient of delay,
With the flower of our prime gentlemen, I charged

Their main battalia, and with their assistance
Brake in ; but, when I was almost assured
That they were routed, by a stratagem
Of the subtile Turk, who open'd his gross body,
And rallied up his troops on either side,
I found myself so far engaged, for I
Must not conceal my errors, that I knew not
Which way with honour to come off.

Eubu. I like

A general that tells his faults, and is not
Ambitious to engross unto himself
All honour, as some have, in which, with justice,
'They could not claim a share.

Ferd. Being thus hemm'd in,

Their scimitars raged among us ; and, my horse ;
Kill'd under me, I every minute look'd for
An honourable end, and that was all
My hope could fashion to me : circled thus
With death and horror, as one sent from heaven,
This man of men, with some choice horse, that
follow'd

His brave example, did pursue the track
His sword cut for them, and, but that I see him
Already blush to hear what he, being present,
I know would wish unspoken, I should say, sir,
By what he did, we boldly may believe
All that is writ of Hector.

Math. General,

Pray spare these strange hyperboles.

Eubu. Do not blush

To hear a truth ; here are a pair of monsieurs,
Had they been in your place, would have run away,
And ne'er changed countenance.

Ubal. We have your good word still.

Eubu. And shall, while you deserve it.

Ladis. Silence ; on.

Ferd. He, as I said, like dreadful lightning
thrown

From Jupiter's shield, dispersed the armed gyre¹
With which I was environed ; horse and man
Shrunk under his strong arm : more, with his looks
Frighted, the valiant fled, with which encouraged,
My soldiers, (like young eaglets preying under
The wings of their fierce dam), as if from him
They took both spirit and fire, bravely came on.
By him I was remounted, and inspired
With treble courage ; and such as fled before
Boldly made head again ; and, to confirm them,
It suddenly was apparent, that the fortune
Of the day was ours ; each soldier and commander
Perform'd his part ; but this was the great wheel
By which the lesser moved² ; and all rewards
And signs of honour, as the civic garland,
The mural wreath, the enemy's prime horse,

¹ *Gyre,*] i. e. a circle described by any thing in motion.

² *This was the great wheel, &c.]* Massinger has used this figure more than once before. It is surprising how seldom these repetitions occur in Shakspeare. When we consider how much he wrote, the exuberance of his resources will appear truly wonderful.

Massinger seems to be indebted to Daniel's Philotas for the original idea:—

“ For this great motion of a state we see,

Doth turne on many wheels ; and some, though *small*,
Do yet the *greater move*, who in degree

Stirre those who likewise turne the great'st of all.”

GIFFORD.

With the general's sword and armour, (the old
honours

With which the Romans crown'd their several
leaders,)

To him alone are proper.

Ladis. And they shall

Deservedly fall on him. Sit ; 'tis our pleasure.

Ferd. Which I must serve, not argue.

Hon. You are a stranger,

But, in your service for the king, a native.

And, though a free queen, I am bound in duty

To cherish virtue wheresoe'er I find it :

This place is yours.

Math. It were presumption in me

To sit so near you.

Hon. Not having our warrant. [*Music within.*]

Ladis. Let the maskers enter: by the preparation,

'Tis a French brawl, an apish imitation

Of what you really perform in battle :

And Pallas, bound up in a little volume¹,

Apollo, with his lute, attending on her,

Serve for the induction.

*Enter Maskers, &c.: PALLAS, accompanied by
APOLLO on the lute.*

Though we contemplate to express²

The glory of your happiness,

¹ *A little volume,*] i. e. *played by a short performer.*

² *Though we, &c.]* This song is evidently incomplete. From the stage direction, "a song in praise of the victorious soldier," it would seem as if the care of these things had been left to the prompter. Just above we have "a song in praise of war;" and, in the following act, another "on pleasure."—GIFFORD.

*That, by your powerful arm, have been
So true a victor, that no sin
Could ever taint you with a blame
To lessen your deserved fame.*

*Or, though we contend to set
Your worth in the full height, or get
Celestial singers crown'd with bays,
With flourishes to dress your praise:
You know your conquest; but your story
Lives in your triumphant glory.*

[*A dance.*

Ladis. Our thanks to all.
To the banquet that's prepared to entertain them.
—[*Exeunt Maskers, APOLLO, and PALLAS.*
What would my best Honoria?

Hon. May it please
My king, that I, who, by his suffrage, ever
Have had power to command, may now entreat
An honour from him.

Ladis. Why should you desire
What is your own? whate'er it be, you are
The mistress of it.

Hon. I am happy in
Your grant: my suit, sir, is, that your commanders,
Especially this stranger, may, as I,
In my discretion, shall think good, receive
What's due to their deserts.

Ladis. What you determine
Shall know no alteration.

Eubu. The soldier
Is like to have good usage, when he depends
Upon her pleasure! Are all the men so bad,

That, to give satisfaction, we must have
A woman treasurer? Heaven help all!

Hon. With you, sir, [To MATHIAS.
I will begin, and, as in my esteem
You are most eminent, expect to have
What's fit for me to give, and you to take.
The favour in the quick despatch being double,
Go fetch my casket, and with speed.

[Exit ACANTHE.

Eubu. The kingdom
Is very bare of money, when rewards
Issue from the queen's jewel-house. Give him gold
And store¹, no question the gentleman wants it.
Good madam, what shall he do with a hoop ring,
And a spark of diamond in it? though you take it,

Re-enter ACANTHE with a Casket.

For the greater honour, from your majesty's finger,
'Twill not increase the value. He must purchase
Rich suits, the gay comparison² of courtship,
Revel and feast, which, the war ended, is
A soldier's glory; and 'tis fit that way
Your bounty should provide for him.

Hon. You are rude,
And by your narrow thoughts proportion mine.
What I will do now shall be worth the envy
Of Cleopatra. Open it; see here
[HONORIA descends from the state.

¹ Give him gold
And store.] This expression, which is taken from an old
ballad, frequently occurs in these plays.—GIFFORD.

² Comparison,] i. e. caparison; the word is frequently written
thus in our old dramatists. *Courtship*, which occurs in the
same line, means the cost and magnificence of a court.

The lapidary's idol! Gold is trash,
And a poor salary fit for grooms; wear these,
As studded stars in your armour, and make the sun
Look dim with jealousy of a greater light
Than his beams gild the day with: when it is
Exposed to view, call it Honoria's gift,
The Queen Honoria's gift, that loves a soldier;
And, to give ornament and lustre to him,
Parts freely with her own! Yet, not to take
From the magnificence of the king, I will
Dispense his bounty too, but as a page
To wait on mine; for other tosses¹, take
A hundred thousand crowns:—your hand, dear
sir— [Takes off the king's signet.
And this shall be thy warrant.

Eubu. I perceive
I was cheated in this woman: now she is
In the giving vein to soldiers, let her be proud,
And the king dote, so she go on, I care not.

Hon. This done, our pleasure is, that all arrear-
ages
Be paid unto the captains, and their troops;
With a large donative, to increase their zeal
For the service of the kingdom.

Eubu. Better still:
Let men of arms be used thus, if they do not
Charge desperately upon the cannon's mouth,
Though the devil roar'd, and fight like dragons,
hang me!
Now they may drink sack; but small beer, with a
passport

¹ *For other tosses.*] Meaning, perhaps, in the slight manner in which she notices this part of her bounty, *for trash to fling away*.—GIFFORD.

To beg with as they travel, and no money,
Turns their red blood to buttermilk.

Hon. Are you pleased, sir,
With what I have done?

Ladis. Yes, and thus confirm it,
With this addition of mine own: You have, sir,
From our loved queen received some recompense
For your life hazarded in the late action;
And, that we may follow her great example
In cherishing valour, without limit ask
What you from us can wish.

Math. If it be true,
Dread sir, as 'tis affirm'd, that every soil,
Where he is well, is to a valiant man
His natural country, reason may assure me
I should fix here, where blessings beyond hope,
From you, the spring, like rivers, flow unto me.
If wealth were my ambition, by the queen
I am made rich already, to the amazement
Of all that see, or shall hereafter read
The story of her bounty; if to spend
The remnant of my life in deeds of arms,
No region is more fertile of good knights,
From whom my knowledge that way may be bet-
ter'd,

Than this your warlike Hungary; if favour,
Or grace in court could take me, by your grant,
Far, far, beyond my merit, I may make
In yours a free election; but, alas! sir,
I'm not mine own, but by my destiny
(Which I cannot resist) forced to prefer
My country's smoke, before the glorious fire
With which your bounties warm me. All I ask, sir,

Though I cannot be ignorant it must relish
Of foul ingratitude, is your gracious licence
For my departure.

Ladis. Whither?

Math. To my own home, sir,
My own poor home ; which will, at my return,
Grow rich by your magnificence. I am here
But a body without a soul ; and, till I find it
In the embraces of my constant wife,
And, to set off that constancy, in her beauty
And matchless excellencies without a rival,
I am but half myself.

Hon. And is she then
So chaste and fair as you infer ?

Math. O, madam,
Though it must argue weakness in a rich man,
To show his gold before an armed thief,
And I, in praising of my wife, but feed
The fire of love in others to attempt her ;
Such is my full-sail'd confidence in her virtue,
Though in my absence she were now besieged
By a strong army of lascivious wooers,
And every one more expert in his art,
Than those that tempted chaste Penelope ;
Though they raised batteries by prodigal gifts,
By amorous letters, vows made for her service,
With all the engines wanton appetite
Could mount to shake the fortress of her honour,
Here, here is my assurance she holds out,
[*Kisses the picture.*

And is impregnable.

Hon. What's that ?

Math. Her fair figure.

Ladis. As I live, an excellent face !

Hon. You have seen a better.

Ladis. I ever except yours:—nay, frown not, sweetest,

The Cyprian queen, compared to you, in my Opinion, is a negro. As you order'd, I'll see the soldiers paid ; and, in my absence, Pray you use your powerful arguments, to stay This gentleman in our service.

Hon. I will do

My parts.

Ladis. On to the camp.

[*Exeunt* LADISLAUS, FERDINAND, EUBULUS, BAPTISTA, and Officers.

Hon. I am full of thoughts,

And something there is here I must give form to, Though yet an embryo : [*Aside.*] You, signiors, Have no business with the soldier ; quit the place, But be within call.

[*Exeunt* UBALDO and RICARDO.

You may perceive the king is no way tainted With the disease of jealousy, since he leaves me Thus private with you.

Math. It were in him, madam, A sin unpardonable to distrust such pureness, Though I were an Adonis.

Hon. I presume

He neither does nor dares : and yet the story Deliver'd of you by the general, With your heroic courage, which sinks deeply Into a knowing woman's heart, besides Your promising presence, might beget some scruple In a meaner man ; but more of this hereafter. I'll take another theme now, and conjure you

By the honours you have won, and by the love
Sacred to your dear wife, to answer truly
To what I shall demand.

Math. You need not use
Charms to this purpose, madam.

Hon. Tell me, then,
Being yourself assured 'tis not in man
To sully with one spot the' immaculate whiteness
Of your wife's honour, if you have not, since
The Gordian of your love was tied by marriage,
Play'd false with her?

Math. By the hopes of mercy, never.

Hon. It may be, not frequenting the converse
Of handsome ladies, you were never tempted,
And so your faith's untried yet.

Math. I have been
Received to the society of the best
And fairest of our climate.

Hon. Strange! and do you think
The earth can show no beauty that can drench
In Lethe all remembrance of the favour
You now bear to your own?

Math. Nature must find out
Some other mould to fashion a new creature
Fairer than her Pandora, ere I prove
Guilty, or in my wishes or my thoughts,
To my Sophia.

Hon. Sir, consider better;
Not one in our whole sex?

Math. I am constant to
My resolution.

Hon. But dare you stand
The opposition, and bind yourself
By oath for the performance?

Math. My faith else
Had but a weak foundation.

Hon. I take hold
Upon your promise, and enjoin your stay
For one month here.

Math. I am caught!

[*Aside.*

Hon. And if I do not
Produce a lady, in that time, that shall
Make you confess your error, I submit
Myself to any penalty you shall please
To impose upon me: in the mean space, write
To your chaste wife, acquaint her with your fortune:
The jewels that were mine you may send to her,
For better confirmation. I'll provide you
Of trusty messengers: but how far distant is she?

Math. A day's hard riding.

Hon. There is no retiring!
I'll bind you to your word.

Math. Well, since there is
No way to shun it, I will stand the hazard,
And instantly make ready my despatch:
Till then, I'll leave your majesty.

[*Exit.*

Hon. How I burst
With envy, that there lives, besides myself,
One fair and loyal woman! 'twas the end
Of my ambition to be recorded
The only wonder of the age, and shall I
Give way to a competitor? Nay more,
To add to my affliction, the assurances
That I placed in my beauty have deceived me:
I thought one gentle glance of mine could bring
All hearts to my subjection; but this stranger,
Unmoved as rocks, contemns me. But I cannot
Sit down so with mine honour: I will gain

A double victory, by working him
To my desire, and taint her in her honour,
Or lose myself: I have read that sometime poison
Is useful. — To supplant her I'll employ,
With any cost, Ubaldo and Ricardo,
Two noted courtiers of approved cunning;
And in corrupting him, I will outgo
Nero's Poppæa: if he shut his ears
Against my syren notes, I'll boldly swear,
Ulysses lives again; or that I have found
A frozen cynic¹, cold in spite of all
Allurements; one whom beauty cannot move,
Nor softest blandishments entice to love. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bohemia. A Space near the Entrance of MATHIAS' House.

Enter UBALDO, RICARDO, and a Guide.

Guide. That's her castle,
Upon my certain knowledge.

Ubald. Our horses held out
To my desire. I am afire to be at it.

Ric. Take the jades for thy reward. Give me
the cabinet:
So; leave us now.

Guide. Good fortune to you, gallants! [*Exit.*

Ubald. Being joint agents, in a design of trust
too,

¹ *A frozen cynic, &c.*] Honoria evidently means *Stoic*, which ought probably to be the reading of the text. The *Cynics* were never distinguished for temperance.

For the service of the queen, and our own pleasure,
Let us proceed with judgment.

Ric. Make your approaches
As I directed.

Ubal. I need no instruction ;
I work not on your anvil. Who have we here ?

Enter HILARIO.

Ric. Where dost thou dwell ?

Hil. Dwell, sir ! my dwelling is
Yon goodly house ; the habitation
Of the good knight Mathias.

Ubal. We come from him,
With presents to his lady.

Hil. But, are you sure
He is in health ?

Ric. Never so well : conduct us
To the lady.

Hil. Though a poor snake, I will leap
Out of my skin for joy : methinks already
I'm knuckle deep in the fleshpots. Follow.

Ubal. A mad fellow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in MATHIAS' House.

Enter SOPHIA and CORISCA.

Soph. Do not delude me.

Coris. Indeed I do not, madam,
I stood, as you commanded, in the turret,
Observing all that pass'd by ; and even now,
I did discern a pair of cavaliers,

For such their outside spoke them, with their guide,
Dismounting from their horses; they said some-
thing

To our hungry centinel, that made him caper
And frisk in the air for joy: and, to confirm this,
See, madam, they're in view.

Enter HILARIO, UBALDO, and RICARDO.

Hil. News from my lord!
Tidings of joy!

Ubald. Fair lady, since mine eyes
Were never happy in so sweet an object,
Without inquiry, I presume you are
The lady of the house, and so salute you.

Ric. This letter, with these jewels, from your
lord,
Warrant my boldness, madam.

[Delivers a letter and a casket.]

Ubald. In being a servant
To such rare beauty, you must needs deserve
This courtesy from a stranger. *[Salutes CORISCA.]*

Ric. You are still
Beforehand with me. Pretty one, I descend
To take the height of your lip. *[Salutes CORIS.]*

Coris. These gentlemen
Have had good breeding.
*[In the interim, SOPHIA reads the letter,
and opens the casket.]*

Soph. Heaven, in thy mercy, make me
Thy thankful handmaid for this boundless blessing
In thy goodness shower'd upon me!

Ubald. I do not like
This simple devotion in her; it is seldom
Practised among my mistresses.

Ric. Or mine.

Would they kneel to I know not who, for the possession

Of such inestimable wealth, before
They thanked the bringers of it? The poor lady
Does want instruction; but I'll be her tutor,
And read her another lesson.

Soph. If I have

Shown want of manners, gentlemen, in my slowness

To pay the thanks I owe you for your travail,
To do my lord and me, howe'er unworthy
Of such a benefit, this noble favour,
Impute it, in your clemency, to the excess
Of joy that overwhelm'd me.

Ric. She speaks well.

Ubal. Polite and courtly.

Soph. And howe'er it may

Increase the offence, to trouble you with more
Demands touching my lord, before I have
Invited you to rest, such as the coarseness
Of my poor house can offer; pray you connive
On my weak tenderness, though I entreat
To learn from you something he hath, it may be,
In his letter left unmention'd.

Ric. I can only

Give you assurance that he is in health,
Graced by the king and queen.

Ubal. And in the court
With admiration look'd on.

Ric. You must therefore
Put off these widow's garments, and appear
Like to yourself.

Ubal. And entertain all pleasures
Your fortune marks out for you.

Ric. There are other
Particular privacies, which on occasion
I will deliver to you.

Soph. You oblige me
To your service ever.

Ric. Good! *your service*; mark that.

Soph. In the mean time, by your good acceptance,
make
My rustic entertainment relish of
The curiousness of the court.

Ubal. Your looks, sweet madam,
Cannot but make each dish a feast.

Soph. It shall be
Such, in the freedom of my will to please you.
I'll show you the way: this is too great an honour,
From such brave guests, to me so mean an hostess.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Alba Regalis. *An outer Room in the Palace.*

Enter ACANTHE, and four or five Servants with visors.

Acan. You know your charge: give it action,
and expect
Rewards beyond your hopes.

1 *Serv.* If we but eye them,
They are ours, I warrant you.

2 *Serv.* May we not ask why
We are put upon this?

Acan. Let that stop your mouth ;
[*Gives them money.*
And learn more manners, groom. 'Tis upon the
hour
In which they used to walk here: when you have
them
In your power, with violence carry them to the
place
Where I appointed ; there I will expect you :
Be bold and careful. [*Exit.*

Enter MATHIAS and BAPTISTA.

1 *Serv.* These are they.

2 *Serv.* Are you sure ?

1 *Serv.* Am I sure I am myself ?

2 *Serv.* Seize on him strongly ; if he have but
means

To draw his sword, 'tis ten to one we smart for 't :
Take all advantages.

Math. I cannot guess
What her intents are ; but her carriage was
As I but now related.

Bapt. Your assurance
In the constancy of your lady is the armour
That must defend you. Where's the picture ?

Math. Here,
And no way alter'd.

Bapt. If she be not perfect,
There is no truth in art.

Math. By this, I hope,
She hath received my letters.

Bapt. Without question :
These courtiers are rank riders when they are
To visit a handsome lady.

Math. Lend me your ear.
One piece of her entertainment will require
Your dearest privacy.

1 Serv. Now they stand fair :
Upon them. [*They rush forward.*

Math. Villains !

1 Serv. Stop their mouths. We come not
To try your valours. Kill him, if he offer
To ope his mouth. We have you : 'tis in vain
To make resistance. Mount them, and away !
[*Exeunt with MATHIAS and BAPTISTA.*

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same.

*Enter ACANTHE and the visored Servants, with
MATHIAS and BAPTISTA blindfolded.*

Acan. You have done bravely. Lock this in that
room,
There let him ruminate ; I'll anon unhood him :
[*They carry off BAPTISTA.*

The other must stay here. As soon as I
Have quit the place, give him the liberty
And use of his eyes ; that done, disperse yourselves
As privately as you can : but, on your lives,
No word of what hath pass'd. [*Exit.*

1 Serv. If I do, sell
My tongue to a tripe-wife. Come, unbind his arms :
You are now at your own disposure ; and however
We used you roughly, I hope you will find here

Such entertainment as will give you cause
To thank us for the service: and so I leave you.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Math. If I am in a prison, 'tis a neat one.
What *Œdipus* can resolve this riddle? Ha!
I never gave just cause to any man
Basely to plot against my life.—But what is
Become of my true friend? for him I suffer
More than myself.

Acan. [*within.*] Remove that idle fear;
He's safe as you are.

Math. Whosoe'er thou art,
For him I thank thee. I cannot imagine
Where I should be: though I have read the tales
Of errant-knighthood, stuff'd with the relations
Of magical enchantments; yet I am not
So sottishly credulous to believe the devil
Hath that way power. Ha! music?

[*Music above. A song of pleasure*¹.]

A song too! certainly, be it he or she
That owes this voice, it hath not been acquainted
With much affliction. Whosoe'er you are
That do inhabit here, if you have bodies,
And are not mere aërial forms, appear,

Enter HONORIA, masked.

And make me know your end with me. Most
strange!

What have I conjured up? Sure, if this be
A spirit, it is no damn'd one. What a shape's here!

¹ From this stage direction, it seems that no song was originally provided by the author. Indeed, it is a doubt with me whether most of these things were not supplied by the poet in waiting.
—GIFFORD.

Then, with what majesty it moves! If Juno
Were now to keep her state among the gods,
And Hercules to be made again her guest,
She could not put on a more glorious habit,
Though her handmaid, Iris, lent her various colours,
Or old Oceanus ravish'd from the deep
All jewels shipwreck'd in it. As you have
Thus far made known yourself, if that your face
Have not too much divinity about it
For mortal eyes to gaze on, perfect what
You have begun, with wonder and amazement
To my astonish'd senses. [*HONORIA unmasks.*]

How! the queen! [*Kneels.*]

Hon. Rise, sir, and hear my reasons in defence
Of the rape (for so you may conceive) which I,
By my instruments, made upon you. You, perhaps,
May think what you have suffer'd for my love
Is a common practice with me; but I call
Those ever shining lamps and their great Maker
As witnesses of my innocence: I ne'er look'd on
A man but your best self, on whom I ever
(Except the king) vouchsafed an eye of favour.

Math. The king, indeed, and only such a king,
Deserves your rarities, madam; for myself,
I am a thing obscure, disfurnish'd of
All merit that can raise me higher than,
In my most humble thankfulness for your bounty,
To hazard my life for you; and that way
I am most ambitious.

Hon. I desire no more
Than what you promise. If you dare expose
Your life, as you profess, to do me service,
How can it better be employ'd than in
Preserving mine? which only you can do,

And must do with the danger of your own,
A desperate danger too ! If private men
Can brook no rivals in what they affect,
But to the death pursue such as invade
What law makes their inheritance, the king—
To whom you know I am dearer than his crown,
His health, his eyes, his after hopes, with all
His present blessings—must fall on that man
Like dreadful lightning that is won by prayers,
Threats, or rewards, to stain his bed or make
His hoped-for issue doubtful.

Math. If you aim
At what I more than fear you do, the reasons
Which you deliver should, in judgment, rather
Deter me, than invite a grant with my
Assured ruin.

Hon. True ; if that you were
Of a cold temper, one whom doubt or fear,
In the most horrid forms they could put on,
Might teach to be ingrateful. Your denial
To me, that have deserved so much, is more,
If it can have addition.

Math. I know not
What your commands are.

Hon. If you will press me
To speak in plainer language——

Math. Pray you, forbear ;
I would I did not understand too much !
Already, by your words, I am instructed
To credit that which, not confirm'd by you,
Had bred suspicion in me of untruth,
Though an angel had affirm'd it. But suppose
That, cloy'd with happiness, which is ever built
On virtuous chastity, among ten thousand

Far apter to be wrought on, such as owe you
Obedience, being your subjects, why should you
Make choice of me, a stranger?

Hon. 'Though yet reason
Was ne'er admitted in the court of love,
I'll yield you one unanswerable. As I urged
In our last private conference, you have
A pretty promising presence; but there are
Many, in limbs and feature, who may take
That way the right-hand file of you: besides,
Your May of youth is past; and that high valour,
Set off with better fortune, which, it may be,
Swells you above your bounds, is not the hook
That hath caught me, good sir. I need no cham-
pion

With his sword to guard my honour or my beauty;
In both I can defend myself, and live
My own protection.

Math. If these advocates,
The best that can plead for me, have no power,
What can you find in me that may allure you?

Hon. You have a jewel of such matchless worth,
As does disdain comparison, and darkens
All that is rare in other men; and that
I must or win or lessen.

Math. You heap more
Amazement on me. What am I possess'd of
That you can covet? make me understand it,
If it have a name.

Hon. Yes, an imagined one;
But is, in substance, nothing; being a garment
Worn out of fashion, and long since given o'er
By the court and country: 'tis your loyalty
And constancy to your wife; 'tis that I dote on,

And does deserve my envy ; and that jewel,
Or by fair play or foul, I must win from you.

Math. These are mere contraries. If you love
me, madam,

For my constancy, why seek you to destroy it ?
In my keeping it preserve me worth your favour¹.
Or, if it be a jewel of that value,
As you with labour'd rhetoric would persuade me,
What can you stake against it ?

Hon. A queen's fame,
And equal honour.

Math. So, whoever wins,
Both shall be losers.

Hon. That is that I aim at :
Yet on the die I lay my youth, my beauty ;—
Do you find them infectious, that you start,
As frightened with their touch ?

Math. Is it in man
To resist such strong temptations ?

Hon. He begins
To waver. [*Aside.*

Math. Madam, as you are gracious,
Grant this short night's deliberation to me ;
And, with the rising sun, from me you shall
Receive full satisfaction.

Hon. Though extremes
Hate all delay, I will deny you nothing.
This key will bring you to your friend ; you are
safe both ;

¹ *In my keeping it preserve me worth your favour.*] The meaning is, " If you love me for my constancy, why do you seek to destroy it ? Why not rather, in allowing me to keep it, suffer me to remain a proper object of your kindness ?"—

And all things useful that could be prepared
For one I love and honour, wait upon you.
Take council of your pillow, such a fortune
As with affection's swiftest wings flies to you,
Will not be often tender'd. [Exit.

Math. How my blood
Rebels! I now could call her back—and yet
There's something stays me: if the king had
tender'd

Such favours to my wife; 'tis to be doubted
They had not been refused: but, being a man,
I should not yield first, or prove an example,
For her defence, of frailty. By this, sans question,
She's tempted too; and here I may examine
[Looks on the picture.

How she holds out. She's still the same, the same
Pure crystal rock of chastity. Perish all
Allurements that may alter me! rewards nor titles,
Nor certain death from the refused queen,
Shall shake my faith; since I resolve to be
Loyal to her, as she is true to me. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Bohemia. A Gallery in MATHIAS' House.

Enter UBALDO and RICARDO.

Ubald. What we spake on the voley¹ begins to
work;

We have laid a good foundation.

¹ *On the voley.*] A literal translation of the French phrase *à la volée*, which signifies *at random*, or *inconsiderately*.—M. MASON.

Ric. Build it up,
Or else 'tis nothing: you have by lot the honour
Of the first assault; but, as it is condition'd,
Observe the time proportion'd: I'll not part with
My share in the achievement; when I whistle,
Or hem, fall off.

Enter SOPHIA.

Ubald. She comes. Stand by, I'll watch
My opportunity. *[They walk aside.]*

Soph. I find myself
Strangely distracted with the various stories,
Now well, now ill, then doubtfully, by my guests
Deliver'd of my lord: and, like poor beggars
That in their dreams find treasure, by reflection
Of a wounded fancy, make it questionable
Whether they sleep or not; yet, tickled with
Such a fantastic hope of happiness,
Wish they may never wake. In some such measure,
Incredulous of what I see and touch,
As 'twere a fading apparition, I
Am still perplex'd, and troubled; and when most
Confirm'd 'tis true, a curious jealousy
To be assured, by what means, and from whom,
Such a mass of wealth was first deserved, then
gotten,
Cunningly steals into me. I have practised,
For my certain resolution, with these courtiers,
Promising private conference to either,
And, at this hour:—if in search of the truth,
I hear, or say, more than becomes my virtue,
Forgive me, my Mathias.

Ubald. Now I make in.— *[Comes forward.]*
Madam, as you commanded, I attend
Your pleasure.

Soph. I must thank you for the favour.

Ubald. I am no ghostly father; yet, if you have
Some scruples touching your lord, you would be
resolved of,

I am prepared.

Soph. But will you take your oath,
To answer truly?

Ubald. On thy fair hand, sweet lady, if you
please:

A vow I dare not break, it being a book
I would gladly swear on.

Soph. To spare, sir, that trouble,
I'll take your word, which, in a gentleman,
Should be of equal value.—You would put, now,
A foolish jealousy in my head, my lord
Hath gotten a new mistress.

Ubald. One! a hundred;
But under seal I speak it: I presume
Upon your silence, it being for your profit.
Such a soldier and a courtier never came
To Alba Regalis; the ladies run mad for him,
And there is such contention among them,
Who shall engross him wholly, that the like
Was never heard of.

Soph. Are they handsome women?

Ubald. Fie! no; coarse mammals.

Ric. [*whistles.*] Sir, I must fetch you off. [*Aside.*

Ubald. A business of import
Calls me away; but, that despatch'd, I will
Be with you presently. [*Walks aside.*

Soph. There is something more
In this than bare suspicion.

Ric. [*comes forward.*] Save you, lady;
Now you look like yourself! I have not look'd on
A lady more complete, yet have seen a madam

Wear a garment of this fashion, of the same stuff too,
One just of your dimensions:—Sat the wind there,
boy!

Soph. What lady, sir?

Ric. Nay, nothing; and methinks
I should know this ruby: very good! 'tis the same.
This chain of orient pearl, and this diamond too,
Have been worn often,—much good may they do you!
Before he got them.

Soph. Why, how were they gotten?

Ric. Not in the field with his sword, upon my
life. [UBALDO hems.

Run the minutes so fast? [*Aside.*]—Pray you, ex-
cuse my manners;

I left a letter in my chamber window,
Which I would not have seen on any terms; fie
on it,

Forgetful as I am! but I'll straight attend you.

[*Walks aside.*

Soph. This is strange. His letters said these
jewels were

Presented him by the queen, as a reward
For his good service, and the trunks of clothes,
That follow'd them this last night, with haste made
up

By his direction.

Ubaldo. [*comes forward.*] I was telling you
Of wonders, madam.

Soph. If you are so skilful,
Without premeditation answer me;
Know you this gown, and these rich jewels?

Ubaldo. Heaven,
How things will come out! But that I should of-
fend you,

And wrong my more than noble friend, your husband,

(For we are sworn brothers,) in the discovery
Of his nearest secrets, I could——

Soph. By the hope of favour
That you have from me, out with it.

Ubaldo. 'Tis a potent spell
I can't resist: Why, I will tell you, madam,
And to how many several women you are
Beholding for your bravery. This was
The wedding gown of Paulina, a wanton lady,
Worn but a day, when she married old Gonzaga.

Soph. O my poor heart!

Ubaldo. And this resplendent chain
Of pearl was a great widow's, that invited
Your lord to a mask; but how he came by it
I know not.

Soph. Perjured man!

Ubaldo. This diamond
Was madam Acanthe's, given him for a song
When the queen ask'd for't. You're happy in a
husband.

Soph. I do commend him, sir: but pray you
leave me
A little to myself.

Ubaldo. You may command
Your servant, madam.—[*Walks aside.*]—She's
stung unto the quick, lad.

Ric. I did my part; if this potion work not,
hang me!
Let her sleep as well as she can to-night, to-morrow
We'll mount new batteries.

Ubaldo. And till then leave her.

[*Exeunt UBALDO and RICARDO.*]

Soph. You Powers, that take into your care the
guard

Of innocence, aid me ! for I am a creature
So forfeited to despair, hope cannot fancy
A ransom to redeem me. I begin
To waver in my faith, and make it doubtful,
Whether the saints, that were canonized for
Their holiness of life, sinn'd not in secret ;
Since my Mathias is fallen from his virtue,
In such an open fashion.—Was't for this he left
me,

And, on a feign'd pretence, for want of means
To give me ornament ?—

Suppose these men are false, if he were true,
Why stays he so long from me, being made rich,
And that the only reason why he left me ?

No, he is lost ; and shall I wear the spoils
And salaries of his treason ? they cleave to me,
Like Nessus' poison'd shirt : no, in my rage,
I'll tear them off, and from my body wash
The venom with my tears. Have I no spleen,
Nor anger of a woman ? shall he build

Upon my ruins, and I, unrevenged,
Deplore his falsehood ? no ; with the same trash
For which he had dishonour'd me, I'll purchase

A just revenge : I am not yet so much
In debt to years, nor so mis-shaped, that all
Should fly from my embraces : Chastity,
Thou only art a name, and I renounce thee !

I am now a servant to voluptuousness.
Wantons of all degrees and fashions, welcome !

You shall be entertain'd ; and, if I stray,
Let him condemn himself, that led the way.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Alba Regalis. A Room in the Palace.

Enter MATHIAS and BAPTISTA.

Bapt. We are in a desperate strait ; there's no evasion,

Nor hope left to come off, but by your yielding
To the necessity ; you must feign a grant
To her violent passion, or——

Math. What, my Baptista ?

Bapt. We are but dead else.

Math. Were the sword now heaved up,
And my neck upon the block, I would not buy
An hour's reprieve with the loss of faith and virtue,
To be made immortal here. Art thou a scholar,
Nay, almost without parallel, and yet fear
To die, which is inevitable ! You may urge
The many years that, by the course of nature,
We may travel in this tedious pilgrimage,
And hold it as a blessing ; as it is,
When innocence is our guide : yet know, Baptista,
Our virtues are preferr'd before our years,
By the great Judge : to die untainted in
Our fame and reputation is the greatest ;
And to lose that, can we desire to live¹ ?
Or shall I be for perjury remember'd
In a still living epitaph ? no, Baptista,

¹ *And to lose that, can we desire to live ?]*

Et propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas.

Since my Sophia will go to her grave
Unspotted in her faith, I'll follow her
With equal loyalty. [*Takes out the picture.*] But
look on this,

Your own great work, your masterpiece, and then,
She being still the same, teach me to alter!——
Ha! sure I do not sleep! or, if I dream,
This is a terrible vision! I will clear
My eyesight; perhaps melancholy makes me
See that which is not.

Bapt. It is too apparent.

I grieve to look upon't: besides the yellow,
That does assure she's tempted, there are lines
Of a dark colour, that disperse themselves
O'er every miniature of her face, and those
Confirm——

Math. She is turn'd false!

Bapt. I must not say so.

Yet, as a friend to truth, if you will have me
Interpret it,—in her consent and wishes
She's false, but not in fact yet.

Math. Fact, Baptista!

Make not yourself a partner to her looseness,
In labouring to palliate what a visor
Of impudence cannot cover.

Bapt. Pray you, temper
The violence of your passion.

Math. In extremes
Of this condition, can it be in man
To use a moderation? I am thrown
From a steep rock headlong into a gulf
Of misery, and find myself past hope
In the same moment that I apprehend
That I am falling: and this, the figure of

My idol, few hours since, while she continued
In her perfection, that was late a mirror,
In which I saw miraculous shapes of duty,
Staid manners, with all excellency a husband
Could wish in a chaste wife, is on the sudden
Turn'd to a magical glass, and does present
Nothing but shame and horror.

Bapt. You may yet,
And 'tis the best foundation, build up comfort
On your own goodness.

Math. No, that hath undone me ;
For now I hold my temperance a sin
Worse than excess, and what was vice a virtue.
Have I refused a queen, and such a queen,
Whose ravishing beauties at the first sight had
tempted

A hermit from his beads, and changed his prayers
To amorous sonnets, to preserve my faith
Inviolatè to thee, with the hazard of
My death with torture, since she could inflict
No less for my contempt ; and have I met
Such a return from thee ! I will not curse thee,
Nor, for thy falsehood, rail against the sex ;
'Tis poor and common : I'll only, with wise men,
Whisper unto myself, howe'er they seem,
Nor present, nor past times, nor the age to come,
Hath heretofore, can now, or ever shall,
Produce one constant woman.

Bapt. This is more
Than the satirists wrote against them.

Math. There's no language
That can express the poison of these aspicks,
These weeping crocodiles, and all too little
That hath been said against them. But I'll mould

My thoughts into another form ; and, if
She can outlive the report of what I have done,
This hand, when next she comes within my reach,
Shall be her executioner.

Enter HONORIA and ACANTHE.

Bapt. The queen, sir.

Hon. Wait our command at distance :—[*Exit*

ACANTHE.]—Sir, you too have

Free liberty to depart.

Bapt. I know my manners,

And thank you for the favour.

[*Exit.*

Hon. Have you taken

Good rest in your new lodgings? I expect now

Your resolute answer ; but advise maturely

Before I hear it.

Math. Let my actions, madam,

For no words can dilate my joy, in all

You can command, with cheerfulness to serve you,

Assure your highness ; and, in sign of my

Submission, and contrition for my error,

My lips, that but the last night shunn'd the touch

Of yours as poison, taught humility now,

Thus on your robe, and that too great an honour

For such an undeserver, seal my duty.

A cloudy mist of ignorance, equal to

Cimmerian darkness, would not let me see then

What now, with adoration and wonder,

With reverence I look up to : but those fogs

Dispersed and scatter'd by the powerful beams

With which yourself, the sun of all perfection,

Vouchsafe to cure my blindness ; like a suppliant,

As low as I can kneel, I humbly beg

What you once pleased to tender.

Hon. This is more
Than I could hope! [*Aside.*—What find you so
attractive

Upon my face in so short time to make
This sudden metamorphosis? Pray you rise.
T' allay this fervour, 'twere good to remember
The king, whose eyes and ears are every where;
With the danger too that follows, this discover'd.

Math. Danger! a bugbear, madam; let me but ride
Like Phaeton in the chariot of your favour,
And I contemn Jove's thunder.

Hon. Pause a little:
The bounties of the king, and, what weighs more,
Your boasted constancy to your matchless wife,
Should not so soon be shaken.

Math. The whole fabric,
When I but look on you, is in a moment
O'erturn'd and ruin'd; and, as rivers lose
Their names when they are swallow'd by the ocean,
In you alone all faculties of my soul
Are wholly taken up; my wife and king,
At the best, as things forgotten.

Hon. Can this be?
I have gain'd my end now. [*Aside.*

Math. Whereon muse you, madam?

Hon. In my consideration what a nothing
Man's constancy is.

Math. Your beauties make it so
In me, sweet lady.

Hon. And it is my glory: I ere long
Will visit you again; and when I next
Appear, as conquer'd by it, slave-like wait
On my triumphant beauty. [*Exit.*

Math. What a change

Is here beyond my fear ! What an angry frown,
In scorn, at her departure, she threw on me !
I am both ways lost ; storms of contempt and scorn
Are ready to break on me, and all hope
Of shelter doubtful. I can neither be
Disloyal nor yet honest ; I stand guilty
On either part : at the worst, Death will end all ;
And he must be my judge to right my wrong,
Since I have loved too much and lived too long.
[Exit.

SCENE II.

*Bohemia. A Court-yard in MATHIAS' House, with
the windows of several apartments looking into it.*

Enter SOPHIA, with a book and a paper.

Soph. Nor custom, nor example, nor vast numbers
Of such as do offend, make less the sin.
For each particular crime a strict account
Will be exacted ; and that comfort which
The damn'd pretend, fellows in misery,
Takes nothing from their torments : every one
Must suffer, in himself, the measure of
His wickedness. If so, as I must grant,
It being unrefutable in reason,
Howe'er my lord offend, it is no warrant
For me to walk in his forbidden paths :
The wounds of my fame can't recover his ;
And, though I've fed these courtiers with hopes,
I am untainted ; and I trust my purity,
And love to goodness for itself, made powerful,
Though all they have alleged prove true or false,

Will be such exorcisms as shall command
This fury, jealousy, from me. What I have
Determined touching them I am resolved
To put in execution. Within there!

Enter HILARIO, CORISCA, with other Servants.

Where are my noble guests?

Hil. The elder, madam,
Is drinking by himself to your ladyship's health
In muskadine and eggs.

Coris. The younger
Prunes up himself most gaily; to what purpose,
I am ignorance itself.

Soph. Continue so. [*Gives the servants the paper.*]
Let those lodgings be prepared as this directs you:
And fail not in a circumstance, as you
Respect my favour.

1 *Serv.* We have our instructions.

2 *Serv.* And punctually will follow them.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Enter UBALDO.

Hil. Here comes, madam,
The lord Ubaldo.

Ubald. Pretty one, there's gold
To buy thee a new gown; [*To CORIS.*] and there's
for thee;
Grow fat, and fit for service. [*To HIL.*] My better
angel!

Soph. Follow my woman, she knows where to
conduct you,
And will serve you as your page.

Ubald. Excellent lady!

[*Exeunt UBALDO and CORISCA.*]

Enter RICARDO.

Soph. Here comes my other suitor.

Ric. Take purse and all. [To HILARIO.

Hil. If this company would come often, I should make

A pretty term on 't.

Soph. Sirrah, be't your care
To attend this gentleman.

Ric. Dear lady, stay not long.

Soph. I may come too soon, sir.

Hil. This is the way, sir.

[*Exeunt HILARIO and RICARDO.*

Soph. I was much to blame to hear their foul reports
Touching my lord; but I have studied for them
A way for their recovery.

[*A noise of clapping a door; UBALDO appears at a window above, in his shirt.*

Ubald. What dost thou mean, wench?

Why dost thou shut the door upon me? Ha!

My clothes are ta'en away too! shall I starve here?
Is this my lodging? Here's nothing but fresh
straw,

A petticoat for a coverlet, and that torn too,
And an old woman's biggin¹ for a nightcap.

Re-enter CORISCA below.

'Slight, 'tis a prison, or a pigsty. Ha!

The windows grated with iron! I cannot force
them,

¹ *Biggin,*] a kind of close cap, which bound the forehead strongly.—NARES.

And if I leap down here, I break my neck :
I am betray'd. Rogues! Villains! let me out ;
I am a lord, and that's no common title,
And shall I be used thus?

Soph. Let him rave, he's fast ;
I'll parley with him at leisure.

*RICARDO appearing at a window with a great
noise above, as fallen.*

Ric. Zounds! have you trapdoors?

Soph. The other bird's i' the cage too, let him
flutter.

Ric. Whither am I fallen? into hell!

U bald. Who makes that noise, there?
Help me, if thou art a friend.

Ric. A friend! I am where
I cannot help myself; let me see thy face.

U bald. How, Ricardo! Prithee, throw me
Thy cloak, if thou canst, to cover me; I am almost
Frozen to death.

Ric. My cloak! I'm in my shirt,
As thou art, and here's nothing for myself
But a clown's cast-off suit.

U bald. We are both undone.
Prithee, roar a little—Madam!

Re-enter HILARIO below.

Ric. Lady of the house!

U bald. Grooms of the chamber!

Ric. Gentlewomen! Milkmaids!

U bald. Shall we be murder'd?

Soph. No, but soundly punish'd,
To your deserts.

Ric. You are not in earnest, madam?

Soph. Judge as you find, and feel it; and now
hear

What I irrevocably purpose to you.

Being received as guests into my house,

And with all it afforded entertain'd,

You have forgot all hospitable duties;

And, with the defamation of my lord,

Wrought on my woman weakness, in revenge

Of his injuries, as you fashion'd them to me,

To yield my honour to your lawless love.

Hil. Mark that, poor fellows!

Soph. And so far you have

Transgress'd against the dignity of men,

Who should, bound to it by virtue, still defend

Chaste ladies' honours, that it was your trade

To make them infamous: but you are caught

In your own toils, like beasts, and, therefore,
wretches,

Hope not to find the usage of men from me:

Such mercy you have forfeited, and shall suffer

Like the most slavish women.

Ubold. How will you use us?

Soph. Ease, and excess in feeding, made you
wanton.

A pleurisy of ill blood you must let out,

By labour, and spare diet that way got too,

Or perish for hunger. Reach him up that distaff

With the flax upon it; though no Omphale,

Nor you a second Hercules, as I take it,

As you spin well at my command, and please me,

Your wages, in the coarsest bread and water,

Shall be proportionable.

Ubalde. I will starve first.

Soph. That 's as you please.

Ric. What will become of me now ?

Soph. You shall have gentler work ; I have oft observed

You were proud to show the fineness of your hands,
And softness of your fingers ; you should reel well
What he spins, if you give your mind to it, as I 'll
force you.

Deliver him his materials. Now you know
Your penance, fall to work ; hunger will teach you :
And so, as slaves to sin, not me, I leave you.

[*Exeunt SOPHIA and CORISCA*.

Ubalde. I shall spin a fine thread out now !

Ric. I cannot look

On these devices, but they put me in mind
Of rope-makers.

Hil. Fellow, think of thy task.

Forget such idle vanities.

[*Exit*.

Ubalde. I am faint,

And must lie down.

Ric. I am hungry too, and cold.

O cursed women !

Ubalde. Let us now to rest,

But not o'ersleep ourselves, lest we fast to-morrow.

[*They withdraw*.

SCENE III.

Alba Regalis. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LADISLAUS, HONORIA, EUBULUS, FERDINAND, ACANTHE, and Attendants.

Hon. Now you know all, sir, with the motives
why

I forced him to my lodging.

Ladis. I desire

No more such trials, lady.

Hon. I presume, sir,

You do not doubt my honour.

Ladis. I would not ;

But these are strange inducements.

Hon. Sir, I proved

What power dwells in this beauty you admire so ;
And when you see how soon it hath transform'd him,
And with what superstition he adores it,
Determine as you please.

Ladis. I will look on

This pageant ; but——

Hon. When you have seen and heard, sir,
The passages which I myself discover'd,
And could have kept conceal'd, had I meant basely,
Judge as you please.

Ladis. Well, I'll observe the issue.

Eubu. How had you ta'en this, general, in your
wife?

Ferd. As a strange curiosity ; but queens
Are privileged above subjects, and 'tis fit, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same, with a Gallery.

Enter MATHIAS and BAPTISTA.

Bapt. You are much alter'd, sir, since the last night,

When the queen left you, and look cheerfully,
Your dulness quite blown over.

Math. I have seen a vision
This morning, makes it good¹; and never was
In such security as at this instant,
Fall what can fall: and when the queen appears,
Whose shortest absence now is tedious to me,
Observe the encounter.

Enter HONORIA. LADISLAUS, EUBULUS, FERDINAND, and ACANTHE, with others, appear in the Gallery.

Bapt. She already is
Enter'd the lists.

Math. And I prepared to meet her.

Bapt. I know my duty.

[*Going.*

Hon. Not so, you may stay now,
As a witness of our contract.

Bapt. I obey
In all things, madam.

Hon. Where's that reverence,

¹ *Math. I have seen a vision*

This morning, makes it good.] Meaning that the picture had recovered its natural colour. This scene is inimitably beautiful.
—GIFFORD.

Or rather superstitious adoration,
Which, captive-like, to my triumphant beauty
You paid last night? No humble knee, nor sign
Of vassal duty! sure this is the foot,
To whose proud cover, and then happy in it,
Your lips were glued; and that the neck then offer'd,
To witness your subjection, to be trod on:
Your certain loss of life in the king's anger
Was then too mean a price to buy my favour;
And that false glow-worm fire of constancy
To your wife, extinguish'd by a greater light
Shot from our eyes;—and that, it may be, (being
Too glorious to be look'd on,) hath deprived you
Of speech and motion: but I will take off
A little from the splendour, and descend
From my own height, and in your lowness hear you
Plead as a suppliant.

Math. I do remember
I once saw such a woman.

Hon. How!

Math. And then
She did appear a most magnificent queen,
And, what's more, virtuous, though somewhat
darken'd
With pride, and self-opinion.

Eubu. Call you this courtship?

Math. And she was happy in a royal husband,
Whom envy could not tax, unless it were
For his too much indulgence to her humours.

Eubu. Pray you, sir, observe that touch, 'tis to
the purpose;
I like the play the better for 't.

Math. And she lived
Worthy her birth and fortune: you retain yet

Some part of her angelical form ; but when
Envy to the beauty of another woman,
Inferior to hers, one that she never
Had seen, but in her picture, had dispersed
Infection through her veins, and loyalty,
Which a great queen, as she was, should have
nourish'd,
Grew odious to her——

Hon. I'm thunderstruck.

Math. In a moment,
All that was gracious, great, and glorious in her,
And won upon all hearts, like seeming shadows
Wanting true substance, vanish'd !

Hon. How his reasons
Work on my soul !

Math. Retire into yourself ;
Your own strengths, madam, strongly mann'd with
virtue,
And be but as you were, and there's no office
So base, beneath the slavery that men
Impose on beasts, but I will gladly bow to.
But as you play and juggle with a stranger,
Varying your shapes like Thetis, though the
beauties

Of all that are by poets' raptures sainted
Were now in you united, you should pass
Pitied by me, perhaps, but not regarded.

Eubu. If this take not, I am cheated.

Math. To slip once,
Is incident, and excused by human frailty ;
But to fall ever, damnable. Our life is
Like to this magic picture. While we run
A constant race in goodness, it retains
The just proportion ; but the journey being

Tedious, and sweet temptation in the way,
That may in some degree divert us from
The road that we put forth in, ere we end
Our pilgrimage, it may, like this, turn yellow,
Or be with blackness clouded: but when we
Find we have gone astray, and labour to
Return unto our never-failing guide,
Virtue, contrition, with unfeigned tears,
The spots of vice wash'd off, will soon restore it
To the first pureness.

Hon. I am disenchanted:
Mercy, O mercy, heavens! [Kneels.

Ladis. I am ravish'd
With what I have seen and heard.

Ferd. Let us descend,
And hear the rest below.

Eubu. This hath fallen out
Beyond my expectation. [They retire.

Hon. How have I wander'd
Out of the track of piety! and misled
By overweening pride, and flattery
Of fawning sycophants, (the bane of greatness,)
Could never meet till now a passenger
That in his charity would set me right,
Or stay me in my precipice to ruin.
How ill have I return'd your goodness to me!
The horror, in my thought of't, turns me marble:
But if it may be yet prevented——

Re-enter LADISLAUS, EUBULUS, FERDINAND, ACANTHE, and others, below.

O sir,
What can I do to show my sorrow, or
With what brow ask your pardon?

Ladis. Pray you, rise.

Hon. Never, till you forgive me, and receive
Unto your love and favour a changed woman :
My state and pride turn'd to humility, henceforth
Shall wait on your commands, and my obedience
Steer'd only by your will.

Ladis. And that will prove
A second and a better marriage to me.
All is forgotten.

Hon. Sir, I must not rise yet,
Till, with a free confession of a crime
Unknown to you yet, and a following suit,
Which thus I beg, be granted.

Ladis. I melt with you :
'Tis pardon'd, and confirm'd thus. [*Raises her.*

Hon. Know then, sir,
In malice to this good knight's wife, I practised
Ubaldo and Ricardo to corrupt her.

Bapt. Thence grew the change of the picture.
[*Aside.*

Hon. And how far
They have prevail'd, I am ignorant : now, if you,
sir,
For the honour of this good man, may be entreated
To travel thither, it being but a day's journey,
To fetch them off——

Ladis. We will put on to-night.

Bapt. I, if you please, your harbinger.

Ladis. I thank you.

Let me embrace you in my arms ; your service
Done on the Turk, compared with this, weighs
nothing.

Math. I am still your humble creature.

Ladis. My true friend.

Ferd. And so you are bound to hold him.

Eubu. Such a plant

Imported to your kingdom, and here grafted,
Would yield more fruit than all the idle weeds
That suck up your rain of favour.

Ladis. In my will

I'll not be wanting. Prepare for our journey.

In act be my Honoria now, not name,

And to all aftertimes preserve thy fame. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Bohemia. A Hall in MATHIAS' House.

Enter SOPHIA, CORISCA, and HILARIO.

Soph. Are they then so humble?

Hil. Hunger and hard labour

Have tamed them, madam; at the first they bel-
low'd

Like stags ta'en in a toil, and would not work
For sullenness; but when they found without it
There was no eating, and that to starve to death
Was much against their stomachs; by degrees,
Against their wills, they fell to it.

Coris. And now feed on

The little pittance you allow with gladness.

Hil. I do remember that they stopp'd their noses
At the sight of beef and mutton, as coarse feeding
For their fine palates; but now, their work being
ended,

They leap at a barley crust, and hold cheese-parings,

With a spoonful of pall'd wine pour'd in their
water,

For festival-exceedings¹.

Coris. When I examine
My spinster's work, he trembles like a prentice,
And takes a box on the ear, when I spy faults
And botches in his labour, as a favour
From a curst mistress.

Hil. The other, too, reels well
For his time.

Enter a Servant.

Soph. And 'tis but justice.—What's the business?

Serv. My lord's great friend, Signior Baptista,
madam,
Is newly lighted from his horse, with certain
Assurance of my lord's arrival.

Soph. How!
And I stand trifling here? [*Excunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the same.

Enter SOPHIA and BAPTISTA.

Soph. Was he jealous of me?

Bapt. There's no perfect love
Without some touch of't, madam.

¹ *Festival-exceedings.*] At the Middle Temple an additional dish to the regular dinner is still called *exceedings*.—
MASON.

Soph. And my picture,
Made by your devilish art, a spy upon
My actions! I ne'er sat to be drawn,
Nor had you, sir, commission for't.

Bapt. Excuse me;
At his earnest suit I did it.

Soph. Very good:—
Was I grown so cheap in his opinion of me?

Bapt. The prosperous events that crown his
fortunes
May qualify the offence.

Soph. Good, the events!—
The sanctuary fools and madmen fly to,
When their rash and desperate undertakings thrive
well:

But good and wise men are directed by
Grave counsels, and with such deliberation
Proceed in their affairs, that chance has nothing
To do with them: howsoe'er, take the pains, sir,
To meet the honour (in the king and queen's
Approaches to my house) that breaks upon me;
I will expect them with my best of care.

Bapt. To entertain such royal guests——

Soph. I know it;
Leave that to me, sir. [*Exit BAPTISTA.*] What
should move the queen,
So given to ease and pleasure, as fame speaks her,
To such a journey? or work on my lord
To doubt my loyalty, nay, more, to take,
For the resolution of his fears, a course
That is by holy writ denied a christian?
'Twas impious in him; and perhaps the welcome
He hopes for in returning may deceive

[*Trumpets sounded.*]

His expectation. The trumpets speak
The king's arrival. Help a woman's wit now
To make him know his fault, and my just anger !
[Exit.

SCENE III.

A Hall in the same.

A Flourish. Enter LADISLAUS, FERDINAND, EUBULUS, MATHIAS, BAPTISTA, HONORIA, and ACANTHE, with Attendants.

Eubu. Your majesty must be weary.

Hon. No, my lord ;

A willing mind makes a hard journey easy.

Math. Not Jove, attended on by Hermes, was
More welcome to the cottage of Philemon
And his poor Baucis, than your gracious self,
Your matchless queen, and all your royal train,
Are to your servant and his wife.

Ladis. Where is she ?

Hon. I long to see her as my now-loved rival.

Math. Ha ! is my house turn'd
To a wilderness ? nor wife nor servants ready,
With all rites due to majesty, to receive
Such unexpected blessings ! You assured me
Of better preparation ; hath not
The excess of joy transported her beyond
Her understanding ?

Bapt. I now parted from her,
And gave her your directions.

Math. How shall I beg
Your majesties' patience ? sure my family's drunk,

Or by some witch, in envy of my glory,
A dead sleep thrown upon them.

Enter HILARIO and Servants.

Serv. Sir.

Math. But that

The sacred presence of the king forbids it,
My sword should make a massacre among you.
Where is your mistress?

Hil. First, you are welcome home, sir:
She says she's sick, sir.

Math. Sick at such a time!

It cannot be: though she were on her deathbed,
And her spirit e'en now departed, here stand they
Could call it back again, and in this honour
Give her a second being. Bring me to her;
I know not what to urge, or how to redeem
This mortgage of her manners.

[Exeunt MATHIAS, HILARIO, and Servants.]

Eubu. There's no climate

On the world, I think, where one jade's trick or
other

Reigns not in women.

Ferd. You were ever bitter
Against the sex.

Ladis. This is very strange.

Hon. Mean women

Have their faults, as well as queens.

Ladis. O, she appears now.

*Re-enter MATHIAS with SOPHIA; HILARIO
following.*

Math. The injury that you conceive I have done
you

Dispute hereafter, and in your perverseness
Wrong not yourself and me.

Soph. I am past my childhood¹,
And need no tutor.

Math. This is the great king,
To whom I am engaged till death for all
I stand possess'd of.

Soph. My humble roof is proud, sir,
To be the canopy of so much greatness
Set off with goodness.

Ladis. My own praises flying
In such pure air as your sweet breath, fair lady,
Cannot but please me.

Math. This is the queen of queens,
In her magnificence to me.

Soph. In my duty
I kiss her highness' robe.

Hon. You stoop too low
To her whose lips would meet with yours.

[*Kisses her.*]

Soph. 'Tis your pleasure, madam,
And not my proud ambition.—Do you hear, sir?
Without a magical picture, in the touch
I find the print of your unfaithful kisses
On the queen's lips.

[*Aside to MATHIAS.*]

Math. Upon your life be silent:—
And now salute these lords.

Soph. Since you will have me,
You shall see I am experienced at the game,
And can play it tightly.—You are a brave man, sir,
[*To FERDINAND.*]

¹ *I am past my childhood,*

And need no tutor.] The pretty perverseness of Sophia is excellently managed in this short conference, and her breaking out at length highly natural and amusing.—GIFFORD.

And do deserve a free and hearty welcome:
Be this the prologue to it. [Kisses him.

Math. You express not
A matron's modesty in this boldness; oh! take up¹,
Or you are disgraced for ever. [Aside to SOPH.

Soph. Would you have me
Turn my cheek to them, as proud ladies use
To their inferiors, as if they intended
Some business should be whisper'd in their ear,
And not a salutation? what I do,
I will do freely: are there any more?

Math. Forbear; you'll raise my anger to a
height
That will descend in fury.

Soph. Why? you know
How to resolve yourself what my intents are,
By the help of Mephostophilus², and your picture:
Pray you, look upon't again. I humbly thank
The queen's great care of me while you were absent.
She knew how tedious 'twas for a young wife,
And being for that time a kind of widow,
To pass away her melancholy hours
Without good company, and in charity, therefore,
Provided for me: out of her own store,
She cull'd the lords Ubaldo and Ricardo,
To do me all good offices; and as such
Employ'd by her, I hope I have received
And entertain'd them.

¹ *Take up,*] i. e. *check yourself.*

² *Mephostophilus,*] i. e. *Baptista.* This is the name of a fiend, or familiar spirit, in the History of Dr. Faustus, as well as in the play of that name, by Christopher Marlow. He is also mentioned by Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher, and, indeed, by most of our old dramatists.—GIFFORD.

Math. Thou dost belie thyself:
I know that in my absence thou wert honest,
However now turn'd monster.

Soph. The truth is,
We did not deal, like you, in speculations
On cheating pictures; we knew shadows were
No substances, and actual performance
The best assurance. I will bring them hither,
To make good in this presence so much for me.
Some minutes space I beg your majesties' pardon.—
You are moved now:—champ upon this bit a little,
Anon you shall have another. Wait me, Hilario.

[*Exeunt SOPHIA and HILARIO.*]

Ladis. How now? turn'd statue, sir!

Math. Fly, and fly quickly,
From this cursed habitation, or this Gorgon
Will make you all as I am. In her tongue
Millions of adders hiss, and every hair
Upon her wicked head a snake more dreadful,
'Than that Tisiphone threw on Athamas,
Which in his madness forced him to dismember
His proper issue. O that ever I
Reposed my trust in magic, or believed
Impossibilities! or that charms had power
To sink and search into the bottomless hell
Of a false woman's heart!

Eubu. These are the fruits
Of marriage! an old bachelor as I am,
And, what's more, will continue so, is not troubled
With these fine vagaries.

Ferd. Till you are resolved¹, sir,
Forsake not hope.

¹ *Resolved,*] i. e. *convinced.*

Bap. Upon my life, this is
Dissimulation.

Ladis. And it suits not with
Your fortitude and wisdom, to be thus
Transported with your passion.

*Re-enter SOPHIA, CORISCA, and HILARIO, with
UBALDO and RICARDO in rags, and spinning and
reeling, as before.*

Eubu. What have we here?

Soph. You must come on and show yourselves.

Ubald. The king!

Ric. And queen too! would I were as far under
the earth

As I am above it!

Ubald. Some poet will¹,
From this relation, or in verse or prose,
Or both together blended, render us
Ridiculous to all ages.

Ladis. I remember
This face, when it was in a better plight:
Are not you Ricardo?

Hon. And this thing, I take it,
Was once Ubaldo.

Ubald. I am now I know not what.

Ric. We thank your majesty for employing us
To this subtle Circe.

Eubu. How, my lord! turn'd spinster!
Do you work by the day, or the great²?

¹ *Some poet will, &c.*] There is something delightful in these anticipations of future fame by great minds. They are the flowery spots in the poet's thorny way, which beguile the wearisomeness of his pilgrimage, and in despite of coldness and neglect, reconcile him to his fate.—GIFFORD.

² *Great,*] i. e. *the lump, the piece.*

Ferd. Is your theorbo¹
Turn'd to a distaff, signior? and your voice,
With which you chanted, *Room for a lusty gallant!*
Tuned to the note of *Lachrymæ*²?

Eubu. Prithee tell me,
For I know thou 'rt free, how oft, and to the purpose,

You've been merry with this lady.

Ric. Never, never.

Ladis. Howsoever, you should say so for your credit,
Being the only court-bull.

Ubold. O, that ever
I saw this kicking heifer!

Soph. You see, madam,
How I have cured your servants, and what favours
They have won from me. The gentlemen have learnt
Their several trades to live by, and paid nothing
But cold and hunger for them; and may now
Set up for themselves, for here I give them over.

¹ *Theorbo.*] This was a large lute for playing a thorough bass. used by the Italians.

² *Lachrymæ*?] This (as Sir John Hawkins informs us in his History of Music) was the title of a musical work composed by John Douland, a celebrated lutanist in the time of King James I. The title of it at length is:—"Lachrymæ, or seven Teares figured in seaven passionate Pavans, with divers other Pavans, Galiards, and Almans, set forth to the Lute, Viol, or Violin, in five Parts." To this performance, which was once exceedingly popular, allusions are found in most of our old dramatists. I do not know what the "seven passionate" (i. e. affecting) compositions were, which made up the bulk of this collection, but Mr. Gilchrist has been led to suppose that one of them was the beautiful and pathetic Lamentation of Lady Ann Bothwell.—GIFFORD.

And now to you, sir ; why do you not again
Peruse your picture, and take the advice
Of your learned consort ?

Math. I know not which way to entreat your
pardon,
Nor am I worthy of it. My Sophia,
My best Sophia, here before the king,
The queen, these lords, and all the lookers on,
I do renounce my error, and embrace you,
As the great example to all aftertimes,
For such as would die chaste and noble wives,
With reverence to imitate.

Soph. Not so, sir ;
I yet hold off. However I have purged
My doubted innocence, the foul aspersions,
In your unmanly doubts, cast on my honour,
Cannot so soon be wash'd off.

Eubu. Shall we have
More jiggobobs yet ?

Soph. When you went to the wars,
I set no spy upon you, to observe
Which way you wander'd, though our sex by nature
Is subject to suspicions and fears ;
My confidence in your loyalty freed me from them.
But, to deal, as you did, against your religion,
With this enchanter, to survey my actions,
Was more than woman's weakness ; therefore know,
And 'tis my boon unto the king, I do
Desire a separation from your bed ;
For I will spend the remnant of my life
In prayer and meditation.

Math. O take pity
Upon my weak condition, or I am
More wretched in your innocence, than if

I had found you guilty. Have you shown a jewel
Out of the cabinet of your rich mind,
To lock it up again?—She turns away.
Will none speak for me? shame and sin have robb'd
me

Of the use of my tongue.

Ladis. Since you have conquer'd, madam,
You wrong the glory of your victory,
If you use it not with mercy.

Ferd. Any penance
You please to impose upon him, I dare warrant
He will gladly suffer.

Eubu. Have I lived to see
But one good woman, and shall we for a trifle
Have her turn nun? I will first pull down the
cloister.

'Tis not alone enough that you are good,
We must have some of the breed of you: will you
destroy

The kind and race of goodness? I am converted,
And ask your pardon, madam, for my ill opinion
Against the sex; and show me but two such more,
I'll marry yet, and love them.

Hon. She that yet
Ne'er knew what 'twas to bend but to the king,
Thus begs remission for him.

Soph. O, dear madam,
Wrong not your greatness so.

Omnes. We all are suitors.

Ubal. I do deserve to be heard among the rest.

Ric. And we have suffer'd for it.

Soph. I perceive
There's no resistance: but, suppose I pardon

What's past, who can secure me he'll be free
From jealousy hereafter?

Math. I will be

My own security: go, ride where you please;
Feast, revel, banquet, and make choice with whom,
I'll set no watch upon you; and, for proof of it,
This cursed picture I surrender up
To a consuming fire.

Bapt. As I abjure
The practice of my art.

Soph. Upon these terms
I am reconciled; and, for these that have paid
The price of their folly, I desire your mercy.

Ladis. At your request they have it.

Ubal. Hang all trades now!

Ric. I will find a new one, and that is, to live
honest.

Ladis. So, all ends in peace now.
And, to all married men, be this a caution,
Which they should duly tender as their life,
Neither to dote too much, nor doubt a wife.

[*Exeunt.*

SELECTIONS
FROM THE
ROMAN ACTOR.

THE ROMAN ACTOR.] This tragedy, which was licensed by Sir H. Herbert, Oct. 11, 1626, and printed in 1629, was a great favourite with its author. Massinger speaks of it as the "most perfect birth of his Minerva;" but, like many other authors, he appears to have made a false estimate of his own productions, and to have preferred that on which he had exercised the greatest labour and displayed most ingenuity in handling an unwieldy subject, before others which had flowed more readily from his pen, and where the happy choice of his story presented him with fewer difficulties to be overcome.

The main plot of the Roman Actor, slight and unpleasing in itself, is carried on by a succession of dramatic representations, performed in the court of Domitian. These interludes destroy the unity of the work; they give it the air of a collection of detached scenes: and, though very skilfully devised and artificially introduced, have the effect of distracting the attention from the main incident, and dissipate the interest they were intended to heighten.

The following selections, which are from the best parts of the play, will, it is apprehended, be considered quite sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of the reader.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PARIS, *the Roman actor.*

LATINUS, } *players.*

ÆSOPUS, }

ARETINUS.

Senators.

Lictors.

SELECTIONS
FROM THE
ROMAN ACTOR.

THE ROMAN ACTOR'S DEFENCE.

The Theatre.

Enter PARIS, LATINUS, and ÆSOPUS.

Æsop. WHAT do we act to-day?

Lat. Agave's frenzy,
With Pentheus' bloody end.

Par. It skills not what¹;
The times are dull, and all that we receive
Will hardly satisfy the day's expense.
The Greeks, to whom we owe the first invention
Both of the buskin'd scene and humble sock,
That reign in every noble family,
Declain against us: and our theatre,
Great Pompey's work, that hath given full delight
Both to the eye and ear of fifty thousand
Spectators in one day, as if it were
Some unknown desert, or great Rome unpeopled,
Is quite forsaken.

¹ *Skills not,*] i. e. *matters not.*

Lat. Pleasures of worse natures
Are gladly entertained.

Par. Yet they grudge us,
That with delight join profit, and endeavour
To build their minds up fair, and on the stage
Decipher to the life what honours wait
On good and glorious actions, and the shame
That treads upon the heels of vice, the salary
Of six *sestertii*¹.

Æsop. For the profit, Paris,
And mercenary gain, they are things beneath us ;
Since, while you hold your grace and power with
Cæsar,

We, from your bounty, find a large supply,
Nor can one thought of want ever approach us.

Par. Our aim is glory, and to leave our names
To aftertime.

Lat. And, would they give us leave,
There ends all our ambition.

Æsop. We have enemies,
And great ones too, I fear. 'Tis given out lately,
The consul Aretinus, Cæsar's spy,
Said at his table, ere a month expired,
For being gall'd in our last comedy,
He'd silence us for ever.

Par. I expect
No favour from him ; my strong Aventine² is,
That great Domitian, whom we oft have cheer'd
In his most sullen moods, will once return,
Who can repair, with ease, the consul's ruins.

¹ *Six sestertii*,] about eleven pence.

² *Aventine*,] i. e. defence. The Aventine was a post of great strength. It is used in the same metaphorical sense by others of our old dramatists.—GIFFORD.

Lat. 'Tis frequent¹ in the city, he hath subdued
The Catti and the Daci, and, ere long,
The second time will enter Rome in triumph.

Enter two Lictors.

Par. Jove hasten it? With us?—I now believe
The consul's threats, Æsopus.

1 *Lict.* You are summon'd
To appear to-day in senate.

2 *Lict.* And there to answer
What shall be urged against you.

Par. We obey you.
Nay, droop not, fellows; innocence should be bold.
We, that have personated in the scene
The ancient heroes, and the falls of princes,
With loud applause; being to act ourselves,
Must do it with undaunted confidence.
Whate'er our sentence be, think 'tis in sport:
And, though condemn'd, let's hear it without sorrow,
As if we were to live again to-morrow.

1 *Lict.* 'Tis spoken like yourself.

Lat. I am glad the state is
So free from matters of more weight and trouble,
That it has vacant time to look on us.

Par. That reverend place, in which the affairs
of kings
And provinces were determined, to descend
To the censure of a bitter word, or jest,
Dropp'd from a poet's pen!

[*Exeunt Lictors, PARIS, LATINUS, and ÆSOPUS.*

¹ *Frequent,*] i. e. common, currently reported.

The Senate-house.

ARETINUS and Senators discovered seated. PARIS,
LATINUS, and ÆSOPUS, led in by the Lictors.

Aret. Fathers conscript¹, may this our meeting be
Happy to Cæsar and the commonwealth !

Lict. Silence !

Aret. The purpose of this frequent² senate
Is, first, to give thanks to the gods of Rome,
That for the propagation of the empire,
Vouchsafe us one to govern it, like themselves.
In height of courage, depth of understanding,
And all those virtues, and remarkable graces,
Which make a prince most eminent, our Domitian
Transcends the ancient Romans : I can never
Bring his praise to a period. 'Tis then most fit
That we, who to the father of our country,
Like thankful sons, stand bound to pay true service
For all those blessings that he showers upon us,
Should not connive, and see his government
Depraved and scandalized by meaner men,
That to his favour and indulgence owe
Themselves and being.

Par. Now he points at us.

Aret. Cite Paris, the tragedian.

Par. Here.

Aret. Stand forth.

In thee, as being the chief of thy profession,
I do accuse the quality³ of treason,
As libellers against the state and Cæsar.

¹ *Fathers conscript, &c.*] This was the customary form of opening the debate.

² *Frequent,*] i. e. crowded.

³ *Quality,*] i. e. calling, condition of life.

Par. Mere accusations are not proofs, my lord :
In what are we delinquents ?

Aret. You are they
That search into the secrets of the time,
And, under feign'd names, on the stage, present
Actions not to be touch'd at ; and traduce
Persons of rank and quality of both sexes,
And, with satirical and bitter jests,
Make even the senators ridiculous
To the plebeians.

Par. If I free not myself,
And, in myself, the rest of my profession,
From these false imputations, and prove
That they make that a libel which the poet
Writ for a comedy, so acted too ;
It is but justice that we undergo
The heaviest censure.

Aret. Are you on the stage,
You talk so boldly ?

Par. The whole world being one,
This place is not exempted ; and I am
So confident in the justice of our cause,
That I could wish Cæsar, in whose great name
All kings are comprehended, sat as judge,
'To hear our plea, and then determine of us.—
If, to express a man sold to his passions,
Wasting the treasure of his time and fortunes
In wanton dalliance, and to what sad end
A wretch that's so given over does arrive at ;
Deterring careless youth, by his example,
From such loose courses can deserve reproof ;
Why are not all your golden principles,
Writ down by grave philosophers to instruct us

To choose fair virtue for our guide, not pleasure,
Condemn'd unto the fire?

i *Sen.* There's spirit in this.

Par. Or if desire of honour was the base
On which the building of the Roman empire
Was raised up to this height; if, to inflame
The noble youth with an ambitious heat
T' endure the frosts of danger, nay, of death,
To be thought worthy the triumphal wreath
By glorious undertakings, may deserve
Reward, or favour from the commonwealth;
Actors may put in for as large a share
As all the sects of the philosophers:
They with cold precepts¹ (perhaps seldom read)
Deliver, what an honourable thing
The active virtue is: but does that fire
The blood, or swell the veins with emulation,
To be both good and great, equal to that
Which is presented on our theatres?
Let a good actor, in a lofty scene,
Show great Alcides honour'd in the sweat
Of his twelve labours; or a bold Camillus,
Forbidding Rome to be redeem'd with gold

¹ *They with cold precepts, &c.*] This is judiciously expanded from Horace:—

*Segnius irritant animos, demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.*

The reader will discover several classical allusions in the ensuing speech, and, indeed, in every part of this drama: these I have not always pointed out; though I would observe, in justice to Massinger, that they are commonly made with skill and effect, and without that affectation of literature elsewhere so noticeable.— GIFFORD.

From the insulting Gauls ; or Scipio,
After his victories, imposing tribute
On conquer'd Carthage : if done to the life,
As if they saw their dangers, and their glories,
And did partake with them in their rewards,
All that have any spark of Roman in them,
The slothful arts laid by, contend to be
Like those they see presented.

2 *Sen.* He has put
The consuls to their whisper.

Par. But, 'tis urged
That we corrupt youth, and traduce superiors.
When do we bring a vice upon the stage,
That does go off unpunish'd ? Do we teach,
By the success of wicked undertakings,
Others to tread in their forbidden steps ?
We show no arts of Lydian panderism,
Corinthian poisons, Persian flatteries,
But mulcted so in the conclusion, that
Even those spectators that were so inclined,
Go home changed men. And for traducing such
That are above us, publishing to the world
Their secret crimes, we are as innocent
As such as are born dumb. When we present
An heir, that does conspire against the life
Of his dear parent, numbering every hour
He lives, as tedious to him ; if there be,
Among the auditors, one whose conscience tells him
He is of the same mould,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.
Or, bringing on the stage a loose adulteress,
That does maintain the riotous expense
Of her licentious paramour, yet suffers
The lawful pledges of a former bed

To starve the while for hunger ; if a matron,
 However great in fortune, birth, or titles,
 Guilty of such a foul unnatural sin,
 Cry out, 'Tis writ for me,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.
 Or, when a covetous man's express'd, whose wealth
 Arithmetic cannot number, and whose lordships
 A falcon in one day cannot fly over ;
 Yet he so sordid in his mind, so griping,
 As not to afford himself the necessaries
 To maintain life ; if a patrician,
 (Though honour'd with a consulship,) find himself
 Touch'd to the quick in this,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.
 Or, when we show a judge that is corrupt,
 And will give up his sentence, as he favours
 The person, not the cause ; saving the guilty,
 If of his faction, and as oft condemning
 The innocent, out of particular spleen ;
 If any in this reverend assembly,
 Nay, even yourself, my lord, that are the image
 Of absent Cæsar, feel something in your bosom
 That puts you in remembrance of things past,
 Or things intended,—'TIS NOT IN US TO HELP IT.
 I have said, my lord : and now, as you find cause,
 Or censure us, or free us with applause—

Lat. Well pleaded, on my life ! I never saw him
 Act an orator's part before.

Æsop. We might have given
 Ten double fees to Regulus, and yet
 Our cause deliver'd worse. [*A shout within.*]

Aret. What shout is that ?

3 Sen. Cæsar, our lord, married to conquest, is
 Return'd in triumph.

Ful. Let's all haste to meet him.

Aret. Break up the court ; we will reserve to him
The censure of this cause.

All. Long life to Cæsar ! [*Exeunt.*

THE EPISODE OF PHILARGUS.

PERSONS.

DOMITIANUS CÆSAR.	PHILARGUS.
PARIS.	PARTHENIUS.
ÆSOPUS.	DOMITIA.
LATINUS.	<i>Attendants.</i>

A State Room in the Palace.

Enter PHILARGUS in rags, and PARTHENIUS.

Phil. My son to tutor me ! Know your obedience,
And question not my will.

Parth. Sir, were I one,
Whom want compell'd to wish a full possession
Of what is yours ; or had I ever number'd¹
Your years, or thought you lived too long, with
reason

You then might nourish ill opinions of me :
Or did the suit that I prefer to you
Concern myself, and aim'd not at your good,
You might deny, and I sit down with patience,
And after never press you.

Phil. In the name of Pluto,
What wouldst thou have me do ?

Parth. Right to yourself ;

¹ *Number'd your years.*] This was accounted a high degree of unnaturalness and impiety among all nations : *patrios inquirere in annos* is reckoned by Ovid among the prominent causes which provoked Jupiter to destroy the old world by a deluge.—GIFFORD.

Or suffer me to do it. Can you imagine
This nasty hat, this tatter'd cloak, rent shoe,
This sordid linen, can become the master
Of your fair fortunes? whose superfluous means,
Though I were burthensome, could clothe you in
The costliest Persian silks, studded with jewels,
The spoils of provinces, and every day
Fresh change of Tyrian purple.

Phil. Out upon thee!

My monies in my coffers melt to hear thee.
Purple! hence, prodigal! Shall I make my mercer
Or tailor heir, or see my jeweller purchase?
No, I hate pride.

Parth. Yet decency would do well.
Though, for your outside, you will not be alter'd,
Let me prevail so far yet, as to win you
Not to deny your body nourishment;
Neither to think you've feasted, when 'tis cramm'd
With mouldy barley-bread, onions and leeks,
And the drink of bondmen, water.

Phil. Wouldst thou have me
Be an Apicius, or a Lucullus,
And riot out my state in curious sauces?
Wise nature with a little is contented;
And, following her, my guide, I cannot err.

Parth. But you destroy her in your want of care
(I blush to see, and speak it) to maintain her
In perfect health and vigour; when you suffer,
Frighted with the charge of physic, rheums, catarrhs,
The scurf, ache in your bones, to grow upon you,
And hasten on your fate with too much sparing:
When a cheap purge, a vomit, and good diet,
May lengthen it. Give me but leave to send
The emperor's doctor to you.

Phil. I'll be borne first,
Half rotten, to the fire that must consume me !
No ; I'll not lessen my dear golden heap,
Which, every hour increasing, does renew
My youth and vigour ; but, if lessen'd, then,
Then my poor heart-strings crack. Let me enjoy
it,

And brood o'er't, while I live, it being my life,
My soul, my all : but when I turn to dust,
And part from what is more esteem'd, by me,
Than all the gods Rome's thousand altars smoke to,
Inherit thou my adoration of it,
And, like me, serve my idol. [*Exit.*

Parth. What a strange torture
Is avarice to itself ! what man, that looks on
Such a penurious spectacle, but must
Know what the fable meant of Tantalus,
Or the ass whose back is crack'd with curious viands,
Yet feeds on thistles. Some course I must take,
To make my father know what cruelty
He uses on himself.

Enter PARIS.

Par. Sir, with your pardon,
I make bold to inquire the emperor's pleasure ;
For, being by him commanded to attend,
Your favour may instruct us what's his will
Shall be this night presented.

Parth. My loved Paris,
Without my intercession, you well know,
You may make your own approaches, since his ear
To you is ever open.

Par. I acknowledge
The grace he pleases to confer upon me,

Which, I may say without a boast, was never
Employ'd to wrong the innocent, or to incense
His fury.

Parth. 'Tis confess'd: many men owe you
For provinces they ne'er hoped for; and their lives,
Forfeited to his anger:—you being absent,
I could say more.

Par. You still are my good patron;
And, lay it in my fortune to deserve it,
You should perceive the poorest of your clients
To his best abilities thankful.

Parth. I believe so.
Met you my father?

Par. Yes, sir, with much grief,
To see him as he is. Can nothing work him
To be himself?

Parth. O, Paris, 'tis a weight
Sits heavy here; and could this right hand's loss
Remove it, it should off: but he is deaf
To all persuasion.

Par. Sir, with your pardon,
I'll offer my advice: I once observed,
In a tragedy of ours, in which a murder
Was acted to the life, a guilty hearer,
Forced by the terror of a wounded conscience,
To make discovery of that which torture
Could not wring from him. Nor can it appear
Like an impossibility, but that
Your father, looking on a covetous man
Presented on the stage, as in a mirror,
May see his own deformity, and loathe it.
Now, could you but persuade the emperor
To see a comedy we have, that's styled
The Cure of Avarice, and to command

Your father to be a spectator of it,
 He shall be so anatomized in the scene,
 And see himself so personated, the baseness
 Of a self-torturing miserable wretch
 Truly described, that I much hope the object
 Will work compunction in him.

Parth. There's your fee;
 I ne'er bought better counsel. Be you in readiness,
 I will effect the rest.

Par. Sir, when you please;
 We'll be prepared to enter.—Sir, the emperor.

[*Exit.*

Enter CÆSAR, DOMITIA, and Attendants.

[*PARTHENIUS kneeling, whispers CÆSAR.*

Cæs. Thy suit is granted,
 Whate'er it be, Parthenius, for thy service
 Done to Augusta.—Only so? a trifle:
 Command him hither. If the comedy fail
 To cure him, I will minister something to him
 That shall instruct him to forget his gold,
 And think upon himself.

Parth. May it succeed well,
 Since my intents are pious! [*Exit.*

Cæs. [*to Domitia.*] Thus, love, I seat you
 By Cæsar's side, commanding these, that once
 Were the adored glories of the time,
 To witness to the world they are your vassals,
 At your feet to attend you.

Dom. 'Tis your pleasure,
 And not my pride. And yet, when I consider
 That I am yours, all duties they can pay
 I do receive as circumstances due
 To her you please to honour.

Re-enter PARTHENIUS and PHILARGUS.

Parth. Cæsar's will

Commands you hither, nor must you gainsay it.

Phil. Lose time to see an interlude ! must I pay,
too,

For my vexation ?

Parth. Not in the court :

It is the emperor's charge.

Phil. I shall endure

My torment then the better.

Cæs. Can it be

This sordid thing, Parthenius, is thy father ?

No actor can express him : I had held

The fiction for impossible in the scene,

Had I not seen the substance.—Sirrah, sit still,

And give attention ; if you but nod,

You sleep for ever.—Let them spare the prologue,

And all the ceremonies proper to ourself,

And come to the last act—there, where the cure

By the doctor is made perfect. Begin there.

Enter PARIS, like a doctor of physic, and ÆSOPUS :

LATINUS is brought forth asleep in a chair, a key
in his mouth.

Æsop. O master doctor, he is past recovery ;

A lethargy hath seized him ; and, however

His sleep resemble death, his watchful care

To guard that treasure he dares make no use of,

Works strongly in his soul.

Par. What's that he holds

So fast between his teeth ?

Æsop. The key that opens

His iron chests, cramm'd with accursed gold,

*Rusty with long imprisonment. There's no duty
In me, his son, nor confidence in friends,
That can persuade him to deliver up
That to the trust of any.*

Phil. He is the wiser:
We were fashion'd in one mould.

Æsop. *He eats with it;
And when devotion calls him to the temple
Of Mammon¹, whom, of all the gods, he kneels to,
THAT held thus still, his orisons are paid:
Nor will he, though the wealth of Rome were pawn'd
For the restoring of't, for one short hour
Be won to part with it.*

Phil. Still, still myself!
And if like me he love his gold, no pawn
Is good security.

Par. *I'll try if I can force it——
It will not be. His avaricious mind,
Like men in rivers drown'd, make him gripe fast,
To his last gasp, what he in life held dearest;
And, if that it were possible in nature,
Would carry it with him to the other world.*

Phil. As I would do to hell, rather than leave it.

Æsop. *Is he not dead?*

Par. *Long since to all good actions,
Or to himself, or others, for which wise men
Desire to live. You may with safety pinch him,
Or under his nails stick needles, yet he stirs not;
Anxious fear to lose what his soul dotes on,
Renders his flesh insensible. We must use
Some means to rouse the sleeping faculties*

¹ *Of Mammon, &c.]* There seems a want of judgment in the introduction of Mammon (a deity unknown to the Romans), when Plutus would have served the turn as well.—GIFFORD.

*Of his mind; there lies the lethargy. Take a trumpet,
And blow it into his ears:—'tis to no purpose:
The roaring noise of thunder cannot wake him:—
And yet despair not; I have one trick left yet.*

Æsop. What is it?

*Par. I will cause a fearful dream
To steal into his fancy, and disturb it
With the horror it brings with it, and so free
His body's organs. But if this should fail,*

[A chest brought in.]

*I'll give him o'er. So; with all violence
Rend ope this iron chest, for here his life lies
Bound up in fetters, and in the defence
Of what he values higher, 'twill return,
And fill each vein and artery.—Louder yet!
—'Tis open, and already he begins
To stir; mark with what trouble.*

[LATINUS stretches himself.]

*Phil. As you are Cæsar,
Defend this honest, thrifty man! they are thieves,
And come to rob him.*

Parth. Peace! the emperor frowns.

*Par. So; now pour out the bags upon the table;
Remove his jewels, and his bonds.—Again,
Ring a second golden peal. His eyes are open;
He stares as he had seen Medusa's head,
And were turn'd marble.—Once more.*

Lat. Murder! murder!

*They come to murder me. My son in the plot?
Thou worse than parricide! if it be death
To strike thy father's body, can all tortures
The Furies in hell practise be sufficient
For thee, that dost assassinate my soul?—
My gold! my bonds! my jewels! dost thou envy*

*My glad possession of them for a day;
Extinguishing the taper of my life
Consumed unto the snuff?*

Par. Seem not to mind him.

*Lat. Have I, to leave thee rich, denied myself
The joys of human being; scraped and hoarded
A mass of treasure, which had Solon seen,
The Lydian Cræsus had appear'd to him
Poor as the beggar Irus? And yet I,
Solicitous to increase it, when my entrails
Were clemm'd¹ with keeping a perpetual fast,
Was deaf to their loud windy cries, as fearing,
Should I disburse one penny to their use,
My heir might curse me. And, to save expense
In outward ornaments, I did expose
My naked body to the winter's cold,
And summer's scorching heat: nay, when diseases
Grew thick upon me, and a little cost
Had purchased my recovery, I chose rather
To have my ashes closed up in my urn,
By hasting on my fate, than to diminish
The gold my prodigal son, while I am living,
Carelessly scatters.*

*Æsop. Would you'd despatch and die once²!
Your ghost should feel in hell, THAT is my slave
Which was your master.*

Phil. Out upon thee, varlet!

*Par. And what then follows all your carke and
caring,*

¹ *Clemm'd,*] i. e. *shrunk up with hunger, so as to cling together.*

² *Once,*] i. e. *once for all.* The word is often so used by Massinger and his contemporaries.

*And self-affliction? When your starved trunk is
Turn'd to forgotten dust, this hopeful youth
Scorns at your monument, never remembering
How much for him you suffer'd; and then tells,
To the companions of his wanton riots,
The hell you did endure on earth, to leave him
Large means to be an epicure, and to feast
His senses all at once, a happiness
You never granted to yourself. Your gold, then,
Got with vexation, and preserved with trouble,
Maintains a ruffian and licentious crew
That quaff damnations to your memory,
For living so long here.*

Lat. It will be so; I see it—

*O, that I could redeem the time that's past!
I would live and die like myself; and make true use
Of what my industry purchased.*

Par. Covetous men,

*Having one foot in the grave, lament so ever:
But grant that I by art could yet recover
Your desperate sickness, lengthen out your life
A dozen of years; as I restore your body
To perfect health, will you with care endeavour
To rectify your mind?*

Lat. I should so live then,

*As neither my heir should have just cause to think
I lived too long, for being close-handed to him,
Or cruel to myself.*

Par. Have your desires.

*Phæbus assisting me, I will repair
The ruin'd building of your health; and think not
You have a son that hates you; the truth is,
This means, with his consent, I practised on you*

*To this good end: it being a device
In you to show the Cure of Avarice.*

[Excunt PARIS, LATINUS, and ÆSOPUS.]

Phil. An old fool, to be gull'd thus ! had he died
As I resolve to do, not to be alter'd,
It had gone off twanging.

Cæs. How approve you, sweetest,
Of the matter and the actors ?

Dom. For the subject¹,
I like it not ; it was filch'd out of Horace.
—Nay, I have read the poets.

Cæs. To your rest, love ;
There is a business that I must despatch,
And I will straight be with you.

[Excunt DOMITIA and her Attendants.]

Parth. Now, my dread sir,
Endeavour to prevail.

Cæs. One way or other
We'll cure him, never doubt it. Now, Philargus,
Thou wretched thing, hast thou seen thy sordid
baseness,
And but observed what a contemptible creature
A covetous miser is ? Dost thou in thyself
Feel true compunction, with a resolution
To be a new man ?

Phil. This crazed body's Cæsar's ;
But for my mind——

Cæs. Trifle not with my anger.
Canst thou make good use of what was now pre-
sented ;

¹ *Dom.* For the subject,

I like it not ; it was filch'd out of Horace.] I differ from Domitia. There is uncommon spirit and beauty in this little interlude. The outline indeed, as the lady observes, is from Horace ; but it is filled up with a masterly pencil.—GIFFORD.

And imitate, in thy sudden change of life,
The miserable rich man, that express'd
What thou art to the life?

Phil. Pray you, give me leave
To die as I have lived. I must not part with
My gold; it is my life: I am past cure.

Cæs. No; by Minerva, thou shalt never more
Feel the least touch of avarice. Take him hence,
And hang him instantly. If there be gold in hell,
Enjoy it:—thine here, and thy life together,
Is forfeited.

Phil. Was I sent for to this purpose?

Parth. Mercy for all my service; Cæsar, mercy!

Cæs. Should Jove plead for him, 'tis resolved he
dies,

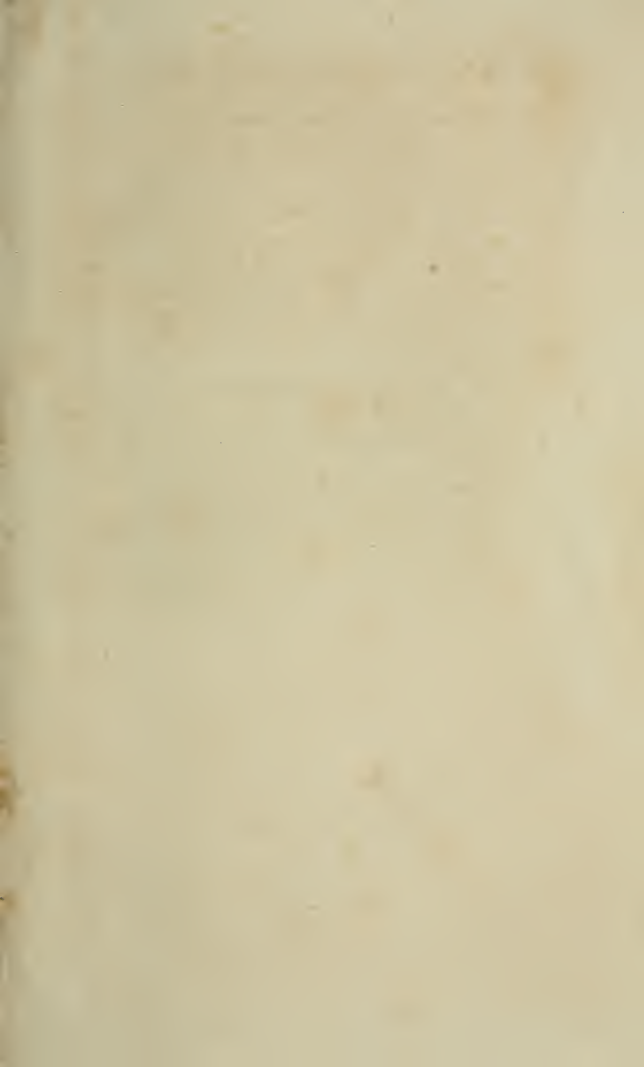
And he that speaks one syllable to dissuade me;
And therefore tempt me not. It is but justice:
Since such as wilfully would hourly die,
Must tax themselves, and not my cruelty.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF VOL. II.

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